

GODDESS IN THE GREENWOOD: THE GIRLS OF CAMP KOCH

Fredericka A. Schmadel

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Doctoral Committee:

John Holmes McDowell, PhD
Chairperson

Gregory Schrempp, PhD
Member

Hasan El-Shamy, PhD
Member

Henry Glassie, PhD
Member

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Dedicated to the Memory of Lou Froehle and Marion Woolcott

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Fredericka A. Schmadel

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Worldview, myth, and the 1960s come together in a song, ritual, and legend corpus preserved in oral transmission, central to an Indiana Girl Scout camp's cultural production. As Levi-Strauss disciple Lee Drummond might describe it, Camp Henry F. Koch formed the identities of a dozen or more women still in supportive contact today.

Primitive camping as wilderness therapy moved the campers and their allies the counselors into communion with the Goddess Natura. Arriving solo, for unit-based camping, each camper assumed the role of Vladimir Propp's mission-centered folktale heroine. The role of supernatural gift giver, like Baba Yaga, was the counselors' to play. A traditional camp song, "Magalena Hagalena," typifies the residual force – an archetype in the Jungian sense – that elevated and ennobled the social and emotional lives of adolescent girls. One reported her liberation from something resembling Asperger's syndrome.

Memory and commemoration, in Paul Ricoeur's terms, rituals within rituals that matched Victor Turner's Isoma, pranks, and tales of pranks, encounters with heroines and surly villains in personal experience narratives and songs – all these ingredients fueled the campers' responses to challenges in maturation, tasks of daily life in the wild, friendships, education, and families. The camp culture's sense of space and place continues to empower these women, still in supportive touch with each other, and now approaching retirement after career leadership in diverse fields.

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Chapter One: A Parthenos in the Family: Why This Research Is Needed

Introduction

"A life in the open, the restful atmosphere of the woods, the glory of the sky ... the naturalness of living, always brings revitalization of mind and body. ... it is ... the longing of every human heart. Children, and those who refuse to grow old, respond joyously to this appeal of nature." Ernest Balch, 1926. *A Handbook of Summer Camps*: 18.

This research presents a particular culture, an exemplary camp culture, during the time period 1958 – 1970. A group of six adolescent girls met at Camp Henry F. Koch, pronounced "cook," near Cannelton, Indiana – only two had been friends before – and, together and individually, over the course of seven or eight years, became extraordinary. Some decades later a related friendship group joined them, also based on Camp Koch alumnae ties; the two groups' members have been supportively in touch for most of their lives. How did this happen? Myth in the form of world view shaped the process; individual art in material culture, narrative, and song expressed it and multiplied the effect. Ritual, festival, and nature mysticism were its highest uses and, simultaneously, its reward.

Researchers have approached the subject matter of this study, but not directly. Two relatively recent dissertations, both at the University of Pennsylvania, have centered on a) the history of the Girl Scout established camp and b) the Girl Scout ritual

called Scouts' Own, often performed at established camp, but also on other occasions (Miller 2001 and Groth 1999). In addition there is Elizabeth Tucker's research into Girl Scout storytelling, but not at established camp, in her 1977 dissertation at Indiana University. More recently Jay Mechling has written a detailed, insightful book about a Boy Scout summer encampment – not a unit-based camp, but troop camping – in 2001. I consulted the work of insider-ethnographers such as Michael Mason and Jose Limon, because I am to a considerable extent, as they were with their ground-breaking books, an insider-ethnographer.

I would have had no inkling of the richness of Camp Henry F. Koch's culture, had I not attended the camp myself, and at approximately the same time as this study's major informants. I was a member of Troop 141, after most of the area's Senior Girl Scout Planning Board went over to that troop; all but two of the ten primary camper-informants belonged to that troop as well. I knew some of them during the time period of this study, but I did not know much about their activities and friends. They all earned honors and recognition as Girl Scouts, but if I had not been a fellow troop member I would not have known whom to approach as a potential informant.

This research is primarily descriptive. There is no theory to test, only a hidden, almost completely unexplored world within American summer camp culture to discover, a world nearly untouched in folkloristic research. If there is a single theme, it

is this: The culture portrayed here is important and worthy of respect. Its basic tenets can help girls and women, in various ways, as proven throughout the many years of the culture's existence. Like many traditional arts and cultural systems, however, the camp culture presented here is fading in popularity and in the role it plays in children's lives.

The methods I used, primarily co-presence at storytelling and other events, reverse mentoring – I was the mentored person -- and survey, were possible only because certain informants were fellow Girl Scout troop members then, and graciously agreed to help me. My sisters also attended the camp and belonged to the same Girl Scout troop. In 1963 a sister and I sang, with other troop members, for the locally-produced camp song album *Songs We Sing*. I have, with the informants' permission, already used portions of their comments and narratives for conference presentations.

Two primary areas are important for me, as an insider-ethnographer, to keep in mind. I may need to provide more context and explanation, because some things that I understand, because to some extent I was there during the years in question, true outsiders may not understand. I must also beware of taking my informants' statements so literally that I neglect to follow up certain lines of inquiry. Jose Limon chose his informants because they would reward intense scrutiny and also provide access to overarching cultural patterns (Limon 1994:13).

As Redfield notes (Redfield 1956: 23), the time is long past when I could look at a Girl Scout camp and achieve the kind of objectivity that makes complicated phenomena simple. Instead I have delved into what seemed to me to be simple activities, only to discover that there was no “man behind the curtain” as there certainly had been in L. Frank Baum’s *The Wizard of Oz*. Instead there was a seemingly endless series of curtains, each opening only to reveal the curtain behind it. I have followed conceptual leads to describe the camp’s and the informants’ world view and some spiritual aspects hinted at or actually present – sometimes behind a curtain of their own -- in a number of experiences and activities at the camp 1958-1970.

Regarding my ideological approach to this research, I must depart from the feminist example set by Groth (1997: 23), not because I am not a feminist myself, but because feminism’s victory in the culture wars in the academy, as well as elsewhere, is clear to one and all. I cannot imagine an American reader in this day and age who still needs to be convinced that the work women do, and the contributions women make to the arts and sciences and to life in general, is not – because women do it -- intrinsically inferior to that of men.

That is the situation as I write, but the informants grew up under a misogynistic value system. Because of women’s perceived inferiority, due solely to their gender, an attitude not dispelled until the late 20th century in America, my stance in this study has

tended to center on the importance of what took place at Camp Koch during the study's chosen time period 1958-1970, as if the camp experience and those who participated in it needed some form of vindication or appreciation. I see in myself a constant struggle, unacknowledged and barely conscious, to compete with the respect and admiration society as a whole accorded in those years to boys and especially Boy Scouts. It was easy then to talk deprecatingly of Girl Scouts, even while admiring their efforts – and always their cute appearance. In my life-experience – I, like most of the informants, am an early Baby Boomer -- a number of repressed groups, such as African-Americans, have faced a sort of cuteness barrier in achieving the respect due them for their true selves and their very real accomplishments, rather than jokes, put-downs, and condescension.

This study of Camp Henry F. Koch as a system, a cultural production in Lee Drummond's terms (1996: 29), does not rely on overarching constructs using deductive or inductive reasoning, does not test hypotheses, although it may present them, and does not reach conclusions in the way many analytic studies do. Its descriptive portrayal functions primarily by analogy. This is because society as a whole has created scripts and portrayals of summer camp and Scout camp and Girl Scouts which are distorted and incomplete. It is not at all unusual for ethnographers to become partial to the informants who provide them with an entrée to the culture under study; this can verge on outright advocacy (Van Maanen 1988: 42).

Prior to testing hypotheses about an entity, Girl Scout summer camp culture, for example, it is well to determine what that entity is. This study's approach assumes that society as a whole has never understood what Girl Scout camp culture is and was; first comes the definition/depiction, then the analysis. It is particularly important to understand the difference between troop camping, which Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts do, and unit camping, which Girl Scouts have made into a specialty, and Boy Scouts and other youth groups do not practice at all, according to the American Camping Association. See this study's third chapter and a chart in the appendix for a detailed description of the differences.

I have chosen to look at numerous aspects, including play and seriousness, and not forgetting the seriousness of play in children's lives, to provide a thoroughgoing portrait of the culture of Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch, its world view then, and its short-term and longer-term effects on the informants. In that sense this is a longitudinal study, a targeted oral history of a group that came together because of the camp, benefited in many ways from its cultural production, and chose to discuss the transformative processes they attribute to the camp's worldview. The most remarkable aspect of this may be the longevity of the two interlocking friendship groups in the study, one of which came together in the early 1960s and remains in supportive contact today, more than fifty years later. The other originated in the camp culture of the 1960s, and from the same Girl Scout troop as the first, and has a long history as well.

Chapters 1 through 3 of the present study depict the infrastructure, set-up, and organizational outline of the Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch, near Cannelton, Indiana, as a conceptual apparatus, beginning in chapter 1 with the largely unmet need for something like it in the world today, and continuing in chapter 2, which presents its world view as found in a song, and in chapter 3, with its basic organizational structure and theory.

Chapters 4 through 7 describe a process for attaining individual and group power, by acquiring camp craft skills and other pragmatic accomplishments, including primitive camping experiences, leading into the camp culture as it has continued into the group members' later lives. Chapter 7 also contains a discussion of memory; this research project depends on the memories of the group members and their retellings of their life stories in a form of personal experience narrative or autobiography.

Chapters 8 and 9 move away from chronology and process and into key topics, in chapter 8 camp songs, which serve as guides and expressions of the camp's myths and nature mysticism. Chapter 9 focuses on rituals, such as flag ceremonies, Opening and Closing Night ceremonies, and the meditative Scouts' Owns, as well as festivals, wide games, and even carefully orchestrated table manners – "gracious living in the out-of-doors," one camp director used to say. Pranks were also a part of the culture, but they were never of a bullying nature, and served to express affection, to act out a

joke, or to monitor adherence to the camp's worldview, but slyly and gently. Chapter 9 also highlights what some consider the true gold of the camping experience, a form of nature-centered spirituality that kept the informants persisting in spite of troubles, adverse weather of various kinds, and sundry ills the world is heir to, for a number of summers together and on into the rest of their lives.

Fully aware of the transformations they underwent at Camp Henry F. Koch, near Cannelton, Indiana, the informants agreed to participate using camp names, which indicated then and indicate now a key element of their aspirations and selfhood. Their beloved Camp Koch, now in its waning years, deserves the glory, they say; they already have enough glory themselves.

To receive a gift one must be willing to accept it; I accept gratefully gifts of memory, storytelling, craft objects, and music from the informants. The mainstays among them are Freddie, Sandy, Pepper, Kit, Clay, and Smeady, with Prophet, Amy, and Chatty, from two allied and interlocking groups, the Clan of the Eagle Feather, a name based on one of Kit's tall tales, and the more recently formed Antique Buddies, whose name comes from a group antiquing expedition. Because of sensitivities about medical and other privacy issues, the informant Clay is a composite of three informants, whose experiences, comments, and adventures are included as if they belonged to the

same person. A Camp Koch alumnae group, the Kochies, pronounced “cookies,” along with a number of generous others, provided additional help.

Chapter One: A Parthenos in the Family: Why This Research Is Needed

I. Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch attracted and developed strong, creative, high-achieving girls and young women in the years 1959 – 1970.

Children’s folklore goes beyond storytelling, games of let’s pretend, running games, hiding games, and riddles; it is to some extent a subversion, for children’s purposes, of adult folklore and other components of the grown-up world children confront every day, with its expectations of them. The adult world is not closed to children; children often seek out obscure nooks and odd corners of the bigger, adult world around them (Tucker 2008: 1 – 3, 1977: 5).

A recent edition of the journal *Children's Folklore* (Vol. 34, 2012) features articles about the artistry and refinement of “Yo Momma” joke cycles on YouTube, a lost-child or unborn-child ghost in Japan, Italian preschoolers’ table talk among themselves at nursery school, and an account of how a local ghost merged with the more ubiquitous “White Lady” and “Vanishing Hitchhiker” legends among teenagers.

Dorothy Howard’s prescient-seeming introduction, found in the 1963 re-issue of Alice Gomme’s 1894-1898 seminal work *The Traditional Games of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, puts it like this: “ the children who are inheriting the earth have not descended from heaven ...trailing clouds of glory but daily make the newspaper headlines for earthly reasons... [They] are heard and seen speaking out of turn. ... adults are worried. ... Suddenly (historically speaking) what children do and say in ... [their] secret world of unsupervised play ... is no longer considered trivia to be ignored.” Folklorist and psychologist Brian Sutton-Smith provided the notion of a “triviality barrier” that barred quite a few children’s activities from the consciousness of relevant adults (Sutton-Smith 1970: 1-8).

Playhouses, tree houses, and odd nooks and crannies delight children and serve as secret hideouts. Secrets in general permit children to invade and subvert adult folklore and adult culture; they, like their adult counterparts, wish to use folklore to exercise power for some important purpose, such as fun, sarcasm, humor, or delight.

Secrets give their holders a sense of power. Parents want their children to develop creativity and sensitivity; children's empowerment, closely related to their sense of identity and pride, is important in our present-day society: many adults wish to foster it. Above these purposes stand certain societal goals for individuals and groups, such as finding one's place in the world. We adults can study children's folklore without invading their present-day secrets, however; we have an entrée into children's folklore that, while shaky at times, does not involve quizzing today's children, or spying on them -- it is our memory; once we were children, too.

Children moving into adolescence face additional challenges and pleasures; they are larger and stronger physically, and growing into an adult's intellectual grasp of the consequences of certain choices or actions. They are separate and still unequal, but the power they seek is at hand. Their world is still "other" when compared to the adult world, but the points of resemblance have increased. The developmental stage called *adolescence* is a relatively recent phenomenon; Mary Ellen Goodman, in her 1976 book *The Culture of Childhood* (Goodman 1976: 68), quoting Robert Coles's 1964 book *Children of Crisis* (Coles 1964), reminds us that the concept of childhood itself hardly existed in the Middle Ages, and did not designate a widely accepted developmental stage of human growth and maturation until the Western Renaissance-Reformation period.

Psychologist-folklorist Brian Sutton-Smith disapproved of some trends in folkloristics; even his fellow social scientists almost unanimously view children developmentally as incomplete versions of adults, always lacking something to become complete. Sutton-Smith's preferred mode was to examine each manifestation of children's folklore, irrespective of the children's ages, as a Gestalt, a snapshot in time, worthy of respect and examination on its own, without constantly referring to, or speculating about, what further years and history and transmission might do to form or use it (Sutton-Smith 1995: 6).

Folklore has always been social, has always served societal purposes, as the humanities and sciences in general have done. This service is indirect; connections may not show up for years, or remain obscure throughout people's lives, because folklore uses its tools to shape its carriers and practitioners as well as the worlds and the societies they inhabit. Women who "pass the time" in creating aesthetically pleasing, useful quilts, for example, are neither indulging their egos nor dooming themselves to drudgery; by mastering and controlling the quilting process, they create and nurture a distinctive personal and social identity as well (Ice, 1993: 168-169). The more indirect the connection, the more powerful the effect, is a commonly held opinion – it is as if folklore worked in the same way as the magician's top hat – when the rabbit pops out, it's magic. The impact is huge. Once one learns the secret or the trick, however, as A.

Conan Doyle had his Sherlock Holmes remark on more than one occasion, the performance becomes more commonplace, less enchanting, and less delightful.

Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch, in southern Indiana, during the twelve years from 1958 to 1970, cultivated power, identity, and ambition in its campers, aged eight to eighteen, and in certain counselors as well. At first campers had to learn how to spend one night at a time away from home, in a tent in the forest; later they would learn how to live in the forest for days at a time, hand-carrying what they needed with them. The campers and other inhabitants of Camp Koch, adults as well as children, constructed a separate world and a separate culture there, a world which they dominated. The effect of separation emphasizes folkloric and self-contained aspects of the children's creation; it seems like a secret.

Sutton-Smith, in the overview of his 1995 *Children's Folklore: A Sourcebook*, praises the complexity of John Holmes McDowell's approach, which Sutton-Smith sees as a harbinger of the folkloristics of the future. This approach centers on the emerging artistry, like improvisation on a theme, of children's folkloric performances, and children's ability to mimic, mock, and praise, all at once, a text or song, their own or someone else's that they have adapted (Sutton-Smith 1995: 21-22).

A folkloristic study, the research at hand shows how stories, songs, camp crafts, and other activities in proximity to nature at Camp Koch in the years 1958-1970 helped

girls cope when they saw, at home and in the world at large, women beginning to shoulder breadwinner activities, then turning to such activities as a financial necessity, in addition to the homemaker and childcare duties women had always had. These added burdens did not remove the necessity of confronting old evils, such as substance addiction or domestic abuse. New coping mechanisms became necessary; camp culture gave its inhabitants additional strength and confidence to develop them, as this study's informants maintain.

If happiness, defined as life contentment in a number of longitudinal studies (Schramm 2011), comes from genes and childhood experiences, that is to say, from ancestry and early life as a participant, rather than as an observer, then teamwork at the camp reflects children's initiative and growing autonomy. Camp Koch, the system, a world of its own, a cultural production, like a Hollywood movie (Drummond 1996: 29), written, directed, and produced by the inhabitants, projected a world view that molded helpless-seeming girls and ineffective-seeming young women into conquerors of the wilderness, its protectors, and its denizens. In the process they accomplished something visible and measurable; the forest and hills of Camp Koch became their home. This effect would not be possible in a boarding school, for example, because achievement there does not usually result in something visible, something you can touch, something that functions immediately and pragmatically, as well as being artful and pleasing in its form. The camp's worldview set up positive influences in these

campers' lives that they say have persisted for fifty or more years. Chapter 1's demographics highlight the camp's bounty; the system the camp housed may offer hope for future generations as well.

In the latter decades of the 20th century American women assumed additional rights and additional responsibilities. The institution of marriage changed; with the advent of no-fault divorce and the concomitant increasing numbers of children in one-parent families, step-parented families, or single mothers' households, women acquired the role of breadwinner in many instances without relief from the role of children's primary caregiver, protector, and homemaker. With a few notable exceptions childrearing is, still today, almost totally a woman's responsibility. Girls must grow up prepared to support a family financially while simultaneously handling all the tasks the stay-at-home mothers used to carry out. Thus the formation of future generations remains in the hands of women now perhaps even more than it did in past centuries. The human race needs confident, caring, capable women; this is imperative. The future of women and men depends on such women. This research details a worldview and system of myth; camp culture insiders claim these intangibles can mold and support successful women, strong women, women who can emerge, from dependent status under their parents' protection, to shoulder heavy family burdens without faltering.

As a result of the above-listed social changes, most of which piled up in the precise time frame this research covers (Bjorklund 2007: 203), today's children seem to rush through childhood into an adolescence that may begin at age nine or ten, or even earlier. In our 21st century sexual activities, abortions, and sexually transmitted diseases come at a much younger age than in the first half of the 20th century, drugs and alcohol come earlier, as well, and even cosmetic surgery for preteens has become common. Scholarly commentators have described this trend with lips pursed in disapproval since the 1980s (Ibid.), but in spite of contrarian trends such as home schooling, urban gardening, and arts or fitness movements of various kinds, the pace of change may well be accelerating. Bjorklund offers no remedies, but wistfully declares that, in times when people expect to live healthy lives into their ninth decades, with plenty of time for pursuing interests, hobbies, or more than one career, childhood should take its time. It should make children and their parents happier, and stay longer, rather than flee so precipitously. In stating this Bjorklund (2007: 218) joins the chorus of those scholars who implore today's society to let children BE children, without, however, offering any strategies that might accomplish this goal. Since the United States Supreme Court decision in *Roe v. Wade*, the number of children in individual families has also declined, with a negative impact on the budgets of the world, its nations, and its people. The only child has become the norm in many places.

This study will describe how a Girl Scout summer camp experience in the years 1958 to 1970 formed and nurtured ten girls who met at the camp and set up an alliance that remains strong today. In their adult lives they suffered various societal ills, including employment discrimination, abusive relationships, emotional break-ups, divorces, illnesses, and career-versus-family stresses and strains, but made outstanding contributions to society all the while. They say they acquired or enhanced competence, skills, and leadership qualities at the camp, as well as acquiring a relentless desire to learn and to develop their talents; they retained their camp identities throughout their lives. The importance of this research is clear in a world in which women carry the future on their shoulders like so many caryatids. How can society form and support such women? Future generations will not need them less, but rather, more than before.

A National Public Radio interview during the summer of 2001 crystallized for one summer camp researcher some of the contradictory feelings still touching on the subject of established camp after the summer camp movement's first hundred years in the United States (Smith 2006: 88-94). Michael Eisner, then CEO of Disney Corporation, gave the interview because he had just co-authored a book, entitled *Camp* (Eisner 2005), about his own experiences as a boy at Camp Keewaydin, a private camp in Vermont (Eisner-Stamberg NPR: Jul 3, 2001). The interview, set up as cordial, sounded hostile and was indeed contentious. Something that should have been a fluff piece in midsummer about a perennial topic, summer camp for kids, became a kind of duel.

The NPR interviewer wanted to score points by making Eisner's completely serious account of his summer camp experiences sound phony or sarcastic. Why try to make the CEO of Disney seem out of place in his own childhood? Was the real world of Disney World incapable of coexisting with the real world of summer camp? Eisner told his story in a completely sincere way, never giving an inch. At camp you learn valuable life lessons, he said, like teamwork, like leadership, like cooking, like finding your way. In his book he makes it clear that a) doing without accustomed pleasures and meeting challenges at camp is fun and builds character, b) teamwork spirit becomes a survival skill on canoe trips, and c) he developed many of his lifelong values and much of his knowledge at the camp (Eisner 2005: xi, xvii, 57).

Eisner (in the NPR interview): "I learned how, before there was an environmental movement, to ... [choose] a camp site and how to leave it better than I found it, and how to make a fire ... [using different kinds of materials]. And basically being on your own and being a responsible child getting ready to be a responsible adult. ... The reality is the city today, in today's world. The fantasy is the forest. ... I'm not sure I was living a reality life in the forest. However it was a helpful life and it was a constructive life and it was a healthy life."

Michael B. Smith, a camp culture researcher, after reporting on the interview, commented: "Eisner describes the camp experience as a fantasy. Camp leaders and

many campers very often describe their camp experience as ‘more real’ than their regular lives. [But]... they mean the same thing. The different social and physical environment of the camp contributes to an intensity of experience – of love, of friendship, of fear, of smells and sounds – all of which make the experience feel more real, less quotidian. Nature feels more real because of fewer distractions” (Smith 2006: 78-93).

Folklorist Henry Glassie sees this from another angle. He points first to the artist’s or maker’s moment of creation, then to the process of shaping the work as she goes along, as the highest form of fun. Competence is the base, usefulness is most likely the aim, especially of something like building a campfire or cooking fire, for example, but esthetics is what happens when form engages the senses, resulting in the maker’s pleasure or joy, and communicating itself to others who are in a position to appreciate it as well (Glassie 1989: 64). Folkloristics scholars study human culture and its arts and sciences, often as oral traditions preserve or develop them. Folkloric activities are not solo endeavors – artistic collaboration, competition, or performance in or for a community is required. Folklore theorist Dan Ben-Amos defined folklore as “artistic communication in small groups” (Ben-Amos 1972: 3-15).

Regarding camp and camp culture as a work of art, folk art, is how the present study found its epistemological roots. What follows is a paradigm of intentional and

environmental transformation and self-transformation by those who built, maintained, and/or inhabited the cultural production, in Drummond's sense of the word (1996:28-31) – or counter-cultural production, but in any case a true work of art – that was summer camp, facilitated by wilderness challenges, group endeavors, and mysticism (Stoermer-Caysa 1998: 9), hallowed by friendship and guided by ritual and tradition, including narrative and other genres, and particularly story-telling and songs.

Adult women who were campers or counselors during the 1958-1970 time frame of this study have evaluated their experiences. Most of them witnessed positive changes in themselves and others in those years at Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch near Cannelton, Indiana. The added dimension of patent holders, recognized owners of specific stories or storytelling songs, brings meta-narrative layers of context and embedded anecdote to their performances (Glassie 1982: 9, Cashman 2011: 26). Patent-holders, recognized “owners” of performance rights, precisely as Glassie describes them in Northern Ireland at the violent height of the Troubles, were themselves the subjects, or part of the allusions, along with other camp personalities, of the character-based anecdotes Cashman describes. These interactions, as performer, as character in someone else's story, or as part of the community's universe of allusions, combined to form a tapestry that attracted and motivated the campers and other members of the camp community, and to some extent still functions today.

Sandy, who has spent more summers at Camp Koch than any other informant, chuckles every time – even now, more than 50 years later -- she remembers any of the various times, various summers, that the hapless Evie fell off the Well, the slippery cliffs at Camp Koch's Blue Wells. It's harmlessly funny because somehow or other Evie always landed in the pool below without getting hurt. Camp experiences, as Smith and Eisner describe them (Smith 2006: 93), are vivid and their foundational qualities, as Eisner maintains, potent over many years, manifestly.

Spiritual experiences, including mysticism, arising from wonder and awe at the effect of the camp's somewhat constructed wilderness, enhanced the self-reinforcing, intrinsic system of rewards campers found there. Mysticism – a search for personal union with divine forces -- functions as an aspect of myth, embedded in the camp's worldview, and settled into the camp's daily life as vernacular spirituality, cooperating with and highlighting formal religion, rather than competing with it, just as old, seemingly-superseded religions find a place to survive, even coexist, in the festivals, arts, and rituals of the new, or alongside them (McDowell 1994: 15-16).

Cashman (2011:14), building on Del Negro and Berger (2004: 134, 142), describes folklore as being inextricably tied up functionally, even if under the level of consciousness, with group and individual identity; for this reason its interpretation often lies in social realms. In addition to being doubly sure of what I choose to

emphasize in my portrayal of Camp Koch, where I was an insider, I must also be prepared for the analysis I do to result in a kind of insider plus researcher doubling, no matter what. All artifacts of folklore, such as its various kinds of narratives, involve social considerations, and have to find their place in the community of people's imaginings, too (Cashman 2011: 2, quoting Noyes 1995: 471ff), and for that reason there's a good chance, in this particular study, of tripling as well. The insider-ethnographer's perspective plus researcher's perspective plus imagined community's perspective makes three. Barring other factors, the more complex the portrayal the more accurate it is. Many perspectives are better than just one. On the other hand all ethnographers strive to think and react like insiders, at least some of the time, although not to the detriment of scholarly accuracy. This tripling may be just another responsibility of the participant-observer, but it can move openly or imperceptibly into advocacy (Van Maanen 1988: 10-11).

Camp culture, including Scout camp, exists as a manifestation of folk culture and folk art. Mechling (2001) and Tucker (1977), along with Groth (1999) and Miller (1997) have led the way in studying it. At Girl Scout established camp, informants say, counselors set the tone of the camp, whereas at Boy Scout, camp adult volunteers and fatherly Scoutmasters did, during the time period of this study, and still do today. Girl Scout camp counselors are nearly all college students working during summer vacation (some are teachers, college graduates as well); college student traditions and rituals,

separate areas of folklore research, will cast additional light on camp culture. Other areas of interest include memorates, proto-memorates, and ostension in the sense of acting out messages rather than using words, and in the sense of pilgrimages to the sites of legendary events or reenacting them, as Linda Degh (2001: 422) defines these terms.

The typical age range of campers and counselors, 8 or 9 years old to about 25, also brings in coming-of-age anxieties and threshold rituals. Many girls reach menarche at camp, for example. For older campers or counselors impending high school or college graduation, job-hunting or (particularly in the years from 1958-1970) marriage might be a tense farewell to the accustomed school or home atmosphere. Camp staff has to be prepared for a variety of symptoms and aberrations.

Folkloristics is the discipline that governs this study. Camp Koch's culture, as the informants experienced it and remember experiencing it, is rich with folklore, and in particular folk narrative; folklore nearly always has ultimate purposes or ends outside itself. It's the spoonful of sugar, as Walt Disney's Mary Poppins might say (Sherman 1964); the medicine is nearly always social or sociopolitical. Communities, meaning sets of human networks (Cashman 2011: 11-12, 259), tend to have an underlying project or projects facilitated by intensive interaction (Noyes 1995: 471). Getting by in times of bomb-throwing and oppression in Northern Ireland, for example, was such a goal in the case of the Northern Irish community Folklorist Henry Glassie wrote about (Glassie

1982: 5, 6, 9). In Linda Degh's *Folktales and Society* an ethnic enclave, newly and forcibly resettled after WWII, struggled to maintain its identity and to survive when military authorities uprooted it and transplanted it far from home; the new-old Szekaly village was determined to keep its traditions intact in the turbulent post-WWII period in Hungary (Degh 1989: ix).

Identity not under stress or threat has little reason to come to the fore (Cashman et al.: 2012: 13-14); adolescent girls in a rapidly changing America, however, as they are now, were then – 1958-1970 – struggling with vast changes in a) the societal and familial role of women, b) interracial relations, and c) the new pre-eminence of science. Science brought with it the contraceptive pill, the atomic bomb, the Cold War, and the political policy of Mutual Assured Destruction – Evansville, Indiana, the nearest city to the camp, was rumored to be 38th on the Soviet Union's list of direct hit nuclear bomb targets; children practiced civil defense tactics in school. Should girls strive for autonomy and a career or expect to give such things up for the perfect marriage and children? Their parents had lived in different times, troubled times, to be sure, with economic boom and crash, and a gigantic World War, but with fewer layered options.

It's no great puzzle why girls in 1958-1970 America would need guidance. American families shifted in a single decade – 1965 to 1975 -- from full-time homemaker-mothers to mothers working full-time outside the home, struggling to keep

up with the added tasks of child-rearing and home-making in the broadest sense of the word. One informant's mother, a teacher, performed traditional homemaking duties after working all day, until her four children went to bed, after which she paid bills and kept the household books until about 1:00 a.m. At that point she indulged herself with pleasure reading until 3:00 a.m. She slept from then until 6:00 a.m., when she started all over again, maintaining this schedule for about 30 years, except during weekends, holidays, (unpaid) summer vacation, or (unpaid) two-year maternity leave; society mandated that schoolchildren of that day not glimpse a pregnant woman in the role of teacher. What kind of adult life should a girl of that time prepare for?

Working with adult informants' retellings of childhood experiences has advantages and disadvantages. Youthful campers describing their experiences last summer or last week may express the belief, perhaps based on the opinions of others, that camp will prepare them to lead productive adult lives. Adults, such as Michael Eisner, who were themselves campers, however, can assess the value of summer camp based on their own life histories. It is all very well for social science researchers to claim that certain experiences foster independence and leadership in adulthood, but a *fait accompli* moves what might have been projections and hopes into the realm of fact. On the other hand an astute observer might remark that perhaps the camp culture attracted primarily those youngsters who already bore the makings of success – such as ambition, intelligence, strength, and an outgoing nature. The fact is that nearly all the informants

of this project, and certainly 100% of the overlapping friendship groups known as the Clan of the Eagle Feather, or the Antique Buddies, did indeed become exemplary leaders, some in multiple fields or careers.

Are there life-story conventions involved in the contents of these informants' life stories, or are there cause-and-effect anomalies, experiences that mattered or came to mind only in retrospect? Some mainstays of the life stories of self-consciously famous scientists, for example, include portentous experiences that predict future greatness, usually in infancy or adolescence. Like the stories in Genesis of Joseph's portentous dreams and later rise to supreme power in Egypt (Gen. 37: 1-11, 12-35, Gen 47: 1-47), real people's life stories, also called personal experience narratives, often incorporate turning points or events that point to their future successes or fame. This is logical, because in a story there are events – otherwise there's no story – and it's tempting to see some events as predicting other events that follow them. Many of the accounts in this research contain turning points or moments in which something decisive happened to permit the narrator, in retrospect, to declare that moment as especially important. There is no point in disputing the accuracy of the accounts, because it is the shape of the memory that is of importance for this research. But how does one know that a turning point named in retrospect is not superimposed, or interjected for the sake of narrative completeness?

There is even a recognized motif, found in the *Thousand and One Nights*, (Burton 1885: Vol. 9, 44) under “Chance and Fate” (El-Shamy 2006: 191) in which “predestined livelihoods” appears listed. Archetypes, in the Jungian sense, may intervene in this way to shape stories, even one’s own life story. Do we tend to look for portents that indicate our life choices were really predetermined, even supply them if they are absent? Clearly stories stem from events, and events appear in stories because the storyteller ascribes meaning to them, or purpose.

Joseph Campbell in 1949 identified a form of universal plotline, based roughly on Arnold van Gennep’s (1909) rites of passage. Called the monomyth or the hero’s journey, its basic structure shares a number of features with Vladimir Propp’s roughly contemporary work identifying the structures of folktales (Campbell 1949: 30, Propp 1969:27ff). Campbell: “A hero ventures forth from the world of common day into a region of supernatural wonder; fabulous forces are there encountered and a decisive victory is won: the hero comes back from this mysterious adventure with the power to bestow boons on his fellow man (Campbell 1949:30).” The monomyth includes no element of future achievements, no portents of glory prior to the adventure, but these things are common elements in certain life stories, both Biblical and otherwise. The Joseph of the Bible’s Old Testament, he of the coat of many colors, experienced portentous dreams that set him apart from his brothers, and after many adventures in a faraway land – Egypt – he rose to become the highest councilor of that country’s king,

in a position to rescue his own family and his larger community from deadly famine (Genesis 37: 1-35, 47: 1-47).

Do stories, including life stories, fit archetypes, or do archetypes fit stories? In 1560 the future astronomer Tycho Brache, at age 13, experienced an eclipse of the sun, which precipitated his career in science rather than as a courtier in Denmark (Gribben 2002: 34). Somewhat later a medical student named Galileo, bored by a long sermon, tracked the swaying of a chandelier in the church, and began to chart its arc – said in legend to have been the inspiration for his later achievements (Gribben 2002: 36). A youthful Decartes, watching a fly buzzing around in the corner of the room, started plotting its movements, and in the process came to the conclusion that any geometric shape was describable numerically (Gribben 2002: 111). In John Brockman's book *Curious Minds: How a Child Becomes a Scientist*, instances of portentous encounters or youthful experiences abound. They include association with an adventurous scientist-grandfather (Brockman 2004: 9-10), studies with an inspiring college professor and expounding on them to a fascinated girlfriend (Brockman: 2004: 16), or youthful interest in studying apes on their home ground, combined with fondness for the television comedy "Gilligan's Island" (Brockman 2004: 20-21). When two serpents menaced the infant Heracles, the baby emerged victorious. Portents, turning points, influences, or other easily identifiable happenings tend to shape people's life stories, just as they also shape the directions of people's lives.

A researcher faces the question of authenticity with regard to such life story elements. Are they nothing more than a narrative convention, superimposed over actual memories, or substituted for them? In the case of my informants I think not, and for two reasons. 1) Informants have not told and retold these life stories, but rather have pieced them together in my presence based on memory, and 2) they do not consider their life stories to be some kind of path to greatness, and in this they all concur. In addition 3) their accounts, collected separately, tend to be remarkably consistent with each other, given the more than five decades that have passed since the narrated events occurred.

I have therefore concluded that the narrated experiences of these informants are genuine; they are too detailed and contain too much common ground to be invented supplemented, or enhanced after the fact out of some conscious or unconscious desire to point to later fame or success.

Four of these camp veterans pioneered in areas such as corporate management or construction entrepreneurship, where few women at that time in history had gained glory. The camp stories these informants tell include interior thought-narratives or orally performed anecdotes, as well as raw, never-before-disclosed data (see also Horn 1999: xvii). One could of course maintain that the researcher pre-selected these particular informants for good outcomes, but the informants themselves agree that in

general campers disappointed with their Camp Koch experience hardly ever lasted more than a couple of weeks, one session one summer. The camp culture itself selected the lifelong campers who became informants for this project.

Adolescent girls, former campers, most of whom became camp counselors after high school graduation, and one former counselor who was never a camper at established camp, are at the center of this research, Girl Scouts, all of them. They have remained at least sporadically in touch with each other down through the years. These Girl Scouts of long ago are now moving into retirement, or have already found their way there. Their memories of Camp Koch are long, detailed, and accurate, that is, they feature few discrepancies. If they are counterfactual or overly rosy and sentimental, all of them suffered identical delusions, a thing more difficult to accept than their credibility.

Fun, friendship, and chores known as “kapers” happened at the camp, and, for some of the informants, wonderful, unforgettable things happened there as well. One then-camper experienced a form of rebirth in water, for example. Another broke her arm, but without fear; her parents came to see her, but after the hospital emergency room and plaster cast experience, she returned to camp and stayed there. Some of the informants, during their summer camp years as campers or counselors, played rather mild-seeming pranks, while so absorbed in the camp’s ethos they were unaware at the

time that they were, by means of those pranks, guiding their fellow campers and counselors back into compliance with that ethos. Several of these long-ago Girl Scout campers adopted camp names signifying identities they preferred to their home identities, and kept for the rest of their lives.

II. Society's Dire Straits Call for Strength in Women.

The world has not grown less complex since the summer of 1958; the much-vaunted victory of feminism was not a victory for some, but an added burden instead. For this and for a host of other reasons life has grown more complex; girls and women face a future full of unanswered questions. The new standard in the United States, families in which both parents work outside the home for wages, is just the beginning. Previous problem areas persist as well; women, for example, still tend to submit to spousal abuse, and to return to their abusers, while men still tend to compete for group dominance via hyper-masculinity, including hyper-aggressiveness ("Normally," NPR: 02.12.2011).

At the same time Americans, once renowned for civic activism and memberships in clubs and associations, are much less likely at this point in history to step forward to

involve themselves in civic groups. This comes at a time when a variety of dangers at home and abroad, particularly the threat of terrorism, have risen to high points seldom found in history; volunteers are needed as perhaps never before. When both parents work full time, family time is scarce, and there may be no time left for civic-minded activism; volunteering may be out of reach for most couples with children. The well-documented birthrate reduction puts further pressure on nation-states and their finances (Flynn: *Foreign Affairs*: 05 01 2011).

The February 12, 2012, National Public Radio program “Normally” featured discussion of a female Hollywood star who had recently returned to a physically abusive husband. A guest, Kevin D. Williamson, explained the “Dark Triad” research done by evolutionary biologist Peter Jonason at the University of South Alabama, research revealing that the phenomenon of wife abuse relates to an inborn genetic mechanism for controlling women’s fertility. Jonason’s research shows that displays of hyper-masculinity, even hyper-aggression, attract women and men, appealing to their sexual appetites or their envy of the power displayed. Women tend to submit to those who make such displays; men tend to emulate them. Williamson cited a New York City study in which 75% of female abuse victims, who had sought refuge in a shelter, eventually returned to their abusers, citing “love” and “sex” as the reasons. Women who cannot fight such ingrained submissiveness, whether social or genetic in origin,

will become victims, without sufficient control over their own or their children's lives. Thus there are strong reasons to fight it.

Informants for this study maintain that as teenagers or young adults they felt more competent, more able to direct their lives, more pro-active, after several summers, usually three summers, at Camp Koch. One informant – she was a camp counselor at the time -- ditched her possessive, controlling boyfriend after the second summer at the camp. Kit, an informant, expressed doubt that any veteran Camp Koch camper would fall afoul of the judicial system in any way. She thought that the camp inoculated its community members, campers and staff, against most societal maladies. Or, she added on a more recent occasion, perhaps only those individuals who were already somehow immune to various societal ills felt a strong enough attraction to the camp to return year after year. In her deliberations the cause-and-effect question appears, but does not find a ready solution.

The May 1, 2011, issue of *Foreign Affairs* features an article by Stephen Flynn entitled "Recalibrating Homeland Security: Mobilizing American Society to Prepare for Disaster." Thinking all was well internationally, because of the 1989 collapse of the Soviet Union, two generations of Americans have become unwilling, according to Flynn, too comfortable, if not too pressed for time, to come forward as volunteers. National defense, since WWII a sphere where non-technicians had little to offer, now

needs responsible civic involvement, but it is largely absent. The attacks of 9/11 are well known to have inspired many young people to join American military forces; most other people, who might have volunteered for the Red Cross or other organizations, have not done so, however, as the aftermath of Hurricane Katrina and other events have shown.

Looking for another side to the gender oppression and self-indulgent cocooning aspects of present-day American life, one might ask what parents want for themselves and their children in this day and age. Are they getting it? Stefanie Schramm, in the December 31, 2011, issue of *Die Zeit*, the foremost German weekly newspaper, contributed the article “Kann man Glueck lernen?” [Can people learn happiness skills?] Results of a German government agency’s 30-year study show that happy people – life-contentment being the working definition – remained happy over the long haul, while unhappy people remained unhappy. There were of course upward and downward spikes, but even winning a fortune in the lottery or losing a limb in a traffic accident caused only temporary changes in the prevailing levels. Happiness turned out to be due to two very unsurprising factors – genes and childhood experiences.

Some researchers added a third: cooperative, shared work over which the worker had some control. Other studies, cited in the same article, revealed that major personality changes after age 30 are possible, but rare. Most often cited, as the reason

youths and older people report that they are more contented than mid-career adults, is the stressful atmosphere midcareer achievers face, such as overscheduling and competition, factors that eliminate or curtail time they might have spent with close friends or relatives, or might have devoted to such pursuits as athletics, community theater, or orchestras. This is about participatory involvement, not just attending events. The strongest contentment-related features researchers found were close friendships and a lack of competition.

Alliances without competition spell teamwork, of course. Orchestra members, actors, and athletes know it well. Teamwork is one of the basic characteristics of Girl Scout summer established camp, something it teaches by doing, and values highly. Camp Koch furnished a large portion of long range life-contentment, say informants who spent at least three summers there. As for friendships, lasting friendships, the two interlocking friendship groups of informants for this study contain members who, although located in widely disparate parts of the United States, or in foreign countries, have remained supportively in touch for five decades or more.

Describing the camp's worldview will involve looking at the camp itself as a cultural production, like a Hollywood movie, in Drummond's sense (Drummond 1996: 29). A Hollywood movie is a product of art, based on teamwork and the contributions a) of many people agencies, and organizations, as well as b) of solo, creative idea-

people. Narratives, including internal thought-narratives, narratives underlying ritual, and narratives in song reveal the core, the myth-as-worldview, of this particular instance of camp culture. Drummond is a disciple of anthropologist and structuralist Claude Levi-Strauss, who deciphered myths of tribal cultures using a complex system (Doty 2004: 109). This study will trace contextual allusions and connections to round out its portrayal by analogy.

Scout camp culture exhibits material culture, folk narrative, a large body of songs, including storytelling songs, and folk art. This study will look at Camp Koch as a functioning work of folk art during the post WWII period 1958 - 1970, using memory's lens, as informants narrate or relive in memory the experiences at the camp that built the worldview they claim shaped their adult lives. Their frame narratives will point out contemporary values and other results of the camp's enduring effects, from the present-day adult's present-day point of view. Mechling's book includes many such then-and-now comparisons, some affectionate, some regretful. Drummond's view is that cultural productions are myth's home ground (Drummond 1996: 29).

III. Virgins have the power to save the universe.

How does a *parthenos* (see the chapter heading for this chapter) belong in this picture? It's a Greek word dating back to Homeric antiquity, most familiar because it is

a variation of *Parthenon*, one of the most revered art works, and sacred buildings, of all time, one of a number of temples that stand in the high city or acropolis of Athens.

Another use of the word *parthenos* is as part of a compound word, a medical term in American English – *parthenogenesis*. Since *parthenos* means *virgin*, *parthenogenesis* means *virgin birth*. And the Parthenon in Athens, logically, would be a temple involving virgins. As in many languages, especially older languages, including older versions of English, the words *maiden* or *virgin* also carry the meanings *young girl* or *adolescent, unmarried girl*. Such a person was generally known to be a chaste girl, meaning a young female human, near or past menarche, who had never had sexual intercourse. Innocence and purity, as well as impulsiveness, were associated concepts.

There is a parable in the New Testament about wise and foolish virgins (Matthew 25: 1-13). The wisdom of the wise virgins showed up in their steady adherence to a principle that would millennia later become the Girl Scout motto – “Be prepared” (*Girl Scout Handbook* 1955: 9). A Camp Koch camper aged 9 to 20, approximately, and a good number of the camp counselors and other staff, would surely have fit the definition of *parthenos* in the sense of preparedness. This pragmatic form of wisdom – like the Greek goddess Athena’s advice to rulers of kingdoms – is simple; it was a basic lesson girls learned at camp. You wear socks there, because of

poison ivy and mosquitos, for example, and you never dash around on the camp's uneven terrain, with thickly forested cliffs and hills. Instead, you walk.

Kit said a fellow college student told her how, after a second summer as a counselor at Camp Koch, Kit's gait, her way of walking across a room, had changed. Walking at camp, Kit explained, was unlike any walking she had done before; it had changed her. The forest paths there were hardly passable after the rain, and even in dry weather they featured tree stumps and even large rocks or gnarled roots of trees sticking up from them, waiting to trip someone up. One counselor chose her camp name, Stumpy, based on all the times she stumbled or fell while walking a woodland path. The terrain was uneven and full of surprises even in mid-path.

Kit remembered a fall she took when rushing to early church one Sunday morning her first summer as a Camp Koch counselor. She was in Hilltop, the unit for second-year campers, approximately ten years old; the paths down from Hilltop are the steepest and most challenging in the camp. That summer she owned exactly one camp uniform, dark green Bermuda shorts and white blouse. And it had rained the night before, and she was rushing. The campers from Hilltop had already gone down to church. She skidded, then fell, then skidded on her back on her way down, getting herself muddy in back from above the waist all the way to her shoes. And she was late for church. Someone in the pack-out room in the Dining Hall building helped her rinse

off as much of the mud as possible, and she still made it to services, but she will never forget the experience. Breathing is different at camp, too, Kit said; the air smells of green things, and sometimes of the nearby river, not of gasoline fumes or other city smells.

Returning to the well-prepared virgins in the parable, *Wikipedia* and other readily available sources connect the term *parthenos* with the actual temple building or buildings on the Athenian acropolis, but settling on one authoritative version is difficult. Some maintain that the temple dedicated to virgins was a room somewhere inside the building we now call the Parthenon. Some locate the term's significance in a founding myth of Athens, in which a number of virgins sacrificed their lives to save the city, and succeeded in saving it. Others say the Parthenon, whatever its exact location within the building known as the Parthenon today, was in its time of religious use, an inner chamber dedicated to a goddess who bore the epithet or descriptive adjective *virgin* or *virginal*. The foregoing explorations of the word *parthenos* come from *Wikipedia* articles extant on July 25, 2012. I cite *Wikipedia* precisely to emphasize the universal character of the definitions and epithets. This study will look to certain overarching patterns and images for its analogies, not excluding Classical antiquity or other iconic events or evocative happenings, beings, or patterns of human behavior. It will work with forms of allusion not limited to any one theoretical base, but rather reaching out to general understandings of the culture and society the ethnographic activities took place

in, ranging from Greco-Roman demi-urges to modern-day pagan practices, Walt Disney or Star Trek-themed movies, and popular science writing.

When one thinks of ancient Greece and virginal goddesses, Athena (Roman Minerva) comes to mind, goddess of practical wisdom, counselor of heroes, gods, demigods, and kings in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; art works portray her as an adult woman, however, rather than as a young maiden. She is said to have sprung full-grown from the brow of Zeus, thus having had no childhood and no mother. Artemis, whom the Romans called Diana, also bore the epithet *virginal*; she was known to strike devastating blows at hunters who peeked at her while she bathed in deep woodland pools. Tales cast her in the role of a virgin protector of wild places, wild animals, and the hunt; at the same time she was a source of help to newborns and the young of many species, including humans. Finally, the goddess Hera, whom the Romans called Juno, occasionally bore the epithet *virginal*, although Hera's primary role was that of the high god Zeus's consort. Other divine females, even the witch-goddess Hecate, Iris (the rainbow), and the feared goddess Nemesis bore the epithet *virginal* at times. There is at least one common factor in all these designations – a powerful female is at the heart of them, although never the goddess of love, Aphrodite (Venus). Wisdom, the wilderness, protection of the young, a ruler's consort, an enchantress or witch, a rainbow (bringing promise of calm after a storm), and implacable justice or revenge – these qualities share one common aspect: power. The goddesses named above wield power in a variety of

ways, power that is suitable to their worship. This information, chosen because it is so readily available, came from *Wikipedia* in relevant articles on July 25, 2012.

What transformations have informants reported happening in themselves, during their summers at Camp Koch? In 2010 eighteen members of a Camp Koch alumnae group, the Kochies (pronounced “cookies”) answered a 50-question survey regarding their experiences at the camp. See this study’s appendix for the text of the Kochie survey. Five of the respondents are among this study’s principal informants, but the degree of consensus among all the respondents is very high. Not one, for example, remembered even a hint of bullying at camp. Pranks were relatively mild and rare; a group of younger kids as a gesture of affection threw Sandy into the lake – once, and took the penalty for doing it, because at the time of day they did this, there was no life guard on duty. Other informants only heard of – rather than witnessed -- even the mildest pranks.

Nearly all the respondents added notes to their short answers, consisting of individual opinions and descriptions of experiences they considered too important to be submerged into a response of “Strongly Agree” or the like. These short notes reveal how individual alumnae saw their Camp Koch experiences. Here are some excerpts from the notes. See this study’s appendix for the complete list of questions.

“There is a bond at camp that comes from spending time there with friends, relying on each other, learning independence and self-confidence.”

“The only occupation that would allow me to continue going to camp in the summer was teaching. Ergo I became a teacher.”

“Because of Camp Koch I became a professional Girl Scout.”

“Because of the careful, consistent emphasis on First Aid at camp I became a registered nurse. I had learned at camp to feel a degree of protectiveness for others.”

“Everything from the front gate to the back gate, and east and west, felt like sacred ground.”

“Camp was a safe place to be yourself.”

“Nobody was a show-off. There wasn’t anybody to show off for.”

“I loved just blending in with the other campers.”

“There is a peace that comes over me when I enter the gates of Camp Koch.”

“Camp became part of me, and made me stronger, better, more competent. Then it became a greater and greater part of my everyday world, making the world better.”

“I learned to swim in the lake, in spite of the little fish nibbling at my bug bites.”

“I always thought campers should believe in magic.”

“At camp I found college-educated role models – the counselors. Nobody in my family had attended college in the past, but I did.”

Informants’ birthdates were, with one exception, all in the post-WWII baby boom, the first few years of it, centering around 1947. The eldest was born in 1939, and the youngest in 1953. College graduation for most of them would have been around 1969 or thereafter. What challenges did they face outside of camp, during and after high school? How did their Camp Koch experiences affect real-life outcomes for them? All of them bucked trends, in that they preserved some social values of the times; abortion seemed to be society’s disgrace, a product of double standards penalizing only women in a shame-based culture, but contraception was a given. They also flouted some trends, most notably because they prepared themselves for careers, blithely going off to college, but not for husband-hunting purposes, thereby avoiding the fate of those women who came away with what was called in those years the MRS degree, or perhaps a PHT -- putting hubby through (college). The informants took college, and themselves, seriously. In life they were not members of the supporting cast of characters; they took it for granted that they played leading roles.

IV. Demographics and Challenges of 1969 College Graduates

“In the 1950’s, when the women of 1969 were girls, half of all (American) women married as teenagers, and a third had their first child before age 20. ... all but 7% eventually had children, typically raising three or four children. Only a fifth of students then in college were women; two out of three dropped out, and only six percent completed degrees. Fewer still went on to advanced degrees and professions. ... Women accounted for only 0.5% of engineers, 3% of lawyers and 6 % of physicians. ... Unless a woman was nonwhite or poor, marriage and childrearing were her career.” (Miriam Horn 1999: xiv) *Rebels in White Gloves: Coming of Age with Hillary’s Class*, New York: Random House, 1999, p. xiv.)

An Eagle Feather informant born in 1947: “I wanted to go to law school for a time. I had learned in high school that competing with boys academically was not all that difficult, but I wasn’t sure I wanted to be the only woman in an entire program. I knew I had a knack for learning French, something needed in public schools then – French language instruction was just as dismal and inept then as it mostly is now, in the U.S. So I majored in French and got a National Defense scholarship.”

Other college majors among the Eagle Feather and Antique Buddies friendship group members included nursing, history, foreign language teaching, economics, library science, speech and theater, geology, and physical education. All but one of the

non-nursing, non-library science students had plans for teaching careers, and at least for a while, worked as teachers. All of them married. Two raised one boy each; three had one daughter each. One marriage is still in existence after nearly 40 years. The careers these women eventually settled into include educator, psychotherapist, author, translator, insurance executive, Master Naturalist Senior Grade, home remodeling entrepreneur, professional Girl Scout and CFO of a local GS council, librarian, and registered nurse.

There is no such thing as a control group in retrospect, but this study will make certain comparisons of the small groups of informants with the book's subjects in *Hillary's Class*. It is a distortion, in a way, to compare the Eagle Feather members with Hillary Clinton's graduating class at Wellesley (1969), because Wellesley is an elite East Coast institution, and the Eagle Feather Clan's origins are Midwestern middle class or working class through and through. This is not to say that there were no working class or Midwestern students at Wellesley, but that such students were far from the norm among the student body during the same period of time the informants attended their closer-to-home colleges and state universities.

Horn's book attains relevance because it provides anecdotes as well as statistics, however, with examples of challenges members of a similar age-group faced in the same era, and how they reacted. Stating that a given group is outstanding is

meaningless without a standard or point of comparison. Hillary's graduating class was much larger than the Eagle Feather membership, but the class members arrived at graduation after having gone through a more rigorous selection process than the Eagle Feather members had – or perhaps not. More thoughts on this comparison, and on the challenges each group faced, will follow. A control group in its strict definition the 1969 Wellesley graduates are not, but the analogy casts light on the life stories of both groups.

“By 1989 all that had changed. ... With women waiting longer to wed, and with half of all marriages ending in divorce, a woman (now) can expect to be married less than half her adult life. ... Having been girls in one world, the women of... 1969 became women in another. ... (In the 1990's in public discourse) the 1950's marked the last golden moment of centuries of happy and stable families, a world of order and restraint dismantled by ... selfish ambition and wanton pleasure-seeking (by women)..." (Horn 1999: xix).

A protagonist who starts out in one world then ends up in another without intending to, completely on her own, and who finds there different rules of the road and different standards, along with threatening circumstances and scary, unexplained phenomena – this person would not **have** to be a Girl Scout, although a Scouting background would surely be of use, but she is easily recognizable as a folktale hero or

heroine; in a professionally impeccable collection of 35 Hungarian folktales all but one of the tales involving magic include the lone-hero-leaves-home motif (Degh 1995, see also Luethi 1961: 17 - 29).

Camp Koch's campers did not tell folktales (fairy tales) at the camp, and did not listen to them, according to informants, but legends and personal experience stories abounded. It might seem odd that camp culture would omit such perennial children's favorites as folktales, until one grasps the proposition that each of these campers was in fact leading the life of a folktale hero at the camp. As the protagonist each one was inside a folktale, leading a folktale hero's existence, undertaking the heroine's journey, to follow that reasoning (see also Murdock 1990). Such a hero or heroine has to undergo transformations, learn new things, and make adjustments in what she expects in daily life, helped along the way at Camp Koch not by fairy godmothers, the grateful dead, or friendly talking animals, but by older versions of the campers themselves -- their counselors. There was magic in the intensified encounters with natural forces on their own home ground, not in some tame garden, park, or greenhouse (Smith 2006: 88), whether these had been set up intentionally by camp administrators or not, and whether what seemed to the campers to be a virgin wilderness was really to some extent reclaimed farmland or not. Chapter Three of this study provides further details about the Camp Koch camper seen as a folktale hero/heroine.

The most important bit of data in an initial comparison of Camp Koch campers and folktale protagonists is the common circumstance that brought them into the story (or the camp) in the first place. All of them left home, not in intact groups as in troop camping, a common Boy Scout practice also used by Girl Scout troops, but as individuals heading out into unknown territory – even in successive summers at the same camp -- because no summer was ever the same as the previous one. Campers were like Jack climbing the beanstalk, then back down again, one summer after another (see also Clay's mailbox dream in Chapter 2 of this study). They never knew in advance which other campers would be in their unit, in their (four-person) tent, or at the camp. Some summers even brought frightening monsters into the picture, as former campers describe them. And around the fringes of the camp, with its deep woods, its Southern Indiana curtains of mist hanging in the air even on clear days, and its buzzing insects and uncanny sounds in the trees, there were intruders, legendary intruders trying to sneak onto the camp grounds, or convening in the dark in its more remote areas – the horrendous, mostly invisible trompy-tromps and other things that go bump in the night. One informant described an intersection between historical times at the camp, a kind of nexus that brought ghostly presences into the camp's perceptible reality, as detailed in this study's chapter 9. To rescue the injured, carry messages and supplies, and drive intruders out, there was the camp ranger, with his magic steed, a Jeep.

Monstrous stories, fears, and legends will take center stage in Chapter Seven of this study.

Kit, riding with the researcher in rural Arizona on August 13, 2012, was talking on speaker phone with Clay, while the researcher commented from time to time.

Researcher: "When did you start to feel a sense of belonging at Camp Koch?"

Kit: "The first day I was there [as a first-time camp counselor] the Jeep took my trunk up to my tent in Hilltop, and I walked the path to the Dining Hall. I was early, and I walked to the outlook, you know, with a view of the lake, the bridge, the hills on both sides thick with trees, opening onto the river and the farmer's fields on the other side. It was overwhelming. This would never leave me, I felt."

Clay: "That's some question. It came to me more gradually, like the swimming thing. But it was strong, had to be, to last this long."

Kit, slowly: "No, it wasn't **like** falling in love..."

Clay, responding excitedly to the emphasis in Kit's voice: "Right, because it **was** falling in love. We fell in love with the camp, all of us. I mean, the Clan, the Antique Buddies, and quite a few others. Maybe that's why those love songs we sang at camp now and then seemed such a good idea and we sort of took it for granted."

Kit added the following later that same day: “I know I wasn’t the only person there outside the Dining Hall waiting for supper, but I don’t remember what the others were doing, if they were walking around or talking on the steps [later to be known as the Singing Steps]. It was the first day of pre-camp, so the campers weren’t there, just counselors. We had come in after lunch, and this was just before dinner. And that particular summer they put us [counselors, before the campers arrived] in our own tents, in our own units, right after we got there – other summers we stayed during pre-camp all in the same unit, for bonding purposes.”

“I can still see that view from behind the Dining Hall. It’s true I took pictures of it at the time, but the one I can find most easily now is in my head. I remember how white the swimming dock was. It was all just picture perfect including the willow tree at the lake’s edge – past the waterfront area – reflecting in the lake. I loved that willow tree and hated hearing a few years ago that it had died. I always thought they should replace it.”

These were enduring effects the informants described, including their rapid acceptance as normal, after all these years, that singing love songs **at** the camp meant that they were singing love songs **to** the camp; this incident, along with many others, expresses the importance, the lifelong leadership role, and the sense of destiny that the

camp culture endowed them with, better than any amount of third-person description could.

Returning to society's penalties for career women, college women, or other assertive women in the time period in question, guilt trips contributed to the social opprobrium. How dared these mere slips of girls use up valuable college classroom space needed for future male scientists and engineers! Margaret Mead, the world-famous anthropologist: "It is of doubtful value to enlist the gifts of women if bringing them into fields defined as male frightens the men and unsexes the women." Horn quotes this great scientist seemingly without a clue regarding the remark's possible tongue-in-cheek implications (1999: 25). One informant reports that she avoided enrolling in a typing course in high school because that particular skill seemed to relegate women to a submissive role she had no intention of playing. She graduated from her 2000-pupil high school sixth in her class; her boyfriend typed all her term papers.

Other penalties girls and women faced went far beyond high-volume criticism and society's disapproval. Is abortion, for example, the price women must pay for reproductive freedom? 33% of the women in the 1969 graduating class at Wellesley underwent an abortion at least once in their lives, according to Horn (1999: 29). In the two overlapping groups of about 10 Camp Koch informants **none** is known to have

undergone one. Abortion was truly everywhere, then as now. Another informant reported that a graduate school classmate, not a fellow Camp Koch alumna, was complaining one October about terrible nightmares, in which she heard a baby crying, wailing, and screaming. Asked why this happened only in October, the classmate could provide no reason. Then she said, "Maybe this has something to do with my sixth abortion, two years ago, in October." This type of personal experience narrative, including dreams and portents, acquired status as common ground in the early years after *Roe v. Wade* legalized abortion. One may look at abortion's lack of attraction for Eagle Feather members as a justification for Kit's belief in Camp Koch's inoculation effect. On the other hand, however, perhaps the camp's ambience attracted primarily girls already immune to, or predisposed to defy the attractions of risky sexual behavior, as well as violence, addiction, and so on.

Did social activism also come at a steep price, even in the Sixties? An informant: "Our causes in college were racial integration and anti-Vietnam war. " Was anyone among these informants a member of the counterculture? All knew people, friends and associates, who dabbled in, or even became addicted to, marijuana, alcoholic drinks, or stronger stuff than that, but in the Eagle Feather Clan and the Antique Buddies no one seems to have succumbed to any toxic or illegal form of substance addiction. Most were cigarette smokers, but gave it up when adverse health effects became known. Inoculation effect or not, the camp's culture, the scent of deep woods, the sight of

campfire flames, and the thickets of songs intertwining in camp memories – those extra-vivid camp experiences – may have filled up with more positive values the interior niche addiction or other compulsions normally occupy in people’s brains. Did the camp, or some entity in the camp, select and prepare a set of worthy individuals to enter into deep communion with it, as mystics, artists, and priests feel called to their idealistic professions?

And above all, did Eagle Feather members need LSD to see God? In the course of this research several possible answers to this question have surfaced, but they are all negative. One informant spent some time in San Francisco and is rumored to have owned a pair of burgundy-colored bell-bottom slacks. The countercultural triad of sex, drugs, and rock ‘n roll consisted in this group mostly of the latter, but even the latter influence was not as strong as some others. There was never a time in which at their own gatherings these alumnae did not bring out guitars and sing the old, well-loved camp songs instead of listening to recordings of rock music or other songs that had found commercial success at the time. At summer reunions of the Kochies, in fact, even today the pre-1980 camp alumnae still sing the younger ones into the ground, effortlessly, and without songbooks or song sheets. They know three times as many camp songs, and they remember words as well as melodies, and some harmonies as well.

The American public in the 1950's and early 1960's still considered motherhood the crown of womanhood, according to a Gallup poll at the time, but the post-WWII generation of mothers wanted their daughters to marry later and receive more education before marriage. Dropping out of high school to get married seemed unwise to them. Early Baby Boom college women, as shown by those in the Wellesley class of 1969, reported seeing their mothers as confined and trapped, suffocated by the family, and certainly not functioning as full adults. They did not hold this against their fathers, in general, but rather admired them. Freudian considerations aside, polls showed that the Wellesley girls, Hillary's classmates, mostly from wealthy families, aspired to become their fathers, rather than their mothers, and that power was the primary reason (Horn 1999: 61 - 66). A number of them in the 1960s and 1970s fled to communes or socially unsuitable-seeming marriages that signified defiance of family ties or a desire to become someone else. They may have thought that, short of actually becoming male, committing violent acts of desertion or defiance against their families would offer avenues of escape from entering upon the self-abnegating paths they thought their mothers had followed. Some became leftist bomb builders, or married them (Horn 1999: 74). Their "revolutionary" marriages often took the form of marriages of convenience, part of a toolkit for destroying American society's business as usual (Ibid).

This study's informants did not attend Ivy League schools, such as Wellesley, although one or two might have gained admittance, if they had applied. Their

undergraduate studies were at in-state schools or schools in the same region of the United States. No Eagle Feather or Antique Buddies member, as far as my informants know, became involved in parent-defying or society-threatening marriages or similar activities.

Activism, for the Wellesley women of 1969, however, turned out to be sexist; it assigned demeaning, subordinate roles to women. In the face of this disappointment many of them turned to sexual liberation to defy what they saw as a repressive world. Women expressing their freedom to control their own bodies, the first battle of the American feminist movement, maintained that it was a woman's prerogative to experience sexual gratification exactly as she thought men did. Technical instructions for women in this regard, however, usually involved tongue acrobatics and whipped cream or other kitchen ingredients, making it clear that this new form of supposed liberation was something added to cooking and housekeeping, a form of duty; it was not optional. Some women caught on quickly that the name of the game was still the same – how to make the penis happy (Horn 1999: 81-82).

“... the idea that a man would invite you out simply for the pleasure of your company was made, overnight, obsolete” (Horn 1999: 82, here quoting a Wellesley '69 alumna). What followed this disillusionment in the 1970's was, in Tom Wolfe's terms, a “third great religious awakening” (Horn 1999: 97).

Allison, Wellesley '69, after earning a black belt in Tae Kwan Do, found something intriguing at a New Age fair when she met Scottish visitors from Findhorn, a modern version of Father Rapp's early 19th century communal settlement in Southwestern Indiana, today called New Harmony. Findhorn occupied a scenic spot on the North Sea coast of Scotland.

While sitting in her garden reading a Findhorn garden book, Allison, a Wellesley graduate in Hillary Clinton's class of 1969, experienced an epiphany when a butterfly landed on her repeatedly. She'd been wondering about angels and the path of her life, and took this as a sign.

Allison's statement, as Horn quotes it (1999: 99-100): "I always felt there was consciousness in everything. I thought if there's a place they believe in angels and try to grow plants the way plants want to grow, I've got to check it out. ...So I gave away almost everything and went to Findhorn. They had one place open, in the kitchen – it was slogging work, four of you feeding three hundred people – but I decided I'd do it, and asked to stay. I met unbelievable people there." (Horn 1999: 98-99)

Like many Camp Koch alumnae, along with countless others, Allison went to her dream place for the sake of Nature, stayed on for the sake of community, and returned home with a new vision and a middle-class home in her future.

Informants for this study would say they attained a similar combination of acculturation, insight, and fulfillment at Camp Koch 1958-1970, while they were still children or adolescents occupying family dwellings and attending school most of each year. The point Horn wishes to make by including this anecdote, in my opinion, is that there are times when spiritual values and idealism as practiced in a like-minded community really does repair people or empower them, even when such things as Tae Kwan Do and gardening cannot. Eagle Feather and Antique Buddies members would concur.

In the Seventies many things bore the designation *therapeutic*, whether this term really fit or not. Mentioning sex crimes in the news at last, and in television programs, and in the movies, publishing self-help books by the thousands, forming counseling groups, holding or attending dance or yoga sessions – all these things raised society's awareness, but only by bringing a therapeutic perspective to bear; women, you, too can be repaired, just like the frighteningly submissive, robotic women of the movie *The Stepford Wives* (Levin 1972). In this scenario Woman remains a deeply flawed and inferior Other – her despair at her powerlessness and the abuses she suffers, which were at last receiving public attention, did not change the facts of the abuse/denigration. The therapy trend simply highlighted these things in public discourse, remaking women as poor sad sacks, victims, or malfunctioning robots.

Nothing came along at that point to challenge society's entrenched view of women as less deserving, less equal. Instead therapy's proposed cures put the onus on individual women to heal themselves or tune themselves up. Woman's plight was her own fault, still, as it always had been (Horn 1999: 100). So does it follow that Camp Koch, as an informant stated above, inoculated its inhabitants against most societal ills? Certainly self-doubt, along with the rest of the list of self-destructive and predatory trends described here, has never gained much ground among this study's informants. According to art historian Van Slyke (2006: xxi), summer camp is a middle-class phenomenon through and through. Wholesomeness and the good health of body and mind reign supreme in its value systems.

This research's subject matter, the culture of a Girl Scout established camp, has provided for its initiates a detailed, positive path toward hope; it contains idealism channeled into practical applications that can address health problems and can rework along positive lines how society balances of work and play, natural resources and education, and spousal or children's problems, including bullying, or its adult, commercial version, corruption. Informants say that if the camp's worldview took over in the 21st century, volunteering, civic activism, protection of wilderness areas, and innovation would receive considerably more participation, honor, and respect.

Is this all there is? The pampered Baby Boom generation, facing the Vietnam War and the ugly facts of racial injustice in America, might well have wondered if life were doomed to meaningless, as the beat poets, Allen Ginsburg, and later the anti-war, pro-integration activists seemed to imply. Due to hefty infusions of creativity and fun, the model these informants have cherished for decades can answer in a positive, optimistic way such pesky, lackadaisical why-bother or is-this-all-there-is questions. It contains a paradigm of reverence for the natural world, and for that world's inhabitants and its reigning values, that is very old, and easy to grasp, as well as a paradigm of self-discipline and self-fulfillment that has stood the test of time. There is nothing unproven about it; informants worry that to lose it now would mean one more tragedy for society, at a time when there are already too many tragedies and losses. And they see its home ground, Girl Scout established camps, disappearing right and left.

An informant made the following statement from her hospital bed, a few days after hearing that her lung condition was very grave indeed. "I learned so much as a Brownie, and later as a Girl Scout leader, how not to waste time, how to manage a budget – I loved to teach the girls in my troop. One of the most wonderful things I remember was going to Girl Scout summer camp. I went three summers. One of the greatest things was learning to work together. [In the troop] we sang at old folks' homes and later, at shopping malls. It was doing for others [Statement of Frances Pell, July 8, 2012]."

To say that life has moved on from those simpler-seeming decades is a cliché, but the model the informants have followed has, they claim, the potential to move people's daily lives onto wholesome paths, without, however, the dark sides of pre-1960 America: racial and ethnic discrimination in a shame-based culture. Modern Americans' taken-for-granted indulgences -- such things as air conditioning, hot showers, television, prescriptions to calm overwrought children or adults, and exercise undertaken at some handy health club -- contribute to the estrangement they feel from their fellow humans and from their neighborhoods, their world; the informants lament these trends as they see them thrive. Unfortunately such pleasures have prices that go beyond a higher electric bill or additional transportation costs. What does juvenile violence, lethargy, or alienation cost current society, in money and in human tragedy?

The anachronistic message of five generations of campers in the United States is part of the legacy of the Romantic Revolution that sparked the struggle for democracy and independence in Europe as well as nationalism itself, a new reverence for the wilderness, respect for the middle class and common people's cultures, and the camping movement in the late-Romantic Victorian age. Goethe, Schiller, the Grimm brothers, Rousseau and Herder on the European continent, Coleridge, Tennyson, and Yeats in the British Isles, and in the United States Emerson, Whitman, and a host of others, brought messages of closeness to nature, creative work, hope, comradeship, achievement, community, faith, courage, and service to one's neighbor, prescribed in

combination to form an art of living – a folk art – able to win out over death and despair (Glassie et al 1975: 158).

Resistance to societal ills, if embedded in the camp's purpose, goals, and world view, means that the camp constitutes a most effective form of folklore, at least for some. It addresses a number of societal ills, ameliorating them if not eliminating them, for those who adhere to it, feel affiliated with its purposes, or called to its fellowship.

The Girl Scout Promise, 1920 -1972 version:

On my honor

I will try

to serve God and my country

to help other people at all times

and to obey the Girl Scout Laws.

The Girl Scout Laws:

1. A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted.

2. A Girl Scout is loyal.

3. A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and help others.

4. A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout.

5. A Girl Scout is courteous.

6. A Girl Scout is a friend to animals.

7-10. A Girl Scout obeys orders, and is cheerful, thrifty, and clean in thought, word, and deed

Chapter Two: Magalena Hagalena: The Worldview of a Camp Song

... the most commonplace life hovers on the edge of the bizarre. But those of us who overstep the border become preposterous in the eyes of those who have never done so. ... thus I myself am a myth, and so are you ...

... [and] the most astounding thing about fact is its resemblance to fiction.

Sax Rohmer, Bat Wing, Chapter 3, 1921

“Magalena Hagalena”

(traditional children’s song, the United States, 1940’s to 2014):

Magalena, Hagalena

The refrain of “Magalena”

Ookah-Tahka, Wahka-Tahka

is her name. Kit thought

Hokah-Mokah Pokah

the words sounded like the

Was her name.

Hawaiian language.

She had seven hairs in the middle of her head. *We survey Magalena top-down.*

Four were alive and the other three were dead. *Some say she is a giant, or a*

gigantic, clumsy girl.

Refrain.

She had two eyes in the middle of her head: *Performers tend to use hand*

One was green and the other (one) was red. *gestures pointing to the features*

named or described, on their own bodies.

Refrain.

She had two teeth in the middle of her mouth; *Magalena is ugly and odd-looking. Her*

One pointed north and the other pointed south. *teeth don't meet; they are nonfunctional.*

Refrain.

She had two feet as big as bathmats.* *Magalena has the feet of a giant.*

Nobody knows how they got like that. *Children's stage performances portray her as
a giant girl, clumsy, smiling, and friendly.*

Refrain.

(slowly, mournfully)

A ten-ton truck hit Magalena

Children gesture tears flowing.

(faster and cheerfully)

Poor old guy had to buy a new machinah.

Children caper around joyfully.

Refrain.

Kit commented that after the mid-1980s it often became necessary to explain to Girl Scouts aged 7 to 10 what a bath mat was, and its approximate dimensions.

Further performance-related note: Gestures seem indispensable. Some vocal performances use more melody, others use more shouting. Camp Koch informants sing “Magalena.” It would have been unthinkable to shout any song at Camp Koch, even the ubiquitous “Happy Birthday” song. Some variants of “Magalena” have more or different verses. The above are the verses Camp Koch informants know and have sung.

Variants consist primarily of alternate descriptions of Magalena's physical features, although alternate refrains with different nonsense syllables also exist.

Indications that Magalena is a giant include the song's lyrics describing her in sections, starting with her head. With a giant, as with a skyscraper, a natural tendency would be to look up to see just how high this unusual girl extends herself into the sky. If you were afraid of her, as soon as you realized she was a giant, you would flee, not take time to look at her in detail. Closer inspection does two things – it moves toward the ground, in segments, and it moves the subject, in this case, Magalena, closer to you, the observer. It shows your absence of fear. If you can take the time to count the sparse hairs on her head and take a close look at her gigantic feet, you are clearly not afraid of her.

The word *world view*, also called *Weltanschauung*, originated in the German language. It governs activities and interests, but also some of the most basic functions of group living. It's a complex set of agreements and assumptions about what is good or bad, what is desirable or undesirable, and what the point of living, the purpose of being or functioning, is or should be. Belief, even religion, can figure in, but world view can also function as an adjunct to formal religious beliefs. In fact, individuals are capable of including something in their world view that conflicts massively with some aspect of their religion, simply because the conflict has never come to their attention or

they consider the matter closed in one realm or the other. Religious beliefs are subject to styles or social trends in some ways, but world view includes them to a greater extent. One might say that world view is a system of attitudes toward life or toward some aspect of life, such as Girl Scout camp.

The thesis of the following discussion is that a song that was very popular, and still is, with younger Girl Scout campers at Camp Koch – older campers express world view in the song “The Wood Child,” among others – sums up the world view of the camp in a way that helps the singers find the strength within themselves to live up to the camp’s standards. It has a catchy tune and rhythm, a refrain full of nonsense syllables that require an effort to memorize, and the delightful tendency to annoy older campers and adults by its catchy, repetitive features. It is the song “Magalena Hagalena.” For variants and additional analysis see this study’s appendix.

About performing songs at camp: Campers during the period 1958 – 1970 performed nearly all camp songs without instrumental accompaniment, and certainly not while following the electronic guidance of a recording, in a manner typical of lip-synching, partly because the girls were often singing while hiking, doing unit chores called “kapers,” or working on camp craft projects. The Dining Hall steps, where campers waited before mealtimes for the doors to open, became known in later years, after the time period of this study, as the “Singing Steps.” The custom of leading

unaccompanied singing there may have begun as a constructive alternative to forty or more campers milling around the area aimlessly, waiting more or less grouchy for the doors to open and the meal to begin. Games of Two Deep also took place nearby before meals, as did the flag ceremonies before breakfast and supper.

Campers sang without song sheets, always; not a single informant for this research can remember even one instance of a song sheet existing at camp during the years 1958 – 1970. Some older campers, as the number of camp songs proliferated over successive summers, began recording the words of those songs by hand in little notebooks, but these notebooks remained in one's tent; no one saw them at occasions when group singing was taking place. Kit, an informant for this study, included guitar chords in her notebook for some of the songs, but her guitar-playing was for special occasions; it did not occur, for very practical reasons, while campers were hiking or doing something else. They sang unaccompanied more than 90 percent of the time.

Informants report that they felt it was right and natural to sing unaccompanied; the daily repertoire of 180 or so songs included fifteen or more rounds and about ten patriotic songs sung at flag ceremonies. Rounds provided the intellectual challenge of not losing one's place and the esthetic pleasure of hearing the harmonies thus created.

Kit learned to play the guitar in 1962 when she worked as a counselor at a Girl Scout camp at Big Bear Lake in California; she returned to Camp Koch, and played the

guitar there, for a Girl Scout weekend conference, called a “campference,” in the spring of 1963, and on some special occasions after that as well. Pepper and Smeady, gifted violin and viola players respectively, became expert guitar players, too, and not by coincidence; Kit gave Pepper her first guitar. A sort of musical contagion began at Camp Koch and caused even less gifted Eagle Feather members to learn to play another instrument, one suitable to being played out of doors, without electricity.

The formal components of “Magalena,” are clearly English, both grammatically and functionally. The song uses the systems of English – verbs, prepositions, articles -- to express content that can be rendered in English. In other words, although the refrain is composed entirely of nonsense syllables, they clearly go together to form a long, complicated name, Magalena’s name. Although the syllables sounded vaguely Hawaiian to one informant, nonsense compositions in a language other than English would not sound like this. Singers may perceive “Magalena” as chant-like, however, because quite a few words or syllables – many with hard consonants (p, t, k) requiring rapid articulation -- occur on the same note, one after the other, in rapid succession.

“Magalena’s” narrative is mostly descriptive; nothing happens until the last verse, and what happens then, happens offstage, as it were. Variant 1 in this study’s appendix omits the “ten-ton truck” verse and ends as a purely descriptive narrative in which nothing whatever happens. The Camp Koch version and other versions in the

appendix hint at the results of what must have happened in the “ten-ton truck” verse, but for the Camp Koch campers their own mournful-then-triumphant performance demeanor bears the burden of conveying the tale’s somewhat ambiguous ending. In the same way, “Magalena’s” tempo remains consistent, skipping along merrily – without breaking rhythm -- until the last verse, the “ten-ton truck” verse. In the search for allusions and their significance in “Magalena Hagalena” the last verse and the refrain will yield more clues than the other verses.

“Magalena Hagalena” is, on the surface, a nonsensical, musically primitive song about a truly pathetic and distorted, but kind, cheerful, and amusing female being, nearly always perceived by Girl Scout campers in the 8- to 10-year-old age group to be a very oversized, clumsy girl about their own age, according to two informants. All adult informants of this study, even Kochie members whose involvement with Camp Koch did not begin until the 1990’s or thereafter, know (and all but Kit dislike) the song. It has survived 70-odd years in purely oral transmission, according to YouTube contributors, as an almost exclusively Girl Scout camp phenomenon. A YMCA summer camp in southwestern Indiana, where brothers of Girl Scout campers may have spent their summers, features “Magalena” among the camp songs on its alumni web site, but, in spite of the “Boy Scout” variant yahoo’s search engine provided – Variant 2 above -- Boy Scout informants then and now report that Boy Scouts even in the same part of Indiana did not know the song then (1958-1970) and do not know it now.

II: The Camp, the Campers, and the Informants

Wars have the capacity, sometimes, of creating the kind of chaos that is positive, in which innovation becomes possible. Just as the Girl Scouts of the USA emerged as an organization in the long shadow of the Civil War, Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch – a gift made by Mr. Koch (pronounced “cook”) in the early 1940’s – began functioning as a residential camp in the midst of war -- 1942. The time frame of the present study is 1958-1970. To set the scene both geography and chronology are necessary.

There are some accounts of the gift, likely apocryphal, which have Mr. Koch offering the land first to the Boy Scouts, who allegedly turned it down; the terrain was too rough for them. Camp Henry F. Koch is located on the northern or Indiana side of the Ohio River, about three miles east of Cannelton. There is an overarching truth in the gift story, however – the camp occupies rough and difficult terrain.

Clay, one of the informants, described the camp as shaped like an enormous football stadium, its open end facing the Ohio. Sandstone cliffs and steep, dense broadleaf woods rise as if they were the stadium’s stands, in a U shape. At a midpoint of the hypothetical stands, where perhaps the press box would be, stands the rustic Dining Hall, overlooking the lake’s horseshoe bend, where once the river flowed, perhaps, and facing the river, with even steeper and higher hills rising behind it.

Lake Bilvador fills the basin between the Dining Hall and the river, where the football field in the imaginary stadium would be located. Between lake and river there is a dam inside the camp property, exactly between the Dining Hall and a state road parallel to the river, on the Indiana side, outside the camp's front gate. On the camp property one can find several caves and rocky ledges, a former stone quarry known as "The Amphitheater," a waterfall and spring - "Blue Wells" - and at least three places where magnificent overlooks permit views of the Ohio from much higher than the Dining Hall, places where in summer actual breezes are sometimes evident. There are six Jeep roads. Campers and counselors use steeply rising and twisting woodland paths. The woods are dense, full of thorny undergrowth and deep shade, occupied on bright days by motes dancing in the thick, humid air, buzzing insects, and flickering rays of sunlight.

During the years in question Raintree Girl Scout Council, which became Raintree Council in 1958, and is known now as Girl Scouts of Southwest Indiana, owned and operated the camp, as the successor organization does today; during part of the 1958-1970 time frame its district included White County in Eastern Illinois as well as the southwestern corner of Indiana. Most campers, then as now, were girls aged 8 to 18 from Evansville, a small city of about 120,000 in population, farther west on the Ohio, and its post-war suburbs and neighboring counties.

Between 1958 and 1970 Evansville was home to a huge refrigerator plant, several steel mills, furniture factories, pharmaceutical plants, breweries, meat packing plants, flour mills, other agro-businesses large and small, cigar factories, and the beginnings of what would become a burgeoning plastics industry. Near Evansville were coal mines, both surface and underground, Alcoa Aluminum, and many oil wells. Natural gas deposits are also nearby. Agriculture, then as now, concentrated on corn and soybeans, with considerable production of melons and tree-fruits such as apples and pears, along with truck farming producing a wide variety of vegetables, and in Kentucky, close by on the other side of the Ohio River, tobacco. Princeton, a town to the north, where eight or so gigantic Toyota factories are now located, specialized in popcorn, and Posey County, to Evansville's west, where there are now factories manufacturing auto parts and supplies for the Toyota plants, and where a huge pharmaceutical research complex now dominates a large area near the Ohio River, specialized in pumpkins and melons. Rail lines moved through Evansville to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Louisville/Cincinnati carrying freight and passengers; only freight moves through the town now. River barges were, and are still, important movers of raw materials, down to New Orleans and upstream as well. Evansville at that time had two hospitals, one Catholic, one Protestant, and a State Hospital for the insane, two daily newspapers, four public high schools for mostly white pupils, and one for black (then referred to in polite conversation as "Negro") pupils, along with three Catholic high schools, a fledgling

private day school, a Methodist college just beginning to offer graduate coursework, a philharmonic orchestra, and even a small commercial airport; President Lyndon Johnson and later President Nixon took Air Force One there.

In 1958, and onwards throughout Camp Koch's history, most of the campers, nearly all the counselors, and in fact in some years the entire camp staff was white, with only a few exceptions even after 1970. Campers came from Girl Scout troops in the immediate area, troops which met in segregated, openly or de facto, public and parochial schools and churches. Sandy, an informant, who became a professional Girl Scout, and stayed with it, insists that exclusion has never been a part of Girl Scout policy. Due to segregation enshrined in laws, however, the camp before 1963 had to hold separate sessions and maintain some separate camp facilities, for Negro Girl Scouts. They were members of Negro Girl Scout troops.

So they were white girls, the campers, without racial integration, before 1962, because of legal requirements, and predominately afterwards. This study does not include the experiences of any African-American campers or counselors. Campers were mostly Christian; the dichotomy for Sunday church services was between Catholic and Protestant, although there were a few Jewish girls; Clay knew one or two Jewish campers, who she said made enormous efforts to blend in with the others. If you

didn't attend Catholic mass, the Protestant service was mandatory, or perhaps everyone just took it for granted that that was the case.

In 1958 everyone's father worked, and everyone's mother stayed at home – with the exception of Clay's, Smeady's, and Pepper's, who were teachers, and about ten or fifteen years later, of course, nearly everyone's mother – and the 1958 at-home mothers were busy raising children and keeping house. Neighborhoods were a wilderness of children; families rarely had fewer than three kids. There was no air conditioning, or at least in 1958 there wasn't; sleeping porches were common. Clay's father slept on such a sleeping porch in winter and summer. Some families escaped in summer to river camps; Clay's family had a cabin at Lost Lake near the Wabash. Kit's family had a cabin considerably farther north of Lost Lake, also on the Wabash. Sandy's family visited relatives in rural Kentucky. Pepper's family went to Colorado, camping.

Principal informants: Sandy, Smeady, and Clay are eldest children, Kit a middle child, and Freddie and Pepper youngest children. They and other informants, who are mostly members of the related friendship groups known as the Eagle Feather Clan and the Antique Buddies, as well as other Camp Koch alumnae, decided to use their camp names as participants in this study. Camp names expressed who they were at camp.

The six central Eagle Feather members, who gave their group a spoof name based on one of Kit's tall tales, met at Camp Koch the summer of 1960 or at Camp

Reunion during Christmas vacation 1960 -1961; only Pepper and Sandy had been friends since kindergarten. Other Eagle Feather members drifted into the group's activities and back out again as academic, parental, and career priorities permitted; the membership shrank, distilled, perhaps, over high school and college years.

The Antique Buddies group came together 37 years later, also based on experiences at Camp Koch during and after the time frame of this study. Its membership overlaps somewhat with the Eagle Feather membership; Smeady and Sandy are members of both groups. Other Antique Buddies members are Prophet, Chatty, and Amy. All the members of both groups spent more than one summer at Camp Koch during or following the summer of 1958, and typically more than three summers. All see themselves as lifelong campers and Girl Scouts.

By early 1961 the Eagle Feather members were coordinating plans to attend two-week or twelve-day camp sessions together, self-identifying as a cohort, and meeting at each other's houses – often Pepper's, Freddie's, or Clay's, which had hospitable basements -- during all four seasons of the year, even though its members lived on different sides of town, or in a different town. All have belonged to various camp-centered groups over the years, some overlapping with the Eagle Feather Clan, some not. All have been or are married. Clay (Eagle Feather) and Chatty (Antique Buddies)

have one son each; Sandy (Eagle Feather), Kit (Eagle Feather), and Amy (Antique Buddies) have one daughter each. Some of them have grandchildren.

After successful careers in education, authorship, military service, health professions, psychotherapy, public service, insurance, corporate leadership, environmental protection, building construction, and professional Girl Scouts, the Eagle Feather and Antique Buddies members who contributed to this research attribute their successes and adventures great and small mostly to their experiences at Camp Koch. Their lives and their life stories changed there. Sandy the naturalist, Smeady the philosopher, Freddie the adventurer, Pepper the wit, Kit the athlete, and Clay the defiant, that is how I have come to think of these lifelong campers, based on their descriptions of their lives at Camp Koch and in the outside world, and their accounts of their interactions with each other.

III: Making Sense of Nonsense: “Magalena Hagalena”

Susan Stewart’s book *Nonsense* provides a key to the discourse known as nonsense. Like riddles, nonsense syllables and their word-like texts locate a good deal of their charm in the substantial portion of the unknown – suspense, even -- that they bring into the cognitive picture. As Stewart puts it (Stewart 1978:16), referring to Schutz, “We can consider all other provinces of meaning to be modifications or

transformations of the common-sense world.” The philosopher Paul Ricoeur (quoted in Stewart 1978:14) reminds us that without signs, symbols, and texts we can grasp neither the world nor ourselves. Thus one may see the nonsense syllables and nonsensical content of verbal art as puzzles, in their way, or invitations, capable of referring to something in the real world, whether inside or outside the human selves of its inhabitants, and thus having a function capable of being known or identified.

The formations of rhyming, rhythmic nonsense, like those found in Lewis Carroll’s poem “Jabberwocky,” perhaps the best-known nonsense composition in the English-language tradition, and in the traditional camp song “Magalena Hagalena” tease the mind, hinting at meaning in exactly the same way good riddles do (McDowell 1979: 18). Unlike riddles, however, nonsense compositions bring with them no ready solution to reward the process of exploring for meaning in the dark unknown, but rather a constellation of possible meanings hovering just out of reach in the text’s nearly-understood hints and allusions, waiting for the interpretation of the humans who use that text. See this study’s appendix for a detailed comparison of the song “Magalena Hagalena” with Lewis Carroll’s nonsense poem “Jabberwocky,” from his *Through the Looking Glass*.

Meaning and use come together in nonsense, as in many other things, conflated because they lend themselves to being conflated. Stewart’s thesis is that occurrences or

encounters and their requirements govern all perceptible human activities, while context governs their meaning. Human beings affected by their world's events will decide what they must, want to, can, or should do, depending on facts, perceptions, assumptions, or other information at their disposal, their "stock of knowledge at hand" (Stewart 1978: 9).

Stewart sees nonsense utterances or discourse as texts, whether in songs, in stories, in writing, in events, or in thoughts (Stewart 1978: 9), even though their dictionary meaning may be nil. They lead outward to universes of meaning through the process of allusion, of intertextuality. How people use a particular nonsense text can become a huge clue in approaching the meaning quandary. Meaning here is more complex than deciphering a code or learning the alphabet. And nonsense begins where its polar opposite, common sense, leaves off (Stewart 1978: vii). Tradition is another major player in the interactions which produce either common sense or nonsense. Tradition allows humans, acting as members of a society, as members of a specific situation with specific features, using discourse related to those specific contexts, to take common sense for granted, to use common sense as a standard, a home base from which to survey the world (Stewart 1978: 9). Nonsense is not possible without sense (Stewart 1978: 4).

Another useful concept in this discussion is that of the everyday lifeworld, by which Stewart means the detailed contours of each day, repetitive and humdrum as they might be (Stewart 1978: 9). The everyday lifeworld centers its particular discourse contains such texts as “Where’s the door?” or “A storm is coming,” and their contexts, such as events or information that impact the immediate situation at hand in the here-and-now.

Common sense plays a strong role in the everyday lifeworld, hedged about as that world is by facts, immediate concerns – shelter from the storm, for example – and other situations with immediate requirements, along with the stock of knowledge or information at hand (Ibid). Commonsensical accounts of the everyday lifeworld follow the generic requirements of narrative. The content does not overcome the genre – tradition sees to that. Tradition finds its vehicle in society, a society in which it’s safe to assume things such as 1) human sensory information is reliable, 2) the world’s structure is constant, and 3) humans are able to interact with other humans and with the world’s phenomena and affect them (Stewart 1978: 8). Stewart’s analysis tests such basic assumptions, because they shape realities and are shaped by them, realities one must take into consideration in order to explore the phenomena known as sense or nonsense.

Stewart sees the world of human cognition and communication as consisting of elements with roughly vertical and horizontal structures. Hierarchy is such a vertical

organizational structure. “Universes of discourse,” to use Stewart’s term, such as the discourses of science, of art, of healing, of sports, of advertising, or of politics – in addition to the commonsensical discourse of the everyday lifeworld – are roughly parallel to each other, and therefore horizontal. Certain factors cut through both lines of these communicative continua, at a slant. Reframing or re-contextualizing language as irony, for example, slants its way across genres or other categories of discourse – in irony the thing that the speaker expresses in words is not really meant, or only in a specific way. Metaphor works the same way – language from this universe, applied to that one, reveals additional dimensions of meaning that otherwise do not yield readily to computation. Slanting texts, such as play-fighting, also occur in the animal world; as the message: “This is not fighting, not really.” We can classify the postures of not-fighting in this sense as feigned or performed in a particular way; they are not the same as other kinds of not-fighting, such as taking a bath or going for a walk. Instead these postures appear to be fighting, or very like fighting, but with subtle differences that communicate the sense of play (Stewart 1978: 28). People familiar with the writings of Johan Huizinga will find it difficult to dismiss play as a factor in daily life and in the world’s civilization. Some relevant statements from the 1955 edition of his book *Homo ludens* include the following: Play is freedom (7) and order (8, 10) at the same time. Play is separate from ordinary life (9), the stuff Stewart refers to as the “everyday lifeworld.” And, best of all, “We have to conclude, therefore, that civilization is, in its

earliest phases, play. It does not come **from** play, like a baby detaching itself from the womb; it arises **in** and **as** play, and never leaves it (171)."

Clashingly complex, often paradoxical, short-cuts slant across the sedately separate universes of discourse and the intersecting organizational structures, such as hierarchy. They include irony, riddles, puns, play in general, paradox, metaphors, humor, and play-fighting. They bring their own rules with them, requiring as they do complex sets of interpretations and re-interpretations in order to function. Nonsense is perhaps the most radical form of reframing or shortcutting (Ibid).

The following analysis uses audio phenomena, popular culture of the time period in question, and other historical context to unravel possible meanings in the nonsense syllables of the camp song "Magalena Hagalena" treated solely as a verse composition, apart from the melody. Ellen Basso's book, *A Musical View of the Universe*, provides key information regarding the audio dimension of narration – including music, speech, and onomatopoeia – and myth, myth as worldview. For the purposes of this research, the tactic of using a song to delineate worldview in a place, came from the writing of John Holmes McDowell (McDowell 2000: 50), who demonstrated how this process functions on his beloved Costa Chica of Mexico.

Stewart's example anecdote (Stewart 1978: 79-80) showcases the artistry of nonsense compositions as structures using intertextuality. "A bum approaches Harpo

Marx and asks him to spare a dime for a cup of coffee. Harpo reaches into his shirt and pulls out a cup of coffee.” Stewart calls this a “metaphor turned literal,” a verbal trick that rejects the assumptions of common sense and the everyday lifeworld and makes language strange. Comedians rely on making language strange – and thereby startling, new, and funny – for their very livelihood. Mimes do this, too, because their gestures refer to language concepts or words. Sight gags require a form of allusion based on words. Semantics scholar Alfred Korzybski in the 1930’s unpacked the idea of nonverbal communication, before its 1960s iteration, in a 1931 lecture at a New Orleans conference of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The much quoted saying is, “the map is not the territory,” or, reversible to “the territory is not the map.” The symbol is not the thing, one might observe. One of its corollaries might be that gestures may indeed convey meaning, as in “nonverbal communication,” but without the words the gestures or body language postures convey, the kinetic aspects amount to a joke with no punch line. There is no hook to hang them on. It’s a verbo-centric world; Korzybski would deny the existence of meaning not linked to words. For him the term *nonverbal communication* is a nonentity; “there is no there there,” as Gertrude Stein (1937: 289), an eminently practical semanticist, also of the 1930s, stated so memorably when describing the vacant lot where her childhood home had been torn down.

Good nonsense compositions are like good jokes and good riddles – not boring. Their very strangeness reaches out to us from the unknown, bringing dimensions of function and meaning by unexpected avenues that delight us (Huizinga 1955: 113). Jokes and riddles are sticky – they cling to our memory. Like jokes and riddles, paradox and puns, nonsense compositions rely on allusions that are unexpected and fun (McDowell 1979: 18). Their artistry is a dimension of verbal play.

A number of voices in the realm of history and politics have maintained that play is the one distinctive quality that is characteristic of a highly developed culture; Johan Huizinga reminded the world that the Industrial Revolution and the passing of the pastoral culture that preceded it, caused the death of many forms of play in the West (Huizinga 1955: 173). Is the playfulness of a civilization the hallmark of its greatness?

According to Huizinga (1955: 7–10) play is freedom and order at the same time, and fully distinct from what Stewart calls the “ordinary lifeworld.” One opts in, accepting the relevant play frame and its notions of rules and fairness.

Verbal play, including nonsense, is an important form of play, but not the only one. It is no coincidence that team play, in the form of football or other largely spectator sports, achieved popularity in an Industrial Age in which large numbers of people shared the same workplace and contributed together to the production of objects. In the 21st century, a virtual, computer-driven time of constant transition, the

vastly popular, and profitable, computer games appeal primarily to solo game players; other players may be part of what the game supplies. If other players are real flesh-and-blood people, they may be located far away. Play is the work of children, a statement which has become a well-worn axiom; it contributes to their growth and social development, as no other process can do. Forms of play and one of its products – fun -- as incorporated in Girl Scout ideology, and in Girl Scout established camp's worldview -- have helped American girls adapt to the sudden, shocking changes women's roles have undergone, and continue to undergo, in the 20th and 21st centuries.

According to a publication of Girl Scouts of the United States of America (Schoenberg, Salmond, and Modi 2012: 7 - 20), today's organization has more than three million active members and at least 59 million former members, now adults, which the organization dubs *alumnae*. This corps of *alumnae* includes a majority of women CEOs of corporations in the USA, two-thirds of female Members of Congress, and every female astronaut. All races and classes are welcome in the organization, which maintains considerable dedication to diversity in its operations and doctrine (Ibid.). Some say that Girl Scouts, like Boy Scouts, is a middle-class operation all the way. Like Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts requires considerable parental involvement in the various projects its child-members undertake, according to a consensus of informants for this research. Adult troop leaders and, at established summer camp, college students who work as camp counselors, guide the girls with good will and protectiveness. Acquiring

practical skills, such as building a one-match campfire or cooking fire, contributes to a child's identity formation and provides an incentive to learn more.

IV: Performance and Context Are Stepping Stones to Meaning

The formal elements of "Magalena Hagalena," as in Lewis Carroll's nonsense poem "Jabberwocky," are clearly English, both grammatically and functionally. For a detailed comparison of the two, see this study's appendix. Both forms of verbal art use prepositions, verbs, pronouns, and nouns precisely as English uses them. Both use the systems of English to express content that can be rendered in English. Spanish-language nonsense, for example, would be quite different. That's important to keep in mind throughout the interpretation process. One more thing to keep in mind is that Stewart sees nonsense compositions as critiques, aimed at lampooning if not destroying specific targets (Stewart 1978: 49ff). They have an agenda that may not be immediately obvious. "Jabberwocky" is a send-up of hero legends; "Magalena Hagalena" a comic rendering of a clumsy, but cheerful and surpassingly ugly girl who turns out to be unexpectedly powerful.

Performance makes a difference. The performance in context makes a difference. Freudian psychotherapist Bruno Bettelheim created quite a stir in the late 1970's and early 1980's with his book *The Uses of Enchantment* (Bettelheim 1977), in which he

proposed that parents use European folktales as tools to give distressed or maladjusted children a leg up in the development process. This would happen, he claimed, as the parent read the folktale aloud to the child from a book. The goal was to enable the troubled child to locate deep meaning in his or her universe, leading to morality and order that child could steer his or her life by (Bettelheim 1977: 3 - 6).

Leaving aside all the epistemological battles fought at the time over terms such as *meaning* or *morality*, and leaving aside a myriad of opinions regarding what children in general may want or need, it still seems obvious that Bettelheim regarded folktales as therapeutic tools. The complete process he stipulated required a work of art in performance, i.e. a parent reading a folktale aloud to a child; this is the context and the performance side of the operation. He expected this process to function, not on a conscious level, but in the daydreaming, fantasizing realm of the child's inner self (Ibid). To start with, the learning situation depended on the parent's voice – reading aloud – and the child's receptive ears.

“Little Red Riding Hood was my first love.” Long after Charles Dickens became world famous, Bettelheim quoted his tribute to the fairy tale (also called magic tale or folktale) as having formed his psyche as well as informed his cognitive processes. Bettelheim saw the folktale as the only narrative genre that provided a way to help children cope with the monsters within them, and often around them, as they move

through maturation. Such a tool would work on pre-conscious or subconscious levels (Ibid.).

Such towering literary figures as C.S. Lewis and G.K. Chesterton considered that the magic inside the tales affected children in positive ways, for remediation and healing. Bettelheim mentions only the pre-conscious or subconscious dreaming level, but Aristotle long before him pointed out fear and pity, psychic phenomena that are clearly conscious and probably subconscious as well; these are the components that make the transformative effect, the catharsis, of tragedy possible. The philosophical term, also a theatrical term, is *identification*.

The point is that the fairytale hero's experiences become the audience member's or story listener's experiences in a seamless blending process in which the person becomes aware in sequence, and in a receptive mode, of the story's events and as a result, puts himself or herself in the protagonist's place, that is, identifies with the hero. Thus the child, or the adult's inner child, becomes part of the narrative, rather than an outsider-onlooker. One **fears for** and **with** the hero, **pities** him in his troubles, as in Aristotle's description of the tragedy's audience, and rejoices with him at victories and weddings. The story listener undertakes the same path, makes the same decisions, experiences the same setbacks and benefits from the same helpful animals or spirits. It's a way to experience the consequences of missteps or reversals in life and to taste life's

rewards from a distance that may not seem very safe at the time, -- playing with the possibility of danger is part of the charm -- but really is safe. In Stewart's terms it would be similar to the benefit of play-fighting, in which attitudes of fighting prevail, but an underlying message also conveys "This is not fighting."

Bettelheim maintains that the therapeutic effect is limited to one genre, the fairy tale or folk tale (Bettelheim 1977: 3-6); this study's aim is to join a long line of demonstrations that identification also occurs with respect to narrative in general, ritual, festival, and song, although the folk tale and its companion, the legend, are never far away. Stories exist in the words of songs or in the images the songs instill in the minds of the singers and listeners. The storytelling song "Magalena Hagalena," with all its puzzling and nonsensical aspects, is one demonstration among many, most intriguing perhaps because the adults, who teach the song at camp to the youngest set of Girl Scout campers, actively dislike it, with one notable exception. They continue to teach it, however, knowing that their charges will repeat it over and over, something nearly all adults profess to hate; they teach it and tolerate it, they say, because the campers love it, it is fun for them, and they seem to need it.

Sandy remarked that campers require hardly any practice sessions to learn the truly adult-annoying camp songs, such as the nonsense songs, after a rather perfunctory introduction. "Magalena's" nonsense-syllable refrain requires some practicing, of

course. One counselor/song leader, Sandy went on, as a result of campers requesting she lead “Magalena,” a great many times, began teaching them quite a few other nonsense songs, so that she wouldn’t have to endure “Magalena” so often. The campers, unfortunately, seized upon every nonsense song with great gusto, so much so that women in the camp’s administration began joking about bribing the song leader to teach non-nonsense songs. But the charm of “Magalena” never died out. One effect of “Magalena,” noted by all informants, is that campers waste no time in starting to sing it spontaneously, quickly joined by other nearby campers, often to the chagrin of adults in the vicinity. As recently as 2014 an online video on FaceBook.com showed 9-year-old Girl Scouts, at a winter forest lodge overnight, striding in a large circle, waving their arms, and singing “Magalena Hagalena,” while in the background voices of adult women exclaim that the girls should stop singing now.

Imitation figures into the identification process as well. What parent has not seen a familiar childish figure in a red cape – or perhaps a black one – jumping around the house, after watching a superhero movie? The identification effect, this research will maintain, is not limited to any one genre, but functions in narrative, ritual, and music in any form, including storytelling songs. Drummond locates it in certain iconic movies that have become part of the vocabulary of American life in the 20th century, a century in which Americans, after reaching adulthood, returned to the play activities of childhood to learn to live (Drummond 1996: 29-35).

On deeper levels of consciousness, where images seem to adhere, there is also a comfort, a 20-year-old fairy tale fan reported, in the evenhanded justice meted out in fairy-tale endings, which has also become customary in Hollywood blockbuster movies. The evildoer's punishment turns out to be as nightmarish as the hero's or heroine's reward appears to be a form of dreamlike wish-fulfillment.

Bettelheim maintained that folktales were therapeutic tools for the healing and re-orientation of children who had lost, or had never found, coping mechanisms they needed to survive or mature (Bettelheim 1977: 3-6). In the instance of the camp song "Magalena Hagalena" the task of this non-folktale piece of musical/narrative art is a reorienting of the 8-10-year-old first-time camper's identity and values so as to enable her to function in a new environment – Girl Scout residential camp. Strathern, in his book *Body Work* (Strathern 1996: 186), enjoins readers that "... whenever one moves into a new environment there has to be a reconciliation of the body into an understanding of practices that are subtly different from one another, and the effort to do so brings into consciousness the amount of knowledge one needs simply in order to go about anywhere in a complex and structured environment" (Strathern 1996: 186). Kit commented that in her first summer at Camp Koch she had to learn to walk differently; on rough, steep earthen paths that got slippery and mucky with rain, where one might also have to dodge protruding roots, rocks, and even tree stumps on a narrow walking surface barely adequate for single-file walkers even on the best days.

No therapist, such as Bettelheim, imposes the song “Magalena Hagalena” as a remedy; it is a part of camp culture. Counselors profess to dislike the song, yet continue to teach it to new generations of campers. Why? “It’s fun for them to sing,” is a common answer. A good many developmental tasks fit into the category of “fun” at camp. It’s logical that a song the girls sing themselves, as they memorized it, accompanied with gestures, is a more powerful tool than a story a parent might read to them from a book. This may be one reason why “Magalena Hagalena” sticks in the memory. What else sticks? According to one team of researchers (Wiman and Mierhenry 1967) 10% of what people read, they remember. 30% - 50% of what they hear and view, i.e. in a live performance or a video, they remember. 70% of what they say, sing, or write, they remember. And they remember 90% of what they say as they do a thing. Entire apprenticeship systems came into being because even in the ancient world or the European Middle Ages people were aware of this.

Thus it is not a coincidence that almost all YouTube performances of “Magalena” involve hand gestures and facial expressions. By the above criteria “Magalena” is a much more powerful tool than Bettelheim’s reading-aloud process. It is clearly a song-story that sticks in many senses of the word.

Bettelheim claims that folktale-reading therapy conveys valuable cultural heritage material to the child (Bettelheim 1977: 6). He doesn’t go into detail about how

this material would fit into the child's world. Folklorists of his day were beginning to look more closely at folk art, such as songs or storytelling, in the cultural universe where they were functioning, where they lived and breathed. Linda Degh in her groundbreaking fieldwork for the book *Folktales and Society*, looked at the storytelling process in its total cultural context, setting it in its conceptual, social, ritualistic, ethical, religious, dramatic performance, and worldview-related context (Degh 1989: viii-ix). So, yes, context and performance context matter very much indeed. They unroll a royal road to function and meaning.

Nothing much happens to Magalena in the song until the last stanza; in this way the song functions as a puzzle or riddle, to be solved or resolved at the end. As in many forms of verbal art, sequence is important here. The middle verses, describing Magalena, are where variants branch out. Additional or alternate verses as rendered on YouTube include verses about Magalena's hair, eyes, knees, hips, eyebrows, nostrils, and feet. The refrain and the last verse are roughly the same in all variants except those few which feature a completely different set of nonsense syllables in the refrain. In some variants Magalena becomes Catalina, even. In the last verse – not included in the Lyrics Playground variant -- a ten-ton truck hits Magalena, and the song slows to a mournful pace, but picks up its cheerful rhythm again when the truck driver has to buy himself a new truck. Although only the sad-to-joyful performance demeanor conveys it, the message is clear that Magalena emerges from the collision unscathed.

The mournful/joyful last lines do not mention Magalena after the crash; they are full of pity only for the truck driver “(the) poor old guy” who ran into her, then had to replace his truck. The line “a ten-ton truck hit Magalena” is sad, but the next line, the one that starts with “(the)poor old guy” although full of joy in performance, expresses sadness and pity in its words, a form of emotional dissonance, if not nonsense, that seems to fit well into the story and astonish no one. Magalena is perhaps so entirely unscathed as to have vanished from the singers’ concerns instantly.

Who is Magalena? Whoever she is, her opponent in the song is a ten-ton truck, a *machinah*, according to the song. Allusions here might be to a form of man-against-machine battle, such as the legendary John Henry’s losing one, but the more human-seeming of the two – truck versus Magalena -- combatants is not the aggressor; she does not challenge anyone or anything. Magalena does not attack the truck; the truck hits her. The truck is the aggressor, thus making a man-against-machine interpretation problematic. If the theme of “Magalena” can’t stretch to accommodate “man against machine,” what might its purpose be, then?

According to Sandy, counselors who teach the song – while disliking it themselves with near-total unanimity – must take the time to explain to these youngest campers what a ten-ton truck is – in addition to being a wonderfully alliterative phrase in one’s mouth. By cautioning their charges that they must be very careful around such

large trucks (Kit always told campers the ten-ton truck was a dump truck, hoping to convey size and weight in a form even the youngest might understand), song leaders send campers the tacit message that, even though they point to their own facial features or feet while singing, they are not Magalena. They would emerge from a similar traffic accident seriously hurt.

Magalena is truly a survivor, and a powerful one. It's easy to see Magalena as a powerful being, in the demigod-Superman sense of the word. Magalena's power, as revealed in the song, is the power to resist and to survive harm and aggression; cautioning campers about the fearsome destructive power of trucks, seems to have become an intrinsic part of teaching them to sing and to act out the song. No one feels the need to caution the trainee singers about Magalena, only about her opponent, the truck; her influence and her power are benign.

"Magalena's" nonsense syllables are an even more conventional form of English than Lewis Carroll's – they go together to form parts of her name. Nonsense syllables appear only in "Magalena's" refrain; the individual verses, although their content is nonsensically absurd, do not use them at all.

Using the sound of the nonsense syllables in Magalena's refrain and their similarity to English-language words or combinations of words, it is possible to attach significance to them via intertextuality, because they allude to something that bears

meaning or has a function, as modeled in the “Jabberwocky” words that have entered the English language, because their combinations filled a semantic need, and/or because they were so vivid. Magalena’s first name is fairly straightforward – a child’s attempt to pronounce the name *Magdalena*. Some versions of the camp song even use *Magdalena*, but then have to change Hagalena to Hagdalena, in order to complete the rhyme. This seeming-adultification of the song seems unnecessary, a mere add-on.

The name *Magalena* or *Magdalena* is Biblical; it is the name of Mary Magdalene (Mary of Magdala), not generally seen as the nameless Samaritan, the woman at the well who had five husbands, but rather as a woman from whom Jesus casts out seven demons and whom he accepts and includes among his disciples. Mary Magdalene bears the reputation among early church fathers of being a reformed prostitute; she is also one of the last people to see Jesus alive and one of the first to see the resurrected Jesus (*Matthew* 27.56, *Mark* 15.49, 16.9, *Luke* 8.2, *John* 19.25, 20.16). The name *Mary Magdalene* recurs in various Christian traditions, in both its incarnations – as a symbol of sexual sin and as a symbol of redemption. The name *Magalena*, thus, evokes power, the power of human sexuality and the power of a love-based religion with all its supernatural accoutrements.

Magalena’s middle name – Hagalena – brings in power from other realms, the realms of old age and magic. Old people are obviously survivors, full of wisdom and –

in some cases – magic. The word *hag*, as defined in the 1911 *Encyclopedia Britannica*, means “a female demon or evil spirit, and so particularly applied to such supernatural beings as the harpies and fairies of classical mythology, and also to witches. In modern usage the word is generally used [to characterize] a hideous old woman whose repulsive exterior is accompanied by malice or wickedness.”

There is one especially prominent witch who is also a giant, or who is at least sometimes a giant; her name is Baba Yaga. According to Russian folk traditions her size is variable. She fits, but only barely, into her wilderness cabin perched on chicken legs that turn around or march along at her will. When she is especially gigantic her legs lie in one corner of the cabin and her head in another; her nose grows up into the ceiling. When she is somewhat reduced in size she flies into and out of the chimney on her mortar, a stone bowl used to grind wheat with a pestle. Like the witch in “Hansel and Gretel,” who also possess a magical cabin, Baba Yaga is a cannibal who lives alone in a dark, threatening forest. Tales maintain that she entices children into her hut in order to eat them. She can provide real gifts or benefits, as well as carry out the role of gatekeeper or adversary, that is to say, she is capable of benevolence (Afanas’ev (1855) 1973: 194-198, 439-447; Propp (1969) 1973: 158-168). One of the chief attributes of Baba Yaga is that no one can defeat her directly; she is too powerful. Gretel overpowered the witch who intended to feast on her and her brother Hansel, but no one overpowers

Baba Yaga, although people have escaped her, eluded her, even obtained useful advice or something they needed from her, usually by subterfuge.

Are characters in traditional tales really interchangeable? Propp uses the terms *witch* and *Baba Yaga* interchangeably (1973: 166-168). In *The Legend of Sir Gawain*, Jessie L. Weston determined that a number of magical or wondrous deeds adhered to Sir Gawain, one of King Arthur's knights really did not seem appropriate for his character or the story; they ought to have been more knightly or chivalrous. It is as if the figures in a tale were able to change their adventures, or exchange them, for more interesting or more glorious deeds. Are all European witches really one witch, and is her name Baba Yaga? Is Baba Yaga the most frightful, the witchiest witch who ever trod the forest or flew above it? Is Baba Yaga a form of archetype, and other witches her various manifestations in various contexts? Storytellers hoping to vary their performances might substitute one witch for another, in a form of improvisation, hoping to bring something fresh into the tale to appeal to an audience; a specific performance has an emergent character (Lord and Parry (1960) 2000: 94).

Storytellers and epic singers face the task of remaining faithful to the story the audience wants to hear, while varying it enough, and in the most skillful possible way, so as to hold their attention, to keep the performance vivid and alive (Degh 1989: 166-167, Lord and Parry (1960) 2000: 94). It's a task musicians undertake when they

improvise on a theme – they can’t depart so much from the existing musical composition that it becomes unrecognizable, but they must depart from it somewhat for the sake of their performance (Ibid.). There is no *Ur*-version, no original performance, but rather, only **this** performance and its specific components.

Magalena’s last name – Oohka-Tahka Wahka-Tahka Hoka-Moka-Poka -- also contains potent allusions. It is perhaps of some relevance to mention that in the late 1950’s a well-known hit song called “The Witch Doctor” featured the following refrain – Ooh-eeh, ooh-ah-ah, ding-dang, walla-walla bing-bang. Kit’s Hawaiian theory is not completely amiss, as the extremely limited sounds of Hawaiian – with all those voiceless, hard consonants -- would fit in well with Magalena’s long last name – but not with her first and middle names.

Allusions that appear in the last name’s many syllables lead via similar-sounding English words to *talking* and *walking* and to a dance and song called “*The Hokey-Pokey*,” common among young people in the 1940’s and afterwards, as a kind of preliminary to social dancing in boy-girl pairs. It is a form of group dance and song. Some scholars, according to Wikipedia on April 1, 2011, have traced versions of this dance-song to 17th century Scotland; its name may refer to *hocus-pocus*, meaning *magic* in modern English, but easily traceable to the very words in the Latin Eucharist that signify the transformation of bread and wine into the body and blood of Jesus: *hoc est corpus*

(*meus*). This transformation is at the heart of the Catholic mass, and, in that way, at the heart of Christianity. Modern uses of the English term *hocus-pocus* may refer to magical transformations, or hoaxes pretending to be magical transformations, of various kinds having nothing whatever to do with religion, however. It is unlikely that the children who sing this song are aware of any of these allusions, except walking and talking, and perhaps the hokey-pokey dance. It carries meaning for the children who perform it, even so, or it would not have survived.

Symbolism versus fact – looking for something that fits as the meaning and function of the song, and with it the song's world view, one notes that all the above allusions from the worlds of religion and the supernatural indicate how important the song is, in spite of its apparently absurd, even trivial content. Looking for reversals, if it isn't "man against machine," and yet a deity or powerful being is involved, perhaps the machine figures as the aggressor, against an opponent that not so much survives as ignores the assault, emerging, not so much impervious as totally untouched. The medieval goddess Natura comes to mind, the Mother Nature of the 1980's television commercials reminding Americans that "It isn't **nice** to fool Mother Nature."

VI. The Goddess Natura and the Nature of Summer Camp

Is the goddess Natura a symbol in this particular instance, or a fact? Allan Dundes in 1984 in the essay collection he edited (Dundes 1984: 193-195) contended that the myths of primitive cultures, such as that of the Trobriand Islanders, studied for years by iconic anthropologist Bronislaw Malinowski, were symbolic, had to have been, whereas Malinowski, the pioneer and creator of today's participant-observer approach to ethnography, insisted that symbols would have done no good for tribe members who needed to **know** certain things, not just **theorize** about them. Malinowski: "Studied alive, myth ... is not symbolic but a direct expression of its subject matter" (Malinowski 1926: 29-39, in the Dundes collection above). Can the community members expect to survive after death somehow, or not? Is there the presence of an ancestor in that stone, or not? For the Trobrianders, Malinowski insisted, myths were much-needed facts, like roadmaps leading to shelter from the stresses and strains of their everyday survival struggles, whereas for contemporary Europeans and other Westerners they were intellectually intriguing symbols. The relativism indicated here is the "cultural relativism" Dundes disagreed with so vehemently. Opinions continue to differ even today. Folklore eminence Linda Degh on February 25, 2012, commented by phone: "I agree with Dundes, although I am not a Freudian. When I still lived in Hungary [before 1963] I really liked Boas and Malinowski, but my opinion now is that folklorists are not anthropologists. Everybody is on the same [cultural] level now, so cultural relativism does not work."

Drummond, the researcher of cultural productions, sees myth as a central component in human society, survival's *sine qua non*. He maintains that myths -- and by now it has become clear that Magalena is a mythic being -- are greater than their human narrators, greater than their human hearers. Once in existence they grow and change, seemingly on their own, as do the predicaments of the humans who need them. One of their basic, likely taken-for-granted, aspects: humans absorb them in a kind of implicit understanding, wordlessly. One wonders if this is Drummond's equivalent to Aristotle's fear and pity, seen as the mostly psychic process of identification.

Drummond goes on to write that cultural productions, like scripted performances, reveal and shape their human participants in many ways, because of their many functioning components -- artifacts used or created, organization and reorganization of activities, and the discourse and sets of expectations of the humans involved as imaginers, planners, directors, supporters, resource-gatherers, implementers, and beneficiaries or consumers of the cultural production (Drummond 1996: 35).

The function of the song "Magalena Hagalena" is the subject of considerable debate among informants. Sandy, whose association with Girl Scout residential camp continued through most of her 35-year career, thinks it is a song the younger campers use to annoy or fend off adults, because they tend to sing it over and over, long after adults or older campers present would have heard enough of it.

Chatty, another long-term camping hobbyist and outdoorswoman, thinks younger campers like it because it challenges them to wrap their mouths around a lot of syllables that are hard to say and hard to remember; they get a feeling of accomplishment from mastering it. She adds that Boy Scout campers do not sing it. A YMCA camp in the Evansville area, one that offers co-ed sessions attended by a number of girls who are also Camp Koch campers and/or their brothers, has listed the song “Magalena” on its alumni website.

Among over 2000 entries for “Magalena Hagalena” on YouTube, several statements by adult women related how they tormented spouses or boyfriends by singing this song long enough for its simple melody to stick, so that those significant others went around all day with the song playing itself in their minds, much though they wished to banish it. These adult women considered that the song’s primary function was to stick.

To challenge the singers like a tongue-twister, to annoy others by repetition, or to torment others by its stickiness – these are the primary song functions noted by adults. A five-note range with a catchy rhythm – such a song might well stick in the mind easily. None of my informants were able to describe the song according to how they felt about it as children themselves, or more specifically as girls.

According to several informants the major benefits Camp Koch's younger campers derived from their sessions in Trailblazer or Hilltop units during the 1958 – 1970 time period, and perhaps also today, include 1) a feeling of belonging, 2) a feeling of responsibility and accomplishment, 3) fun, and 4) a feeling of independence, because they are living in a new, non-familial setting for the first time, something many people do not experience until college draws them away from home, or boot camp does, or a new job, or marriage.

All elements described here as benefits derive from the unit system of organizing summer established camp, as described in Chapter Three of this study. It does not apply to troop camping, as the Boy Scouts practice it, and as Girl Scouts do as well, but not as the only form of camping they do. In troop camping the entire social structure and authority structure of the accustomed troop, with all its ties to home, neighborhood, school, and sometimes church – with perhaps a few campers added or subtracted from any particular camp-out -- moves onto the campground with the campers, cocooning them in the familiar, permitting only minimal reinvention or new development of the self. The “independence” of benefit #4 above would be diluted almost to insignificance in a troop camping experience, although good points of troop camping would be likely to compensate in other ways. Girl Scouts practice troop camping in addition to the unit camping they do in summer established camps, but for them, troop camping is unit camping's handmaiden, not the reverse.

Campers sing the song “Magalena Hagalena” together, spontaneously, sometimes mischievously, because it may annoy nearby adults, thus expressing group pride or kid-versus-adult solidarity, a function of 1).

Campers are proud when they can master the difficult nonsense syllables of the song’s refrain, thus expressing a feeling of accomplishment, a function of 2).

Campers enjoy the gesturing and the ridiculous/humorous content of the song, a function of 3).

Campers tend to start singing the song without waiting for a song leader, a function of 4).

Other benefits of 4), not directly connected to performing “Magalena,” include the satisfaction campers feel at carrying out tasks or chores that contribute directly and obviously to the group’s well-being. The camp experience is not something others perform for them, but rather a performance they have the responsibility to help uphold and carry out, for the sake of the group they live in and with, the unit.

And what is the song’s primary message? It’s that girls are powerful; singers agree, whether they like the song or not, whether they are little kids today or former little kids now featured on YouTube, or commenting for this study, that Magalena, even though a clumsy ugly giantess, and a very powerful one, is a girl. Does Magalena let

little setbacks get her down, like her unfortunate appearance or a machine that attacks her? The song's implication is that she emerges unscathed, going on her merry way as merrily as before. As a role model Magalena is ugly and distorted, but indomitable and cheerful beyond measure.

Developmental tasks are genuinely daunting for some campers, especially younger ones. At camp nearly every area of daily life becomes different, strange, and perhaps threatening, a challenge to live up to. Sandy, Kit, and Clay made a list of the challenges first-time campers in the 7-to 10-year-old age group face, and they are formidable. The song "Magalena Hagalena" in addition to contributing to the four major benefits of camp for these beginners (see above), also helps new campers persist in their efforts to meet established summer camp's challenges. What follows is an abbreviated version: as a camper you must

- 1) obey safety rules that are new to you, and that seem arbitrary (No running in camp! Wear socks all the time, and as soon as you get out of your cot, shoes, too!)
- 2) use rustic, primitive facilities for bathing and toileting,
- 3) share your privacy, even at night, even in the shower, with girls you have just met, and

4) entertain yourself without the company of your siblings, or your electronic devices – in the time period of this study, most of those devices were transistor radios.

5) Living in a tent you must co-exist with insects, dirt, weather, a very dark form of nighttime darkness, and unexplained sounds from the woods. You will win praise for adapting well, not for your cute appearance. And

6) there are a great many new procedures to remember: a) the food is different, b) swimming in a green, opaque-seeming lake is different, c) doing chores in cadres rather than in solo fashion is different, and d) you have new rules to follow about food and table manners –

i) you must serve yourself a portion of each dish, no matter how odd it seems to you, or unfamiliar, and eat three Girl Scout bites of it.

ii) You must remain in your seat at the table, unless you are a hopper.

iii) You sing grace at meals, rather than say it.

iv) serving dishes go around the table in a specific way, passed hand over hand, and

v) you certainly don't start eating before the counselor at the head of the table takes the first bite.

- vi) rules apply to napkins,
- vii) to asking for seconds,
- viii) to drinking whatever is served you, including milk, and
- ix) to the singing sessions in the Dining Hall after meals, and
- x) to the flag ceremonies outside the Dining Hall before breakfast and supper.
- xi) If you put your elbow on the table at lunch you will kill a table fairy.

And, further to the category 4 or “independence” category of benefits and challenges: whatever campers neglect or forget, whatever they choose not to do, will put a highly noticeable, obvious burden on a fellow camper, perhaps a tent-mate. Or certain things, desirable things in most cases, just won’t get done. The work campers do – gathering firewood, sweeping the paths in the unit, tidying their tent – is productive work done for a purpose that is obvious to them – no firewood, for example, means no campfire, no singing around the campfire, and no s’mores or other campfire treats.

Inculcating in children a respect for work is an ongoing concern in educators’ circles, today much more so than in the years of this study – 1958-1970 -- because parental largesse, with no expectations of chores or work attached, seems in our current era to be creating an entire generation of entitled-feeling children, who are perpetually

bored, paralyzed by a lack of standards or challenges to live up to, and insufferable in society by dint of never having lived up to a challenge, never having done that kind of suffering. Many are physically unfit for military service or volunteering in civic life, or disinclined to undertake these or similar tasks (Habeb blogpost 8/31/2012). Camp Koch campers, even the youngest ones in Trailblazer or Hilltop units, have complex sets of expectations to live up to, but they do their best, generally, not worrying about being perfect, but ready to do their share and fret, if at all, later.

How can Magalena, or the song about her, help in this wide-ranging adjustment process? She is a role model for three things: 1) cheerfulness, 2) confidence, 3) and being a survivor. Anyone who needs to toughen up and endure big changes can get help from thinking about Magalena.

Drummond enjoins interpreters of culture to be bold, to venture into uncertain terrain in searching for meaning (Drummond 1996: 136). It might be possible to define Magalena, if she symbolizes something, by looking at her opponent in the song, not the “poor old guy,” who seems deserving of pity, but her real opponent, the ten-ton truck. Its designation has almost as many hard consonant sounds as Magalena’s last name. What might a ten-ton truck symbolize if not industry, construction, in a word, technology? It’s a machine, after all. Magalena isn’t out to destroy this truck, but it seems to be her opponent all the same. The truck is the aggressor. It attacks her.

Magalena does not even counter-attack, but the truck ends up totally destroyed, and Magalena – tacitly -- unscathed.

Technology has found an opponent in the external world, the world outside Camp Koch's gates, an opponent that does not attack, not intentionally, anyhow, but merely resists, and it's an opponent often personified as a powerful being. An American television commercial in the 1980's included the memorable line, "It's not nice to fool Mother Nature." Nature is the residual force in the world, hardly ever aggressive, except in an impersonal way having no obvious connection to, but somehow resistant to, the encroachment of technology. The children cheer Magalena's unmentioned survival in the song. They pity the truck driver as well. But the destruction of the truck, a mere machine (or *machinah*) is okay with them. This study will consider the medieval goddess Natura as one manifestation of the goddess in the greenwood of Girl Scout residential camp. She has come to be known as Magalena Hagalena.

Ellen Basso, in her 1985 ground-breaking study *A Musical View of the Universe: Kalapalo Myth and Ritual Performances*, documents an Amazonian indigenous community's use of sound symbolism, mostly vocal, as an everyday tool for effecting change. Various agents and implements produce music, in their cosmology, starting with inanimate objects – musical instruments or creaking tree branches – and

progressing onward through animate beings, humans, and powerful beings. Animate body parts move, thus producing sound inadvertently. Living creatures produce huffs, puffs, calls, squeals, or twittering. Humans speak intentionally; powerful beings make music intentionally (Basso 1985: 70-71). Powerful beings, supernatural individuals, act upon a mythic stage, presenting scenes or stories mere humans comprehend only haltingly. The one major difference between the people of today and the people who lived in the primordial dawn of time, according to the Kalapalo, is that those early people were able to interact with powerful beings without danger of the interaction alone killing them. These early humans controlled musical spells of their own, spells that preserved life and sanity. They did not, however, presume to know all the eternal verities the powerful beings communicated among themselves or to humans.

The image of the giant, cheerful, clumsy, benevolent Magalena, with a ten-ton-truck bouncing off her in a collision, makes it obvious that she is a powerful being, more powerful than the humans who sing about her, for sure. It is also clear that there are aspects of who and what she is that the song does not convey. As in riddles, the unknown or mysterious component, the block element that “solves” the riddle must be unknown, or exist in suspended animation while the person trying to solve the riddle ponders possibilities. This inevitably causes suspense and concentrates focus on itself; an easily solved riddle is boring and lame, its entertainment value and artistic prowess all squeezed out of it (McDowell 1979: 38-39).

The word *Goddess* brings religion into the picture, but not, informants contend, in a way that conflicts with or competes with Christianity or Judaism. What might religion have to do with the song “Magalena Hagalena” and the way campers use it, seem to need it, in fact, at camp? To define religion is a huge task; at this point it may suffice to note that Judith Armstrong, in her extremely popular book *A History of God*, notes certain basic things about religion. One of them is that belief fades when people are no longer aware that unseen forces surround them (Armstrong 1993: 5).

Campers are highly conscious of unseen forces, especially at night, or on calm, scenic days, or when fun and laughter seem to erupt from nothing, or from nonsense. They don’t know about Plato’s allegory of the cave, but they would grasp the basic principles. They absorb daily, constantly, almost in their pores, the experience Armstrong sees as the basis of all religion, the experience of awe or wonder (Armstrong 1993: 4). At camp the constant contact with and close observation of the natural environment inspire wonder.

The exposure to wonders at camp is direct, individual, and continuous; Camp Koch campers breathe in and stock up on them, all day, every day. Armstrong cites three manifestations of religious awe, none of which have anything whatever to do with explaining how the world came to be, or setting up systems of ethical conduct, or accounting for natural forces such as wind, storms, or earthquakes. The three

manifestations are 1) the basic wonder and awe cited above, which might bring about startling revelations or epiphanies – informants have to some extent revealed their experiences in this category; 2) euphoric, galvanizing excitement, often in the midst of groups of people experiencing the same thing, Emile Durkheim’s effervescence in a word (Durkheim (1915) 2008;226-227) and 3) feelings of peace and contentment suffusing one’s entire being, and opening one’s eyes to even more wonders, as informants have also reported.

Magalena’s story supplies an experience of wonder but as inferred, not explicitly named, in the implications of the last verse and indirectly, in the allusions of the nonsense-syllable refrain. Armstrong’s comment would be that the myths of the polytheistic religions were less like mathematical equations, in which this phenomenon equals that function or meaning, but rather attempts to render in simple-seeming images the hugely complex and above all elusive experiences and perceptions involved (Armstrong 1993:5). Campers in various research accounts have said that their experiences at camp were not dreamlike, but rather hyper-real, more real than reality in other contexts could ever be (see the opening quote in this study’s introduction).

VII. Camp Koch’s Worldview 1958-1970

The title of this study assumes that a song's function leads to worldview; one might also speculate that the worldview of the camp is what leads to the song's successful survival in oral transmission over fifty years or more.

In an effort to document what the camp's worldview is or was during the time period of this study, a 40-item survey went out to members of the Kochies, a Camp Koch alumnae organization. Sandy is one of its organizers, in fact. The eighteen responses were remarkably consistent -- the following worldview took shape:

1) The most important thing is to live gently and competently in comradeship in the out-of-doors, loving the camp's woods and nearby river and other environs for their beauty and for their power.

2) Governance is a) by suggestion, b) by ritual observance (Scouts' Own, Closing Night, dining hall customs, for instance), which includes singing camp songs unaccompanied by musical instruments, songs that one engraves onto the memory, and c) by the example of role models -- older and more skilled campers and counselors -- and not by rules, although there are some rules; the entire cohort of campers and counselors enforces the rules on itself.

3) Camp is a place of spiritual awakening, coming in stages, with corresponding threshold experiences, such as performing camp chores in a team or building a one-match campfire.

4) Growth occurs through meeting challenges, a process also known as fun. Cheerfulness is organic in such an environment, not imposed from outside. You shrug off or laugh off bug bites, heat, humidity, steep paths, and rain running down the middle of your tent floor. All in all,

5) it's what you do that counts, not your list of friends or "friends," not your stylish or feminine appearance, not whether or not you attract boyfriends, not who your parents are or how much money they may have. And

6) some places in camp feel like sacred ground. Time moves differently there, too.

On April 10, 2011, Sandy and Clay met at the zoo in Evansville. After hearing about the survey results, and the conclusion that leadership and authority at camp came to a great extent from older, authoritative role models. Sandy shot back with a these-days-to-those days comparison – "That was true for us, but it certainly is not true anymore, not these days."

The survey revealed that the girls' parental authority figures in the 1958-1970 time frame handled the heavy lifting in terms of control and guidance, leaving it to camp counselors to run things with a lighter touch, using mentoring, charm, and fun activities to involve the campers. There were rules, but everyone enforced them. Everybody was an authority figure.

Sandy: "That's true, because in those days campers gave counselors the benefit of the doubt."

Clay: "Right. If they were paper tigers, we found out soon enough."

Sandy: "But these days the campers consider you a paper tiger right away, and make you earn real tiger status. Have you ever seen girls fight, so physically that someone has to separate the combatants, so violently that blood flows?"

Clay shook her head. "Nope. There wasn't even bullying at camp, or hurtful pranking. And it certainly doesn't happen in Japan." (Clay has lived in Japan.)

Sandy: "I have seen this kind of fighting, and of all places, at camp. Counselors have some leeway, even now, to govern by example, suggestion, and charm, but it's just a remnant of what it once was. Feminism may have done that."

Clay: "What about parents? As campers we liked the mentoring thing, the suggestion thing, because at home our parents were stern and impossible to defy. Maybe all this starts with the parents being made of paper these days, so that the girls expect it of everyone"

In January of 2011 Sandy, who has been a camp director and has supervised residential Girl Scout established camp directors as an administrator, took a look at another residential camp's glossy brochure, and commented: "This blurb – it's talking

about things we took for granted ... it has to state explicitly that at camp there will be an opportunity to build friendships. ... They boast about group living and shared experiences, but I happen to know that the actual camping skills they learn at that particular camp are practically nil. There's no cooking out, maybe a picnic now and then at noon, and though it's the social thing that works the magic (at camp), that magic has to be facilitated. It has to be *about* something of value. Learning to know and love Nature is its unique quality. Summer residential camp is not like boot camp, not like boarding school, because these are consciously shaping kids to fit some goal, to make them exemplary soldiers or candidates for Harvard or something. Camp has no other goal, no ulterior motive. Empowering kids is it. For us Nature was a way of life, and we absorbed it, the great green Girl Scout goddess."

Clay associates camp crafts with camp songs. "We got together in the daylight in some shady place and sang as we worked. I never associated the term camp craft with a lot of what we did. We did what we had to do to carry out our plans. Building a fire with only one match, of course that was a big deal, a sort of entry point. You were competent if you could do that. I don't remember reaching that point, but it must have been in the Woodhaven summer (1960). I kept coming back to camp every summer, but I was not really sold on camping and the wilderness before that. I didn't feel I belonged before that."

Building a one-match fire, perhaps the most definitive threshold experience for campers at Camp Koch, and certainly for my informants, is complex and varies with the circumstances and prevailing conditions. Kit explained (February 2011): “There are basically two schools of thought. Believers in one method rarely use the other method. It’s a teepee fire or a basic A fire. There are certain things in common, like tinder and kindling.”

“Tinder is matchstick size or smaller in diameter, but not grass, not weeds, not straw. One of the common mistakes with tinder is to leave it too short. Tinder about the length of a pencil is best. It also depends on what the substance is. In southern Indiana summers the best tinder is not on the ground, because small stuff on the ground tends to get damp. The best tinder you get from branches hanging down from a tree, dead branches, of course, or from dead bushes or underbrush still standing. I have picked usable tinder out of a cedar tree after it had been raining in the night, because the rain ran off. “

“As I walk down a path I’m picking off pieces of tinder and shoving them into my jacket pocket. I usually have a pocketful of tinder when I’m out camping, because I’m going to need a fire for cooking or for heat. Dry cedar twigs are better than the green part, but if they have some of that on them, it’s okay. Leaves and things are less

desirable, because they are too smoky and flame out too soon, so that you have to start the fire all over again. Or they may smoke and smolder and go out that way.”

Using paper is unacceptable?

“Paper is out! Give me a break! Paper is a last resort. You use it if it’s this or the kids don’t get fed. I got my training from Kit Hammett’s book, camp staff manuals, and what I learned by doing. To this day I am uncomfortable with starting a fire by using paper, unless it’s a common trash fire.”

For Kit’s detailed description of the multiplicity of procedures and decisions involved in constructing a one-match campfire, please see this study’s appendix.

Kit continued: “Building fires and building latrines – these are the jobs I always volunteered for. There’s nothing unclean about building a latrine, of course. And the better you build it the more comfortable it is to use. Building a fire tends to be more exciting, though. I have taught adult women Girl Scout leaders to build one-match fires, and some of them were quite timid. They got all the more excited when they managed to do it. ‘I did it, I did it!’ they said, amazed at themselves. Building a one-match fire is like reading music, mysterious if you don’t know how. It’s hard sometimes in a social setting to hold back and let the men do it. Sometimes I see them struggling and I ask if I can try my hand. It can be a hard thing for a man to accept that kind of help from me.”

So powerful was the competency/achievement ethos of Camp Koch that in 1961 three Eagle Feather Clan members, at ages 12 and 13, according to one version of the story, fired their Girl Scout troop leader, herself a volunteer, because she was incompetent to lead them. As the story goes on no adult knew about this effort until the girls had already made their move; according to more than one account, they went to their leader's house, she met them at the door, and they told her they preferred someone else as their adult leader. They then recruited a troop leader they knew was competent; she had been a counselor at Camp Koch, although not their counselor, not in their unit. The troop the Eagle Feather members eventually put together consisted of the entire Senior Girl Scout (high-school age) Planning Board for Raintree Council. At the time Clay was a member of the Planning Board representing another Girl Scout troop; she went over to the revamped Troop 141 immediately. Freddie did so as well.

Clay (February 2, 2011): The Planning Board was kind of weak, too, after everybody was in the same troop.

Sandy: How funny!

Smeady: We didn't care about that. We cared about girl leadership.

Sandy: In action. The coolest kids.

Smeady: In our lexicon of cool, meaning: you can wield a hatchet, tie any knot you need to, handle a canoe, start a one-match fire, you can survive ...

Clay: And you can dress appropriately for the wilderness and sleep outside in the rain.

Sandy: Or even inside in the rain.

Clay: Sometimes there wasn't too much difference. (General laughter)

Smeady: And you can melt your butter or your drinking water so you can eat in your freezing winter camp.

VIII: Using "Magalena" at Camp: the Why and the How

Bronislaw Malinowski observed the Trobriand islanders' use of myth – sacred stories – and ritual for protection and control over their environment. His comment "As our sacred story [of Christianity] lives in our ritual, in our morality, as it governs our faith and controls our conduct, even so does his myth for the savage. ... It is necessary to go back to primitive mythology in order to learn the secret of its life in the study of a myth which is still alive. ... Studied alive, myth ... is not a symbolic but a direct expression of its subject matter... it is not an intellectual expression or an artistic

imagery, but a pragmatic charter of primitive faith and moral wisdom (Malinowski 1926, reprinted in Dundes 1984: 198-199)."

The power of human thoughts, almost always thoughts also expressed in words, can change our outward circumstances and our inner ones as well. Clay described a recurring dream, one she remembers from about age 12 to age 23, a dream of slipping into the letter slot of a large, metal U.S. postal box each morning, and then slipping back out each evening, but remaining unaware of where she had been and what she had been doing before her return. One might note that Clay learned to make a one-match fire the summer of 1960, when she was 12, and got married in 1970, when she was 23.

The story of Peter Pan, immensely popular with children, in the 1950s as now, conveys a thought control message inside and outside the story's fictional frame; the power of human thoughts, and more specifically the power of belief, changes humans and the world they live in. Peter Pan uses happy thoughts to modify the natural world and its laws so that he can fly. He also teaches the Darling children to do this, with a little judicious help from fairy dust. Even that potent substance, however, does not work without the element of belief (Barrie 1911: 51-54). Later in the story or play children everywhere, children outside the conceptual frame of the story, in the audience of the play *Peter Pan* or in the readership of the book *Peter Pan and Wendy*, save the

heroic fairy Tinker-Bell by clapping their hands to signify their belief in fairies (179-181). Children being human, these are examples of human thoughts and beliefs changing the world.

In the introduction to *The Goddess Celebrates: An Anthology of Women's Rituals*, the editor Diane Stein notes as follows: "Change begins in the individual. The woman who participates in rituals begins with changing herself. First her own ...healing takes place, [and only] then she has the courage and strength to help others. Power-within grows exponentially ... to work with other women to right the wrongs of modern civilization" (Stein 1991: 3,10).

This study has emphasized the crucial practical and symbolic importance of fire at camp, fire as an element that nourishes and protects as well as being a potential cause of danger. Building a one-match fire, a threshold experience, involves a number of precautions against fire breaking out where it should not go and causing damage. Fire can also die down or even wink out. It can fail to catch the kindling and smoke itself out. Campers invoke fire in a song, the song "Rise Up, O Flame." ["Rise up, O flame, by thy light glowing, show to us beauty, vision, and joy": sung in a minor key, usually as a round]. Campers sing this song over and over, but especially when a fire is wavering, or otherwise threatening to go out, and they don't want it to. They sing this song to achieve control in a situation where they need it.

The thesis here is that the song “Magalena Hagalena” works in the same way, a ritual way. Girls need power from somewhere, because they feel they don’t have it, to live up to the challenges of camp. They also need internal power, power within themselves to undertake the transition, i.e. courage and resolution. Cheerfulness, like Magalena’s cheerfulness, helps, too. Magalena, in her cheerful, indomitable way, is a guiding example of someone’s thoughts controlling the universe, and also controlling the thinker or singer, in order to achieve protection and even more control, just as the Trobriand Islanders used their rituals when it was time for a dangerous voyage on the ocean in a rather small, hand-hewn canoe. Those islanders may not have understood all the allusions to powerful beings or to supernatural realms in their ritual; campers certainly do not consciously invoke a giant, clumsy, incredibly powerful, goofy-seeming girl as a ritual tool (Bell 1997: 123) to save them and protect them at camp, and to help them live up to its challenges. But that is what the song does. The melody of the song “Magalena” is powerful, too; it sticks powerfully in the memory.

Using the details informants and other sources provided about what residential summer camp does for and to girls; and using the words of Magalena’s storytelling verses as a point of departure, it’s possible to venture a few thoughts about the power of this song and its function for those who sing it – rather than those who listen to it or remember it from their own childhood. This is with reference to the Camp Koch of 1958 – 1970, although certain things may well carry over.

Girls in the eight-to-ten-year-old age group are at residential camp perhaps for the first or second time. Residential camp has its own culture and values, its own worldview, as this essay has presented. Girls away from home need different tactics to thrive in residential camp, where you go out at night in the dark, with a buddy of course, and with a flashlight, in places where there are almost certainly bugs or weird sounds, to visit a latrine, a place with strong smells and no flush toilets, then return to your tent in the dark. They spend their days in endeavors in which little-girl cuteness, good-girl passivity, and sweetness of character are completely useless, counter-productive, even.

Michael Eisner's autobiographic study of the privately owned and operated summer camp he attended as a boy sets up a triad of values at that camp: 1) competitive sports, 2) canoe trips and primitive camping, and 3) ritual and nostalgia, expressed to a great extent in song (Eisner 2005: 38). Competitive sports are rare at Girl Scout residential camp; camp crafts form that side of the triad. Like competitive sports among the boys at Eisner's home camp, for Camp Koch campers, it was mastering camp craft skills showed where they belonged and provided threshold experiences. The Kochie survey respondents all stressed that camp crafts are vitally important, and that building a one-match campfire was a real threshold experience in their lives. Once somebody could do it, she was in! As at Eisner's home camp, primitive camping plays a major role

at Camp Koch, where the triad consists of camp crafts, tradition expressed in song and ceremony, and primitive camping.

If someone has treated you like a little princess at home, you are certainly not one at camp. If a parent has been driving you to piano lessons, swimming, or dance lessons, you don't have that parent to cart you around at camp – you have to climb up and down those hills on those rough paths yourself. You may perspire. You may get out of breath from climbing steep hills. Showers may be icy cold even on hot days. You may have to locate your own socks, put up your own hair into a ponytail, obey camp rules – wear socks, take a buddy with you, no running in camp! – and help others adjust to the new, demanding environment. Residential camp is not a place where your cute, feminine appearance will get you any kind of recognition; at camp it's what you accomplish, and how you maintain cheerful cooperation with others in performing camp tasks and chores – that's what gets you somewhere. That's how you get recognition now. That's how you have fun now. So you have to make a change, a change that will be more radical for some than for others. Every summer you have to change, although as your summers at camp add up, that change takes place without so much huge, conscious effort on your part. Clay's recurring mailbox dream surely comes into play here. Her mystery-self on the other side of the mailbox slot did not have any real points of contact with her everyday self on this side. And it was not a difficult transition at all. That may be due to practice, of course.

Feminine role models are different at camp. Magalena, the heroine of the song, is ugly. What was and is ugliness but a defiance of society's esthetic values, a kind of victory over convention? In the instance of Magalena power is the unnamed quality that makes her ludicrous qualities distinctive. Since power is liberating per se, how much more liberating must be power allied with invincible, human society-defying ugliness! If the heroine of this storytelling song had been ugly and pathetic, rather than ugly and unexpectedly, overwhelmingly powerful, there would be no story and no memorable song. Why is Magalena's ugliness important? One possibility is that ugliness expresses her individuality. Girls should vaunt their individuality, not hide it, in other words. Another possibility is that ugliness draws attention to the pragmatics of power. If Magalena does not have the power to attract others or establish alliances with them due to some society-required cuteness or prettiness, her actual power to defy an overwhelming opposing force more than makes up for it. And compared with Magalena, any camper is as beautiful as Helen of Troy; that camper is weaker, of course, but more beautiful for sure.

Storytelling stanzas describe Magalena's hair – she has only seven individual hairs on her head, her eyes – one is green and the other is red, her teeth are few and odd-looking, and her feet – they are as big as bathmats. Clearly every camper and every counselor is still, even at camp, although sweaty and covered with poison ivy or

bug bites, cuter, more feminine-seeming, and more attractive than the hapless, but still cheerful Magalena.

Feminine ideals, as superimposed onto little girls' busy lives by their families and by society at large, seem a lot easier to accomplish, if all the kids have to do is be more feminine and attractive than the hapless Magalena. Girl Scout campers can move on to other things, challenges they must meet and expectations they have to change within themselves. A fourteen-year-old girl at camp for the first time a few years ago, terrified of all insects herself, ended up checking her friend's sleeping bag for spiders every night. The friend was more petrified with fear than she was. She grew up on the spot to face this challenge.

The oversized, ludicrous girl-image of "Magalena" wields power, power from several conceptual realms. Girls need this power for themselves, to adjust to the expectations at residential camp that are so different from those they have grown accustomed to at home, in school, or in virtually any other realm of life. Even girls at home on a family farm have to live up to Girl Scout residential camp, or so one informant maintains. If Magalena is a mythic or symbolic being of great power, what powerful being would be better to call on, to invoke, in order to gain power oneself? It seems logical that campers aged 7 to 11 used – and perhaps still use – the song "Magalena Hagalena" as a ritual tool to empower them to adjust to the residential

summer camp environment. Perhaps even the thought of Magalena is sticky, like the song's melody and rhythm, so that she sticks in the minds of little girls and helps them reprogram themselves to meet or to surpass the expectations of the camp's authority figures. Perhaps that's why the song – and everyone knows you have to sing a song over and over to call somebody important, like Santa Claus – is so loved by children and so tolerated, but barely, by adults, who hardly remember singing or enjoying the song when they were residential camp newcomers themselves.

Chapter 3: A Protected Journey: The Units of Camp Koch

Cemetery Herd

The cemetery was laid out in
the 1850's. The headstones are of
the differing styles fashionable over
the many years of its operation,
with paved pathways meandering
their narrow course along
the top of the hill, old trees
crowding the pathways and
the gravesites, a mausoleum
here and there, and open
grassy slopes, attractive
at either side.

In paying our respects
to those beloved and now gone
it is not uncommon to see
a deer or two pass silently
through the gray trees and the graves
offering a broader sense of place
to this world apart.

But not until the bright, chilly
afternoon of Easter Sunday
did I see them gathered together,
surprisingly close to the gate
and to the city beyond,
a dozen, or perhaps more, alert
in a "keeping an eye on the world" way,
but in any deeper sense, undisturbed.
Then I understood. They live here.
There is nowhere else for them to go,
and nowhere else they should be.

William W. Runyeon

Critter's mother – "Critter" is a camp name -- who remains "Momma" in fond memory to many Girl Scouts of her long since grown-up daughters' generation -- talked to the researcher at a camp reunion gathering at her house in Marion, Illinois, August 14, 2010: "Carl, my husband, was a registered Girl Scout, as I was. For many years after our daughters left home we did camp-sitting at Camp Cedar Point [in Southern Illinois], providing a presence there on the weekends when necessary. Marion would have lived down there; she was so outgoing, knew everybody. Her funeral [Marion died while still a teenager] and memorial services were choked with cars."

"We were a Girl Scouting family. I had a troop for several years. I remember the dining room piled with boxes of cookies, back when nobody locked a door. When summer had passed it was always too quiet, but still, I remember never knowing who would be here when I got home from work. Evenings we'd sit outside around the fire, Carl and I and however many girls were here, and we'd sing. A few times a nosy neighbor complained. The policeman who came, and he came only once, had to walk clear to the back yard to hear us. The girls played their guitars and we all sang. Camp keeps you going. I enjoyed every minute of it."

The units of Camp Henry F. Koch in the Sixties were Trailblazer for nine-year-olds, Hilltop for ten-to-eleven-year-olds, Frontier (New Unit) for eleven-to twelve-year-olds, Woodhaven for twelve-to-thirteen-year-olds, Blue Wells for primitive campers,

normally of high school age, and CIT for graduates of two summers in Blue Wells, who were interested in becoming camp counselors, and wanted to train for it.

Trailblazer was located closest to the Dining Hall, infirmary, and waterfront, Blue Wells the farthest away. Blue Wells campers came into Main Camp only for church and Scouts' Own on Sundays, and for Opening Night or Closing Night ceremonies. Hilltop was perched at the apex of the hill that rose up steeply behind the Dining Hall, and presented the most challenging climb to and from the Dining Hall. Frontier was a bit downhill from Hilltop and a little closer to the river. Trailblazer, Hilltop, and Frontier were units of foursome tents for the campers, and housed up to 24 campers in a session. Two staff tents in each of these units housed the Unit Leader and Assistant Unit Leader in one, an additional junior counselor and a member of the waterfront staff in the other. The one time there was a male on camp staff, the waterfront director --- long after the period of this study -- he lived in Main Camp, in part of the old infirmary, under the Dining Hall. Mr. Mason, the camp ranger, was of course a man, but he lived in his own house near the front gate, with his family. He was not camp staff; he worked for the Girl Scout council directly. He was the camp director's colleague; he did not report to her.

Woodhaven was the most advanced unit that remained on the hill behind the Dining Hall; it was perched on Inspiration Point, a cliff-top overlook, with the Ohio

River and on the other side, Kentucky farmlands below and to the south. Blue Wells was located a good hour's hike from Hilltop, back in heavily forested areas where there were no other units. CIT (Counselors-in-Training) was located near Trailblazer, fairly close to the Dining Hall. Camp Koch maintained a presence in each unit of about one counselor for each eight campers, but even with fewer than 13 campers, usually, Woodhaven still had two full-time counselors of its own, and Blue Wells also had two. Hilltop, for example, had three unit counselors, responsible for kids throughout the session, and one waterfront counselor who slept in the unit and helped out in an emergency.

Counselors had one 24-hour day off each week, called a "24," and one night off in addition, if they wished to take it. In the units, of course, there had to be adequate staffing; substitutes came in if the absence was for a 24; waterfront staff housed in the unit sometimes covered for evenings off by a unit counselor. Some went into town on their night out, others went to the Staff House – near the waterfront area – to play cards or otherwise socialize with each other. The Staff House was a camper-free zone where cigarette smoking was okay, there was an actual Coke machine, and staff members did not have to soften their choice of words for the campers' ears.

It is an important hallmark of the unit plan that the same counselors were responsible for the same set of campers, even more so than the teachers of all subject

matter in a 19th century one-room school. The counselors 1) lived with them, accompanied them to swimming and other activities, 2) oversaw their health, first aid needs, and hygiene, and 3) moved them up and down the steep, curling paths together, in single file, usually with one counselor at the head of the line and another at the foot. The same counselors with the same campers, all day every day, bore the responsibility for the safety, well-being, and personal development of those campers. They also documented the campers' badge work and signed the requisite pages in their Girl Scout Handbooks. The campers in turn, during a 14-day or 12-day session, looked to the same two or three unit counselors for advice, help, instruction, protection, and leadership.

Working as a counselor was a paying job; one applied for it as for other kinds of summer jobs. Most counselors were college students, but some were teachers or others who enjoyed spending summers at camp, and had begun this activity as college students. The Girl Scout Council hired the Camp Director (CD) each year, and the CD interviewed and hired the counselors and most other staff. Kitchen staff lived near the Dining Hall. The camp nurse lived in the infirmary, at first located in the Dining Hall basement and later in a separate building near the Dining Hall. Other staff on the premises was limited to the camp ranger, Art Mason in those years, and any temporary workers he supervised.

I. Camp Names and Identity Games

The summer of 1963, when Freddie, Clay, Sandy, and Pepper were going to be in the first-year CIT (Counselor In Training) unit at Camp Koch, at ages 15-16, Smeady, a year older, was already in second-year CIT. Without Smeady, and no one remembers why this was, and while Kit was still in Vincennes packing for camp, the others gathered up Amy and went to the river camp Clay's family maintained on Lost Lake, sharing it with other relatives. It was near the Black River and the banks of the Wabash, about as far west as they could go and still be in Indiana rather than Illinois. Clay got the cabin for herself and these friends for a week just after Memorial Day. They spent the entire week there, with Clay's aunt's car at their disposal, tuning themselves up for camp – they would be there two sessions again – and trying to remember to call each other by camp names. Jay Mechling's 2001 book about Boy Scouts also starts out with the premise, on page 1; going to camp requires a transition, an important one. Responding to a new name and remembering to call others by their new names – this is a form of identity game not known at Boy Scout camp, or at camps that practice troop camping instead of unit camping.

Sandy had gone by her camp name for years, and Freddie had used hers a bit in Woodhaven and Blue Wells, but for the rest of the group, this was new. There were no others, no adults, no little kids underfoot, at the secluded river camp, a two-story cabin

with running water, a modern kitchen (for 1963), a giant porch, and, down at the dock, rowboats.

Camp names - this is a term unfamiliar to a broader public. According to David C. and Chatty, experienced with Boy Scouts, and Chatty with Girl Scouts as well, the Boy Scout established summer camps do not use “nicknames.” Peter Hare, camp director of the Camp Keewaydin (private boys’ camp) profiled in Michael Eisner’s bestselling book *Camp*, told the researcher on May 31, 2011, that nicknames at camp were a remnant of a bygone era, not anything his camp did today. He said he specifically reminded his staff every year **not** to give campers nicknames, because, after all, what would those nicknames most likely be? Something nice? Hardly! They’d be something like Stinky, Skinny, Chubs, or Four-eyes. The disgust in his voice was obvious.

At Boy Scout summer camp of that era (1958-1970), according to David C., who grew up in Evansville, the boys called their Scoutmaster and other adults *Mr. Robertson*, and the college students who taught archery or swimming or some other special subject at the camp, they called *Dave* or *Ron*, their real first names. Boy Scouts went camping by troops; even in smaller groups or patrols they always had an adult “chaperone” with them at the residential camp; their unit was composed of kids they saw every week all year long at meetings, kids they usually knew from school or church. The difference

between this system and the one the Girl Scouts use at residential camp makes a big difference in the stories campers and counselors tell. It makes other differences, too, of course.

Camp names, according to Sandy, were a compromise struck in the 1940's or before to satisfy etiquette requirements of a fading era, but campers liked their counselors' camp names well enough that they stuck. What should girls aged 7 to 17 call their counselor at camp? Miss Sheridan? That would have been the requirement in the outside world. The counselors were adults, legally, most of them, the same approximate age as student teachers at the public schools, or even the regularly employed and fully licensed teachers at those same schools. Calling them Janet or Betsy at camp would have been disrespectful, as well as seeming impudent or causing social confusion once camp was over. Kit remarked that back in the day, although she had at that time never lived in Evansville, Indiana, she could hardly enter its major shopping centers or ride the escalator at Sears without hearing a faraway shriek of "Kit!" from some former campers of hers at Camp Koch. Then three or four of them would come running up to her. They had caught a glimpse of her. They seemed to be everywhere.

The counselors at Camp Koch, a Girl Scout residential camp, were not, however, the troop leaders of the various Girl Scout troops the campers belonged to, back at home where they went to school and did homework and went about their daily

activities. Nor were the counselors volunteers, or at least, not usually. They were enthusiastic former campers, mostly, who had received training in the various subjects of Girl Scout summer camp's diverse curriculum, loved spending summers at camp, and needed the money, usually because they were in college. During that period of time, according to Clay, public school teachers did not receive salaries stretched out over 12 months of the year, but rather, only during the school year when they were actually teaching. It was fairly common for teachers, including Pepper's and Kit's fathers, to find another job during the summer. For women teachers, if they liked camp, and were single, working as a camp counselor was a good way to have fun and earn a small summer paycheck at the same time.

Clay thought Sandy's camp name, awarded informally when she was about eight years old, had stuck completely. She said she never thought of her as Darla. Pepper's camp name, like Freddie's, seemed to function primarily at camp. Smeady's and Amy's camp names worked at camp and around camp friends, and certainly the Clan, but not otherwise. During Clay's high school years, the heyday of the Clan, if Kit had had some other name or personality, away from camp, Clay did not want to dwell on it. Clay and Kit call the others by their camp names, even today.

Kit's friend Tabby put it like this – as told by Kit – “You are at least two people, maybe three. I only know two, though. “

At that time Kit was teaching on the same faculty as Tabby's mom, and the two of them were friends. Kit acquired family-member status at their house and farm.

Person 1, according to Tabby, was Miss Weston, the P.E. teacher, a rather stern, distant, and demanding person. A friend of Tabby's **mother**, for heaven's sake! Person 2 was Laura, Kit's first name on her driver's license, but Tabby was not at all sure Laura existed, or if so, what kind of person she was. Tabby did not know Laura. Person 3 was Kit, the camping and hiking enthusiast, always ready for a new challenge, tireless, adventurous, and competitive.

Sandy, June 8, 2011: "In the early years camp names protected the staff; campers might otherwise have had to call them 'Miss Jones,' you see. They were not on a first-name basis with the campers, because the campers called them by their camp names. It was more respectful, more informal without being on a first-name basis. Most people would not think there would be much difference between camp names and nicknames. There was."

"For me Darla and Sandy are the same person. When I returned to Girl Scouting as a professional, that camp name 'Sandy' had been on the shelf for a bunch of years. I'm not sure there were ever two identities. These days I don't even know whether someone has called me Darla or Sandy. It's all me. I can't remember when I became 'Sandy,' but Frontier summer (1959) it was already there. I was just a camper then, but

sometimes campers get camp names, and I suppose I was one. I can't remember being called 'Sandy' in Hilltop (1958), or that I was called anything at all. The camp name might have started in the Girl Scout troop. I suspect it's all Pepper's doing."

"My custom is to call my friends by their camp names at camp, and by their first names otherwise. They are real people with real names everywhere else."

Clay: "If friends have a camp name, and I have been at camp with them, I use the camp name. Well, maybe not in some formal settings"

Sandy: "I remember arguing with one counselor, when I was camp director, because the camp name she chose might be interpreted as insulting or disrespectful [to her]. It so happened that she was African-American, and that particular camp name would not do. Bigfoot as a camp name [someone else's] was bad enough. The name I worried about more came from the person's real last name, was a form of it, but even so For a while everyone got into the cartoon thing for choosing camp names, and that did not cause any issues. Almost every year there was a Mickey or a Grover. One year the kitchen staff all named themselves after potatoes, i.e. Russet, Spud, etc. Russet did indeed have reddish hair, so that worked well. There was a pickle year for kitchen staff names, and I remember Dilly and Sweet Pickle."

An incomplete list of camp names from the Camp Koch FaceBook page on April 23, 2012:

Snicker	Melody	Spicy	Jody
Thumper	Splash	Stumpy	Pixie
Elmer	Kit	Abe	Windy
Splash	Honi	Jonesy	Cece
Daffy	Binks	Chip	Jo
Smokey	Kernel	Skeet	Tinker (Bell)
Smurf	Boater	Shug	Ginger
Buttons	Misty	Mushie	Corky
KayJay	Mickey	Alvin	Rocky
Bananas	Willie	Buzz	Rusty
Ladybug	Bigfoot	Dusty	Millie
Pepper	Fish	Wacko	Cookie
Yakko	Dot	Simon	Lu
Jalapeno	Red	Scooter	Tex
Puddles	Nicki	Taco	Rockstar

II: Unit Camping: A Girl Scout Specialty

All Scouts, whether Girl Scouts (Girl Guides) or Boy Scouts, camp with their troops, under the leadership of adult troop leaders, or, in the case of Boy Scouts, scoutmasters. They go camping with their troops in all seasons, for short periods of time, generally on weekends or during school breaks. The organizational structure described below applies to **summer residential camp**, which Girl Scouts have tended to organize differently, i.e. not according to a troop camping plan. Historical surveys of summer camp culture* indicate that the unit plan, an organizational plan advanced by and characteristic of Girl Scouts (Eels 1986: 69), shapes Girl Scouts' summer residential camp experience in ways that differ significantly from the troop camping experience of boys or girls or co-ed groups. The unit plan **molds the camping experience** in characteristic ways, leading to a distinctive worldview separate from the world view or values of the troops these campers come from.

Other youth organizations, such as the YMCA/YWCA/YMHA/YWHA, use a modification of the troop camping system, here under the rubric "cabin camping," in which all resident campers reside in structures, usually cabins, located close to central features of the camp, such as the dining hall, the waterfront, the craft shack, the infirmary, and so on. This is often, but not always, the geographic layout of troop camps as well. American real estate brokers have popularized the phrase "Location,

location, location!” The unit plan’s emphasis on location appears to make a significant difference which may not be immediately apparent to campers and former campers accustomed to the troop camping or “cabin camping” systems. The socialization of newly arriving campers who – under the unit plan -- attend camp as individuals, rather than as members of established troops or other groups, results in a different genre of summer camp experience. The resulting social melting pot, as campers find their way into new group affiliations within the unit, is fertile ground for creation of a “third culture,” not based on any existing group or affiliation. That “third culture” is the subject of the current study.

“Cabin camping” usually will not have units, and may cluster activities and housing around a central area, but will have the increased level of paid counselors and unified authority of a single camp director that are characteristic of the unit plan in contrast to troop camping (Eels 1986: 69 and Van Slyck 2006: 29-39). See this study’s appendix for a chart comparing troop camping and unit camping.

Kit’s comment regarding group formation and solidarity in unit camping: “It took an average of about three days at camp to mold a new group of individuals into a functioning unit. I could gauge this when we went into the Dining Hall. ... By the third day of the session, without any encouragement, or even comment from me, Woodhaven reconstituted itself at the table where I sat. It wasn’t snobbery or the fact that these

campers were just a bit older than most of the rest, it was that we had learned to enjoy hanging around together. It felt right to us. We were a unit in various senses of the word.”

III: The Lone Camper’s (Fairy Tale Hero’s) Journey: Identification and Belonging

Arriving at camp as individuals, not sure, perhaps, if there would be even one familiar face once they got there, Camp Koch campers were in a sense embarking on an adventure they might have had as folktale protagonists entering a new realm, not an ordinary place in any sense of the word. Stories were important at Camp Koch, but campers and counselors told mostly personal experience stories, or stories about then and now events at the camp, some of which were legends. Considering the great love children have for folktales, also known as fairy tales, it’s interesting that no such stories were on the program at the camp. One reason might be that the journey of the individual camper, summer after summer, beginning at the newcomers’ units and continuing to the more advanced ones as summers passed, or even each summer’s journey through the tasks and adventures of that summer’s unit, resembled closely the journey folktale heroes take to free a captive, locate a treasure, escape from a witch, and so on. It’s a solo journey, like the camper’s solo arrival at the camp. It’s a journey full of

adventures and dangers and challenges and encounters. It is not at all like home, not at all.

Vladimir Propp's book *The Morphology of the Folktale* (1969) distilled the plot features of 100 Russian folktales from the Afanas'ev collection into thirty-one basic functions, connected to the hero's journey. These are the actions the heroine, her helpers, and her adversaries take to advance the plot. Characters' names or any labels they may bear – *witch* and *giant* come to mind -- are not the point; the actions they take - - Propp calls them *functions* - are the key (Propp 1969: 27ff). The first six or seven functions in Propp's schematic figure into the sequence before the evil opponent - and there must be an evil opponent -- commits an act of theft, kidnapping, or other form of unwarranted devastation that sets events into motion; after this happens, acts of rescue, retrieval, or healing take over to shape the plot.

In Camp Koch's case the counselors play the crucial central roles; in a sense they become the magical helpers and advisors -- Propp calls them gift-givers or donors -- who help the protagonist achieve a just result. Folktale functions include, in general, those of the protagonist-hero, of the evil opponent, and of a series, perhaps, of gift-givers who help the hero onward to achieve justice and a happy ending. Events include at some point a one-on-one confrontation between the hero and the opponent; even a riddling contest, as in J.R.R. Tolkien's *The Hobbit*, will do. Propp's functional

designations are neither numerous nor complex, but they cover a universe of actions or functions.

Propp constructed his formula to arrive at a unified folktale plotline applicable to all folktales of all nations and under all circumstances. He notes that some of the functions he lists are indispensable, such as the gift-giver's function or the evil opponent's initial attack, whereas others – a wedding at the end, for example -- may or may not occur in a given folktale (Propp 1969: 31-66).

This study will use two magic tales/folktales to describe the camper's journey at Camp Koch as if it were the heroine's journey in a folktale, one of the reasons, perhaps, why other stories were a well-known part of the Camp Koch experience, but not folktales. In the two tales, "Vasilisa the Beautiful," from Alexander Afanasyev's collection, and "Frau Holle (Mother Hulda)," #24 of the Grimm tales, the heroine, the evil opponent, and the helpers or advisors along the way are female; as a result the following plot discussion will use female pronouns.

Not all folktale heroines are seekers or journeyers. There is also the suffering heroine, as in the "Maedchen ohne Haende," [Girl without Arms] Grimm tale #31, Aarne-Thompson [ATU] tale types 706 and 930). A suffering heroine, however, does not fit as seamlessly into Propp's list of functions as a seeker heroine does. On the other hand even a seeker heroine, when she needs help, advice, or a magical tool from one of

the gift-givers in the story, becomes a suffering protagonist for a time, because she must pass the tests, complete the tasks, or satisfy some criterion of the gift-giver, in order to proceed with her journey and at the end of it, accomplish her goal. A witch or any other figure can be either a gift-giver or an opponent, not as a result of her nature or her name, however, but rather as a result of the actions she takes in the particular story in question (Propp 1969: 176).

The seeker-heroine sets out with a goal in mind – to set right the evil action, whatever it was – but without a map or traveling companion to point the way. En route she often acquires one or more magical objects, as well as advice; those objects become very useful indeed when she confronts the evil opponent directly. The heroine also requests, or receives without even knowing she needs it, instruction about how to accomplish her task, often from the gift-giver.

Propp's functions VIII through XXII (I – VII are preliminary) include the opponent's initial attempt to damage the heroine or her family, the heroine's decision to restore the situation to its pre-damage condition, her departure from home, her encounters with helpers – gift-givers who may also be challengers -- along the way, and any responses she makes to them in those encounters. These events culminate in a direct duel or confrontation with the opponent (Propp's XVI), in which the heroine may receive a special mark of identification (XVII), and conquer the opponent decisively

(XVIII). A false heroine, like one of the stepsisters in “Cinderella,” may repeat these plot functions (XXIV), but with disastrously different results when she meets characters with the gift-giver function. Finally, the misfortune healed, the true heroine returns home, and the happy ending (Propp’s XXXI) takes place blissfully.

It’s difficult in retrospect to describe how eye-opening and revolutionary Propp’s theory was in 1969; folktale scholarship had moved solidly during the previous fifty years in the direction of researching individual motifs or tale-types, attempting to discover the origins or previous versions of various folktale components, or of entire tales. This is far from easy when the tales exist only in a tradition maintained almost totally by oral transmission. Where the origin-seekers and the motif-indexers went micro in their analysis (Propp 1969: 16-24), Propp went macro, looking for plot functions, i.e. what effect does the action of this character at this juncture have on the plot as a whole?

The emphasis here will be on the helper, gift-giver function without which no folktale heroine, or hero, for that matter ever arrives at the goal, the happy ending. Both stories used as examples here involve evil stepmothers as the opponents and beautiful young girl-protagonists, exiled from their homes, destined to suffer nearly inevitable and surpassingly ugly deaths, tasked as a sort of pretext with retrieving some

elusive or downright lost object from a dangerous place, a place no one has ever returned from.

A cruel (step) mother, as in the “Cinderella” story, or “Snow White,” is a common feature in the minds and imaginations of girls, including Girl Scout campers, perhaps because they are in the throes of differentiating themselves from their own mothers, so as to develop personalities, identities, and lives of their own. That is part of the struggle all maturing girls undergo. It may be necessary to demonize one’s own mother in order to undertake any small move toward autonomy and the inevitable break with her that autonomous adulthood brings. “Cinderella” is about this. A cruel mother **must** be a stepmother; the supposition is that a “real” mother wouldn’t be cruel to her own child. In the two stories examined here the girl-hero learns to cope with the demands of a powerful, warped mother-like figure, the gift-giver or donor, in order to elude and finally to conquer, or to separate herself from, the murderous (step) mother back home (Propp’s function XX).

In both tales the true mother has died; in “Vasilisa” she made a deathbed gift to her daughter of a magical tool, a doll. If the heroine needs help, she is to give the doll a little food and the doll will help her with advice or with actions; that is the mother’s explanation. This encounter makes the dying true mother the first figure in the tale to exercise the gift-giver function. The test or challenge is for the heroine to remember to

use the magic tool, and to prepare for this by feeding the doll, but above all to follow its advice. Soon after her mother's death Vasilisa provides food, and the doll comforts her. Vasilisa needs quite a lot of help when her father's remarriage burdens her with a stepmother and two stepsisters, all of them malicious, jealous, and indolent.

Another suffering stepdaughter, the nameless heroine of "Frau Holle" ("Mother Hulda") has a stepsister who is her exact opposite. The diligent heroine is beautiful, and so obedient that she works, until her hands bleed, at hand-spinning fibers of wool or flax into thread or yarn, a task her stepmother has set her; the stepsister is ugly, lazy and careless. In the stepmother's house there is no justice – the diligent daughter acquires even more tasks if she does her work well and quickly. When she accidentally drops a spinning reel into a well, the stepmother tells her to retrieve it, and the girl, afraid not to attempt this, while trying to do so, falls into the well, ending up at the bottom. The retrieval task is a veritable death sentence; the stepdaughter awakens in another world, a beautiful one. The heroine's stepmother functions as the evil opponent; she sends the protagonist to her death. At the bottom of the well the girl finds – along with some tasks along the way – a beautiful meadow full of flowers and Frau Holle (Mother Hulda), a powerful gift-giver.

In "The Beautiful Vasilisa" the heroine's stepmother conspires with her own two daughters to rid their lives of Vasilisa, by setting up conditions in which it appears that

the last source of fire and light has gone out in their lonely woodland cottage; then the stepmother sends Vasilisa to beg a light from Baba Yaga. Fortunately the girl manages to take with her the doll that has been helping her with housework and thus has been lightening the impact of the stepmother-opponent's abuse up to this point. There is no imaginable place more fearsome or more deadly than Baba Yaga's house.

Fear is the companion of both girls as they undertake their tasks, the nameless one so afraid of the opponent's wrath that she jumps into a well to retrieve a lost object, and the other fainting with dread at an encounter with Baba Yaga. When Vasilisa arrives, the fence around Baba Yaga's house, made of human bones, begins to glow, which frightens the girl so much that she remains frozen in fear until Baba Yaga's return in her flying mortar. The fugitive who jumped into the well, the heroine of "Frau Holle," notices her hostess's huge, threatening-looking teeth, a sign that she, too, is a cannibal. Both heroines must conquer fear to accomplish their tasks and win through.

The two powerful old women, Baba Yaga and Frau Holle, resemble each other in a number of ways. Each has a reputation separate from the particular folktale in which she appears. Baba Yaga is a very powerful witch, a giant, larger than life, who flies about in a huge mortar – the stone basin in which one grinds wheat. Human bones festoon her house; Baba Yaga is a cannibal, like the witch in "Hansel and Gretel." Cosmic matters center on the houses of both supernatural figures – when Frau Holle

shakes out her featherbed in her realm, on the earth, snow falls. Knights on horseback, appearing in different colors, pass Baba Yaga's house, signifying the passing stages of time.

Both heroines suffer pain, exhaustion, and dread, because remorseless, evil stepmothers have driven them from home, but the reason for their expulsion never surfaces in the tales. Evil figures do evil things, is one logical conclusion. Unchecked jealousy leads to murder, is another conclusion. Neither Mother Hulda nor Baba Yaga is the antagonist in these particular stories, however; that role belongs to the evil stepmothers, mere humans. Both heroines find a degree of shelter and protection, and many dreary, demanding household tasks to do, in the houses of their demonic gift-givers, who turn out to be protectors and good mothers as well, based on their actions, or, in Propp's term, their functions.

In recent theories of group formation and functioning, three theorems tend to emerge (Fukuyama 2012: Intro): 1) In spite of the assertions of Hobbes and others, the human race came genetically designed, like its anthropoid cousins, the apes, to live in groups. Human beings in their evolution never went through a loner period; 2) groups coalesce based on two principles – kinship and trade. One is genetic, and could never bind two members of such different species as the demonic gift-givers and the fleeing human girls. The other is transactional, based on behaviors; it is difficult to see what

the two fugitive girls could have or do to compensate such powerful figures as Baba Yaga and Frau Holle, but perhaps there is something; unmotivated actions in stories could scarcely survive centuries of oral transmission. Tit for tat, that is an expression that encapsulates the exchange or trading relationship.

Each fugitive girl arrives at the gift-giver's house helpless and without resources. Each leaves bearing treasure, in the form of a supernatural light that makes her enemies disappear (from Baba Yaga), or in the form of gold itself (from Mother Hulda). Whatever happens between arrival and departure must include the tit for tat that would constitute the relationship and motivate the more powerful character's seemingly altruistic actions. What happens is work; each fugitive receives shelter and food in return for completing household work, some of the very same household tasks they did at the command of the evil stepmothers who sent them out to die. The terms are clear in both stories. Do the gift-givers need an extra pair of hands? Baba Yaga clearly does not; in the tale she sets magical, disembodied hands to doing some household tasks. Frau Holle (Mother Hulda) needs someone to set the feathers in her cosmic featherbed flying – that is the only household task, other than rescuing bread from the oven or ripe apples from spoiling on their trees, singled out for specific mention in the tale – but there is no indication that the gift-giver would not be capable of doing this herself. So, in terms of the story's credibility, what's in it for the gift-givers?

One explanation might be that these employers hired their homeless wards just to test their mettle, to see whether their behavior would be satisfactory, or in order to feel the presence of someone else in the house for a while. Companionship, that's a need wandering adolescents can fulfill, if they measure up. The demonic ladies use one criterion as a measure of the girls' suitability, however; it's what they do, these girls, and what they do is work. The gift-givers in both tales use hard work, carefully and thoroughly carried out, as a test the girls must pass, in order to remain in protected status, and eventually to return home with such obvious emblems of success as supernatural lights or a dress made of gold. The girls are not working for such a glorious homecoming; they have no idea they will receive any reward at all, aside from temporary shelter. They work hard because it is in them to do so, just as the lazy girl in "Frau Holle" shows her lack of mettle by giving up her temporarily good working habits after only one day, and Vasilisa's stepsisters sit all day with folded hands. One might take an additional step and speculate that the girls' diligence demonstrates a degree of kinship with their demon-protectors that could move the relationship from a trading one to a kinship one.

Frau Holle's (Mother Hulda's) visitor helps out even before she is asked to do so, out of kindness, and later continues doing Frau Holle's housework, even though she does not understand the purpose of some of it, because of her promise to do so, and because Frau Holle has offered her shelter and employment. Cosmic functions also

enter into Vasilisa's life when, while she is doing arduous chores, "Day," "Sun," and "Night" in the form of knights clothed all in white, red, and black, respectively, keep riding by Baba Yaga's hut, a hut supported by chicken legs, fenced in by human bones and skulls that glow in the dark. Early morning light, sunrise, and nightfall follow soon after the riders who seem to govern those functions.

Both heroines start out terrified – Vasilisa by the luminous skulls in the fence and the diligent girl by her fall into a deep well and later by Frau Holle's large, scary-looking teeth – but remain resolute, continue with their duties, and provide conscientious service to their employers. Appearances do not daunt them – their pragmatic responses to their situations distinguish them. Food and drink are important in both stories – the diligent girl's first actions in the new world are to rescue food items in danger of destruction by burning or damage from falling. Vasilisa's doll performs all the other tasks in Baba Yaga's house for her, but the girl herself does Baba Yaga's cooking.

Vasilisa's doll – incorporating her true mother's protective love for her -- saves her from an inability to complete some of her vast array of tasks, whether at home or with Baba Yaga. That gift-giver releases her when she learns of the doll and of Vasilisa's piety, after giving her a magical tool, a glowing human skull that obliterates her evil opponent and the stepsisters upon her arrival back home, with a light for the

cottage, as commanded. Thus Vasilisa's loyalty to her true mother, who is also her first gift-giver, saves her time after time.

Frau Holle's protégée does her work at first out of pity and kindness, then out of pride in fulfilling her promise to Frau Holle, and a sense of duty. There's also a lazy stepsister, who ends up in Frau Holle's house in a subsequent episode, trying to obtain a reward equal to the heaps of gold the supernatural mother-substitute showered on the diligent girl. The lazy girl, who ends up drenched in black ooze rather than coated with gold, thinks only of herself and her own comfort; she does not rescue the bread that is about to burn in the oven, because she might become dirty, nor rescue the apples that cry out to be shaken from the tree, because one might fall on her head. And the lazy girl works hard at Frau Holle's house for only one day, a day in which she thinks of her hoped-for golden reward the entire time. After that she neglects even the cosmic task of shaking the featherbed so that its feathers cannot fly and cause snowfalls on the earth. Frau Holle expels her in disgrace.

The heroines in both stories begin their work in the new home with fear and yet satisfy the requirements of their respective gift-givers, earning rewards based on actions, not appearances.

In both stories the girls must be docile, diligent, kind, and faithful; because they are thus, powerful females come to their aid. Vasilisa's loyalty to her deceased mother

also contributes to Baba Yaga's decision to release her and to help her. The demon-sorceresses carry out the advisor/helper/gift-giver function of their respective folktales. They challenge the girls, and then judge them as to their worthiness, but they reward the deserving girl and punish or eliminate the unworthy one, along with the evil stepmothers.

- 1) Campers, like the heroines above, leave home for a time, and dutifully; as in the stories their mothers send them away.
- 2) Campers enter another world, frightening at first, where time flows differently. It is a surpassingly beautiful world, but there are also chores there – not altogether different chores from the at-home chores -- but necessary chores. These chores are not much fun, especially at first.
- 3) Campers undergoing adolescence may tend to malign their mothers in thought, and secretly feel themselves put upon by the tasks they perform at home, perhaps a part of moving toward the separation from their mothers required by maturity.
- 4) Campers find supernatural-seeming versions of Frau Holle or Baba Yaga at camp, their counselors, who are of course prettier and more charming than the monstrous folktale gift-givers, but who are also able to perform magical

- feats with their wilderness skills; they may also be (supernaturally) talented at singing, at camp crafts, at swimming, and at first aid.
- 5) Campers line up to play the diligent-girl and kind-girl roles, or risk boredom, confusion, and abject misery at camp. No one forces them to do things, but the dissenters end up just looking on. Soon even lazy girls find something to contribute, because campers do chores (“kapers”) in groups, their workload is manageable, has limits, and shows immediate results that enhance the camping experience for all.
 - 6) Camp contains delightful things and scary things; it is another world, a surpassingly beautiful one where cheerful diligence is endemic.
 - 7) Camp has its own system of values. The mysterious knights and the cosmic featherbed would not be out of place there. Fire and water, appearing as cooking, campfires, singing (a form of meditation/cheerful cooperation), and swimming are among the camp’s primary emphases and threshold experiences.
 - 8) Each summer the campers encounter a different Frau Holle or Baba Yaga – in the form of their counselor -- to protect them, challenge them, and reward them by teaching them new skills and leading them deeper into the wilderness, empowering them to spend ever longer periods of time there.

- 9) Returning home, campers construct more successful, more enjoyable lives because they conquered challenges – known as fun – at camp.

In a larger sense, in both stories, things and people that start out to be terrifying end up as helpful objects, allies, or protectors. They may hold secrets, of course, like the secret of the featherbed in “Frau Holle” or the secret of the knights riding by in “Vasilisa.” The helper-figures fulfill many of the duties of a good mother. The unexplained secrets connect both gift-givers to cosmological functions having to do with time; the riders are like a clock marking the time of day or night, and the featherbed brings on snow, a feature of one of the four seasons on the earth. The heroines are similar, characterized by diligence, patience, kindness, obedience, and trust, usually directed toward the original mother. On the other hand, both heroines are in peril; Vasilisa cooks for the cannibal Baba Yaga at least partly in order to avoid becoming dinner herself. The heroine in “Frau Holle” fears she may meet the same fate, because of the scary qualities of her employer’s teeth.

Both heroines find that their eventual success and freedom begins with expulsion from home and travel into an openly dangerous place. On the other hand, those at home are bad mothers or evil stepsisters. Dangers are there, too. If Camp Koch were the magical land analogous to the thick forest in “Vasilisa” or the land under the well in “Frau Holle,” its gift-givers and powerful inhabitants would be the counselors. Chores,

while routine in some respects, increase each summer, while liberating the individual camper in that she becomes more and more responsible for meeting her own needs and cooperating in meeting the group's needs. Among other things, the camper controls fire, manages incursions of water in the form of rain or mud, and even learns to swim better than before. She learns to cook over an open fire, to take safety precautions, to use simple first aid measures, and to use tools to create useful household objects, or beautiful ornamental ones.

The above folktale narratives reveal that success in life comes from working diligently and conscientiously enough, and with a soupcon of kindness, to satisfy the good mothers, who will see to it that the bad mothers – in one's heart or memory – lose out or just disappear. This is a credible restatement of the Girl Scout Promise: "On my honor I will try to do my duty to God and my country, to help other people at all times, and to obey the Girl Scout laws" (*Handbook* 1955: 5). It also finds direct expression in the Girl Scout Hymn, sung to the tune of "The Church's One Foundation," its music by Samuel S. Wesley, 1810-1876, and its words by Samuel J. Stone, 1839-1900.

*O Father, we would bring thee a Scoutship strong and true,
A life of loving service and struggle well won through,
A Scoutship that the Master would surely love to see
Of utter self-surrender and spotless purity.
O knit us all together as "Little Friends" of all
And make us always ready to help up those who fall.*

*As Scouts we must be trusted, to others to do good.
God bless and teach and strengthen the Girl Scout sisterhood.
And so to Thee O Captain as loyal Scouts we come
And ask that Thou wilt lead us till Scouting days are done.
We face tomorrow's warfare strong in Thy strength alone.
Look down and bless our Scoutship for we would be Thine Own.
Amen*

IV: Whether Virgin or Reconstructed, Wilderness Is Still Wilderness

The journey from Hilltop to the Dining Hall at Camp Henry F. Koch in the summer of 1958, as Sandy remembers it: “Leaving the unit you plunged down a sharply angled path of beaten earth that twisted around. In less than a minute, even in bright daylight, you couldn’t see the place you had left, only the forest.”

Clay described how tall trees at Camp Koch clung to the steep hillsides, where thorny underbrush and thick vines made it dark, even gloomy at times, in bright daylight. Some of those exuberant vines were, of course, poison ivy, poison oak, or poison sumac. There were mosquitoes, although not that many by day. The air was thick with Southern Indiana humidity; many campers and counselors tucked a bandana into a pocket, to wipe faces or other sweaty areas. It was customary to wear a cap or hat, to keep ticks out of their hair. The sock requirement had to do with poison ivy and

healthy feet, more than ticks, according to Clay. Moving anywhere on foot at that time of year was like entering a curtain of moisture, and then going from one curtain to another, a never-ending series of curtains. Camp Koch's Lake Bilvador was below the steep slope, still unseen, and equally unseen, south of the lake, the Ohio River moved along in its deceptively languid-seeming course.

"After a number of twists and turns" – Sandy's description again – "your way down met another path coming from the right, and joined it, widening somewhat. That path came from New Unit, later called Frontier, from Pioneer, vacant that summer, and from the former CIT unit, later to be known as Woodhaven."

Inspiration Point, with its panoramic view of the river and the Kentucky farmlands on the river's far bank, was a place for an outing or an overnight in 1958, or a Scouts' Own, not a unit, but it had hosted a unit some years before, and would become the site of Woodhaven starting the summer of 1960. Camp Koch, according to Sandy, Kit, and Clay, had a policy of letting designated units remain vacant, dormant, for a few years, to recover from the inevitable overuse and wear of their footpaths and common areas.

"Now there are steps just past that point of the joining of the paths, formed by blocks of wood terracing the ground in steeper places. You keep winding around and descending, taking a hair-pin left between two huge rocks, and continuing to the left

along a red-brick wall – Lehman’s Folly – that shores up the slope and, against an outcropping of rock, forms a reservoir for holding water. Then there are actual wood plank stairs going down, a glimpse of the lake and the back of the rustic, dark wood Staff House. Then the path climbs again to arrive at the Dining Hall from below, without the walker being able to see the Dining Hall until almost upon it. 15 minutes down, this path. 30 minutes up. Even veterans of several weeks at Camp Koch huffed and puffed, making the climb back up.” This completes Sandy’s description.

Housing in Trailblazer, Hilltop, and Frontier consisted of foursome tents with wood plank floors for up to 24 campers, and in Woodhaven foursome tents without floors for 12. The tents in Trailblazer and Hilltop had wood frames, not actual walls, but they were able to provide some structure. Staff tents were foursome tents, occupied by two counselors each; counselors spent the entire summer at camp, more than eight weeks, and needed the space. The number of tents varied for Blue Wells, where campers set up their own two-person Round-up tents, tents where you could stand up in the very center, but with no floors. In CIT campers lived as if in Frontier. They spent quite a lot of their time helping out in the other units, as apprentices and trainees. Pioneer, slightly downhill from Woodhaven, and definitely within earshot, was a unit that was resting – vacant -- all but two of the summers the Eagle Feather Clan attended Camp Koch as campers. The other units were far enough from each other that neither

light nor sound carried from one to the other, or practically never. That was precisely the point of setting them up in the places they occupied.

Why go to the bother and considerable added expense of setting up so many living places, the units, and so separate, even distant, from each other? Partly it came from growing research in the 1930's and after into children's developmental stages (VanSlyck 2006: 31) and from an understanding of group dynamics. Recent research has revealed the many scientifically sound conclusions camp planners intuited, when they set up the unit system, conclusions about how groups of children function. Thompson's laws of group life, as stated in his 2001 book (Thompson 2001: 80-96), are as follows: 1) Be like your peers; 2) Belong to a group, even if it's the out-group; 3) Allow the group to define your identity; 4) Accept the fact that your only identity is the one in the group; 5) Find your place in the group hierarchy, where you must have a role to play.

According to the evolutionary geneticists cited in Francis Fukuyama's ambitious new book, *The Origins of Political Order* (Intro.), the human brain's structure accommodates group living, social living, in the company of other humans. Hobbes, Locke, and Rousseau, among other 18th century thinkers, whose theories are implicit in American founding documents, thought early humans were solitary, and only seized

upon group life to use it like a tool to get each loner what he wanted. Fukuyama reports that recent theorists disagree.

And what forms did cooperation take in those early groups, according to Fukuyama? Kinship mutual support along with reciprocal altruism; tit for tat, is another way to describe the latter system. But to set up an exchange of favors, as in the tit for tat system, you need to know who the reliable people are, the ones who will keep their promises to reciprocate. To do that requires a large brain, and language, and abstraction to some extent, and soon you have a human hunter-gatherer society strikingly similar to a number of such societies of today (loc. 11989ff). Fukuyama makes it clear that loner humans were the exception, among primeval humans, not the rule. Groups were an intrinsic part of life, not a tool to use; joining with others temporarily, on a one-time basis, to hunt bigger prey, for example, and then dissolve the group, that is not what Fukuyama's book describes. On the other hand, such groups were clearly survival-enhancing for those early humans, or there would be no scientists of today doing the research that led to this conclusion. There can be little doubt that this particular research itself, while on the cusp of tomorrow technically, and with its basis in the latest findings in genetics, also took place in a group environment.

The way to inculcate ethics, respect for other people, respect for trees and wildlife, diligence, cheerfulness, helpfulness, and other positive values is to influence

the groups, according to Thompson (Thompson 2001: 80-96); the idea is to help children form groups that value the right things and tap into their better nature. One harnesses the power of the groups to further children's development and growth. Camp planners may have initiated the unit plan with a vague desire to prevent larger, stronger campers from bullying others, or to keep campers in age-segregated groups for age-appropriate program purposes, but their designing went farther than that. Here is where the major difference between troop camping and the Girl Scout residential camp system comes in. Troops include campers in a range of ages, although generally in Girl Scout troops today there is only a three-year age range.

Kit on units June 20, 2011: "I find it difficult even today to imagine a functioning residential camp without units. I looked at units at camp much like the different grades in school – each with its challenges and its tasks, according to the level the campers had reached or were supposed to reach. Age-based seemed normal."

Girl Scouts do go on troop campouts, of course; their troops encompass a wider range of ages than the units at established camp normally do. But in the summer, when they go to residential camp, Girl Scouts sign up and attend as individuals. Scouts in need of financial assistance get camperships. Girls who are not even in Girl Scouts sometimes attend Girl Scout residential camp. Often parents arrange for their daughters to attend the same session as one or more friends. Campers arrive, however,

having left neighborhood playgroups, school groups, church groups, even scout troop groups behind them. They do not arrive in nicely pre-ordered groups that have been seeing and interacting with each other in troop meetings or at school or church for months or even years, groups with an already finely honed, long-established pecking order. Some girls may know one or two other girls in the generally age-based unit, but not necessarily.

Groups will form after the session at camp begins. In that way the identity or role each camper assumes tends to function a bit like the camp names of the counselors and some older campers – there is room for self-reinvention and creativity. To participate in a group, girls must manage to meet their needs for recognition and power while following the sameness and role-playing rules listed above (see Thompson). If campers attend camp as individuals, not as troop members participating in troops, though, a window of opportunity opens up for new authority figures to exert a positive influence, because the groups will not have not formed yet when the campers arrive at camp.

In this way the arriving campers are like immigrants entering a new land, maneuvering to include themselves in something important, something they can't exist without – a group. But they are open to external influence just at that point, too. Fortunately a positive influence is near them – their counselor, mature and protective,

but not formidable or stern, and definitely stronger, more capable, and much more charming than any kid around. She is the Peter Pan, the somewhat more charming and kindly version of Baba Yaga or Frau Holle, who will teach them to fly. Of course they will learn in a group. According to Thompson (Thompson 2001: 177), in a newly formed group, high-achieving girls, those who were in an out-group before, can get respect. It's a functional thing, based on what the group does and what its members need.

It seems logical that in a crowd of one hundred campers, milling around without regard to age or camping skills, benign counselor-generated personal magnetism would be considerably more diffuse and thus more difficult to bring to bear. A counselor's influence might seem less important than more forceful, perhaps even ruthless, role models younger campers might locate from among older campers.

Units of 14 to 24 campers and two to four counselors are more manageable in size than kid-crowds of fifty or a hundred. The unit plan increases safety as well as supervision. Assigning particular campers to particular counselors eliminates questions about who is responsible for whom. Sandy reports that usually at Camp Koch there was one counselor for each eight campers in a unit, for safety, for management, and for program. Camp Keewaydin, a private boys' camp, reports having a counselor-to-camper ratio that works out to be more like six to one, on average; it has wigwams

instead of units, all within eyesight of each other, with 60 or so boys per wigwam. (This arrangement would put Keewaydin into the “cabin camping” model of this study; Keewaydin specializes in canoe trips.)

A large unit at Camp Koch, such as Hilltop, with more than twenty campers, usually had three or four counselors. Units might have had one or more waterfront counselors residing there as well, helpful in the evenings or at times when waterfront duties did not require their presence, but not necessarily heavily involved in the program, the campers’ activities, or their chores or duties.

Patty S., today a highly respected Evansville politician, remembers group values at Girl Scout camp – one which used the unit plan like nearly all established Girl Scout camps -- that differed in major ways from the values at school, for example. “Back then in the Fifties girls had to be – cute in a certain way, attractive to boys, fashionably dressed, flirtatious. Camp provided relief from that pressure. At camp I didn’t have to turn myself into anything. I could be me. We all had different skills. For many of us it was really developmental. I wasn’t outdoorsy but I learned a lot and always looked forward to Girl Scout camp. No one griped about chores. You had fun. It didn’t matter who your tent-mates were. You got along. For many of us it was freedom, with help at hand if we needed it. ... Parents were more likely to criticize, counselors to instruct, encourage.”

Sir Thomas More put it like this: “Wherefore I consider with myself and weigh in my mind the wise and godly ordinances of the Utopians, among whom with very few laws all things are so well and wealthily ordered, that virtue is well and properly rewarded and esteemed, and yet, all things being held in common, every [one] has abundance in everything (64).” Perhaps the Utopian nationality is the new nationality one acquires through the immigration-like process of going to Girl Scout camp.

V. But Who Will Do the Dishes?

Some signs, however, point to this lofty, idealistic, multi-purpose system of units at summer residential camp as having begun in a disagreement about dishwashing. One of the major reasons for sending boys to summer camp, in the early 20th century, was concern for their health due to living in polluted cities, first of all, and in a major way, concern that over-refinement and pampering at home were crippling their masculinity (Van Slyck 2006: 129, 131). As a result anything that looked like what was traditionally women’s work was something camp planners were reluctant to assign to boys at summer camp. Boy Scouts at summer camp in the early years, and to an extent still today, ate in a mess hall-style environment, with a cafeteria line for serving, long tables for sitting and eating, and the dishwashing – well, the boys lined up again to do that, passing in single file along a row of buckets filled with wash water and rinse

water; each had the task of washing his own dishes (Van Slyck 2006: 129, 137). Kitchen police, or KP as it was known in the military, included washing the dishes of others, as well as one's own; it was sometimes an assigned duty for boys at camp, and sometimes a punishment. After all, it was women's work, and therefore degrading, in terms of that era's thinking, but less so, evidently, if you washed only the dishes you had used yourself.

Scout camps, for girls or boys, followed a military model in many respects, prior to the major paradigm shifts starting in the 1920's and continuing after that. Scouting from its inception included ranks, patrols, patrol leaders, badges, awards, salutes, and – in the summer camps during the WWI era – military-seeming schedules and activities. Boy Scouts used this model and Girl Scouts used it, too. Before that – before World War I – Girl Scout summer camping had been a much less formal affair, its program and activities more dependent on the skills and interests of the individual volunteer Girl Scout leaders than on any kind of centralized planning (Miller 2001: 5). The military model that replaced it included a designated bugler Girl Scout who learned 12 different calls to summon campers to a host of precisely scheduled activities from reveille to taps, including “mess call” for breakfast, personal and tent inspection, drill and assembly, calisthenics, and a morning swim lasting exactly five minutes. The afternoon was similarly hedged about with scheduled activities; two key skills were drilling, i.e. marching, and semaphore signaling (Miller 2001: 81).

Kit, who was born in 1939, commented on the salute: "I remember feeling deprived when we could no longer salute the flag with our salute. When we had to go to the civilian salute it was a disappointment. We were just like everybody else then. The Brownie salute was two fingers to the brow, if we were in uniform, and two fingers with the hand held upright, and the inside of the hand facing the flag, if we were not. The Girl Scout salute was three fingers, otherwise the same."

Back to dishwashing – Girl Scout officials had other ideas for the girls in their organization about such an important domestic chore as dishwashing. Hygiene was, after all, in the feminine realm, the mother's realm in the family; lining up to dunk one's own dishes into a bucket and go on – this was completely unsatisfactory and so very truly not the way things should be. Women's (gendered) sense of orderliness would not tolerate such a procedure, or so they thought. Meal preparation and all the attendant tasks would come to define the girls' role as mothers – sloppiness was the enemy. Proper dishwashing required, demanded, order and method (Van Slyck 2006: 137).

As a result of the Girl Scout emphasis on accustoming girls to their future roles as mothers, the mess hall itself faded in Girl Scout established summer camps; long military-style tables became smaller tables headed by a counselor, where girls served themselves family style – family became the prevailing icon at mealtimes -- from

serving bowls designated hoppers had brought to the table. Being hopper was a rotating duty; hoppers at the end of the meal also carried the scraped dishes to the dishwashing station, where a group of campers, also handling a rotating duty, washed, rinsed, and dried the dishes according to a set protocol (Van Slyck 2006: 129, 134-157, Miller 2001: 161).

A family-like atmosphere, not a military one, prevailed at the Camp Koch dining hall tables for up to ten campers, under the eyes of counselors sitting at the head and foot, who wielded charm, ritual ("white flags and table fairies"), and gentle reminders, coaxing campers to use correct etiquette. Passing the serving bowls correctly – left to right and hand over hand -- was a skill that younger campers sometimes practiced in their units after Camp Koch's Opening Night campfires. One waited until the head of the table took the first bite to begin eating. There were other rules. The very idea of throwing food, wasting food, or otherwise making a mess would have constituted disgraceful disrespect for important resources – nutrition itself! – hence was unthinkable. Food fights may have occurred at some Girl Scout camps at some point, but Sandy, Clay, and the others remembered witnessing exactly none at Camp Koch in the 1958-1970 time period.

There was not a complete absence of Camp Koch Dining Hall pranks, however; one summer when Jello appeared far too often at mealtime to suit some campers and

counselors, a number of containers of Jello disappeared late one night from the Dining Hall kitchen cupboards. The thief remained unknown, although Kit got the blame. That happened the summer of 1959, when she was an Assistant Unit Leader (AUL) in Hilltop; rumor has it that Kit knows who the Jello thief was, but did not herself cause the maligned substance to disappear. Some say the missing Jello reappeared after a few days, but perhaps camp management merely replaced it and went on.

Sandy, who served as camp director and for many years as the CFO dealing with Camp Koch from the Girl Scout Council perspective, said (on January 23, 2010): "Food fights did happen at Camp Koch, but very rarely, less than once a summer on average, and nearly always among counselors, although nearby campers might opt in. They were underground activities all the way. With Girl Scouts it's a matter of wasted food and disrespect for resources, as well as manners. On the other hand there were indeed water fights in the Dining Hall at the time of washing up after meals; a designated unit, including the counselors, would have that duty in turn." One speculates that again counselors might have been the primary mischief-makers, well aware that on hot summer days the evidence of water fights would disappear rather quickly.

"A Girl Scout camp is the living of Girl Scouting. Its atmosphere must express courtesy, gentleness, self-discipline, sharing, dependability, independence, and happiness," said Louise Price, Secretary of the Girl Scout National Camp Committee, on

her 1923 inspection tour of 20-some Girl Scout summer camps. Price disapproved of the military paradigm at camp, urging instead that, even in otherwise flawless camps, the true dwelling places, the places the campers slept, must be as woodsy and scenic as possible, rather than barracks (Van Slyck 2006: 20-21). This was Girl Scout doctrine, as close to one of the Ten Commandments as one could imagine. Residential camp under the military paradigm tended to suffer from the predominance of buildings, like a little city transferred into the woodsy setting, when the stated object of being at camp, according to Girl Scout policy and doctrine, was to grow closer to nature. Closeness to nature would allow all the campers' best qualities to emerge, was the theory, not because of some specific skill the campers acquired, or some accomplishment, but because of the nearness itself. They were inside something wondrous. Campers needed to get deeply into the wild, therefore barracks-style housing in cabins clustered around a central point had to go (Miller 2001: 96). This was never a problem at Camp Koch, because by the time of its founding, in the early 1940's, barracks-style housing at most Girl Scout residential camps had already passed from the scene. The trend never existed at Camp Koch.

Life Magazine, that icon of pre-1980s American values and mainstream thought, introduced the new Girl Scout image on its cover on November 6, 1923, in a painting by Norman Rockwell, that most quintessential of American popular artists. It is entitled "Good Scouts." It features a uniformed Girl Scout in the foreground and a shadowy

figure in the background. The Girl Scout is pretty and smiling, in the spotlight as far as the lighting of the painting is concerned. The other Scout – his figure is so shadowy one might miss him altogether -- is a scout from America's last frontier, tall, lean, and grim, with a rifle in his hands. He is standing behind the brightly lit girl, and perhaps doing so in the figurative sense as well, looking out for her, because she will be the vanguard of new pioneers, a "good scout," looking toward the future with a confident smile (Miller 2001: 50).

This second paradigm shift, beginning in 1923 with Price's inspection tour, formed the new image of Girl Scouts at camp, no longer the girl-soldier, and continued into the post-WWII period, away from the military model, away from rigid schedules, away from mess halls, away from centralized buildings, sleeping quarters, and facilities. Away from the mess-hall style of eating and dishwashing, one can never forget. The new archetype, that of the pioneer woman, close to nature, strong, independent, well-organized, and responsible, took the place of the old military model (Miller 2001: 96, Van Slyck 2006: 81). At Camp Koch campers slept in six little tent villages in the forest, far up in the hills above the Dining Hall, mostly. These were the individual units; cabins or barracks never existed there. The paradigm shift was micro as well as macro; each unit had its own outdoor campfire location, storage for kitchen equipment and supplies, latrine, kerosene lanterns, first aid kit, and running water. Units did not have electricity, and according to various sources as recent as 2013, do not have it today.

The Dining Hall kitchen was certainly high tech, but the main idea of Girl Scout residential camp, and particularly the unit plan, was to get the youngsters out into the natural landscape, where it just naturally got very dark at night, away from the area around the Dining Hall and infirmary. Kit's friend Tabby directs a church-sponsored children's after-school center and leads Girl Scout troops in Memphis. After visiting Camp Koch, but not while it was in session, for the first time in May of 2009, Tabby returned to Memphis and described the units of Camp Koch, still without electric hook-ups or electric lighting of any kind, except in the shelter and hot shower location between Hilltop and Frontier. People in the Memphis Girl Scout office, people connected with summer camps, reacted with astonishment. It was as if Camp Koch were preserved in a time machine image.

VI. The Military Model of Scouting and Girl Heroism

A 1947 Girl Scout publication detailed an under-reported positive side of the so-called militarism of earlier Girl Scouting, casting a favorable, even heroic light onto it. It had to do with the Second World War. *Brave Girls: The Story of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides in the Underground* (GS-USA 1947) tells the story of Girl Scouts, Guides, and even Brownies who played a heroic part during the occupation of most of Europe by German armed forces. Scout training, especially Scout training in summer camp, was the

backbone of the resistance efforts these girls made, sometimes with huge success. They survived in concentration camps and prisoner of war camps and helped others survive; some even escaped. A French teenager made her way on foot alone to Switzerland after escaping from imprisonment, steering by the stars and the sun, as she had learned at Girl Scout camp, eluding occupation forces. Girl Scouts and Guides became members of “free youth groups” across Europe; occupation forces took them seriously enough that many did not survive to tell their stories themselves. In occupied Poland intrepid Polish Girl Scouts saw to it that patriotic graffiti showed up mysteriously on major buildings and that enemy flags and symbols disappeared from view now and then. These girls bombed power plants to keep German forces from using them. They fought in the gallant last-ditch efforts to defend Warsaw, their Czech sisters alongside Boy Scouts from street to street in the last defense of Prague. A brave Brownie, never captured, served as an interpreter for English and American airmen shot down in the Netherlands, guiding them to resistance forces able to help them further. She was ten years old at the time.

Thus, no matter how alien or antiquated the military-style rigidity of the former paradigm might have seemed, Girl Scout decision-makers were unwilling to abandon the ideals of valor and self-sufficiency intrinsic to the image of the girl-soldier. They saw the image of the pioneer woman, the new icon, as heroic, skilled, and yet caring and family-oriented at the same time. This was the image that would bring the girls

back to their own quintessentially American heritage; the vehicle Girl Scout planners chose to accomplish this task was the natural landscape of the camp (Miller 2001: 94). “One must begin with landscape if one is to end with soul” was the key statement in the 1930 Girl Scout publication *When You Hike* (*When You Hike* 1938: 5). Camp became, or in some decision-makers’ minds, remained, the center of Girl Scouting, but the paramilitary features, with their aura of unreasoning obedience and rigidity, had to go.

The natural landscape would call forth a girl’s “natural” patriotism, was the idea, along with other intrinsically positive qualities, all of which were waiting to be awakened in each girl’s psyche. This study’s informant Smeady is fond of repeating that Camp Koch’s organizers were women of the highest ideals. Girls who entered this realm found themselves in a Utopian version of the natural world, Utopian also in the sense that systematizing, organizing, and planning were indeed involved. Helen Van Slyck, the art historian, describes established camps based on the manner in which their infrastructure reflects their worldview. She calls this phenomenon a “manufactured wilderness” in her 2006 book bearing this phrase in the title. It was a protective as well as protected environment; the natural world in its unconstructed state was and is also capable of being cruel, but Camp Koch’s campers would not encounter that side very often. Camp Koch encompassed the beautiful Blue Wells waterfall, pool, and spring, which, according to Sandy, had once been the centerpiece of a public park. Blue Wells became Camp Koch’s primitive unit. After the addition of 350 acres in the mid-1950’s

Camp Koch contained quite a few areas that had been farmers' fields, quietly returning to the forest that had once covered them, becoming absorbed into the dark green shadows that characterized most of the camp. Another landmark inside Camp Koch's borders was the Amphitheater, a former stone quarry. The camp was not lost to civilization – instead it cultivated its own civilization and culture, including its own myths.

VII. A Foundational Trickster Tale: The Camp Koch Ranger

Camp infrastructure, for the Girl Scouts, at least, often included a caretaker's lodge (Van Slyck 2006: 34-35), but at Camp Koch there was no caretaker as such; instead there was the camp ranger. The first ranger the Eagle Feather members knew, Mr. Art Mason, became the stuff of legend, leading into the realm of myth. There are countless Camp Koch ranger stories. Mr. Mason was so highly respected that campers often became shy and tongue-tied in his presence. During a time when Girl Scout Council Executive Directors lived a long way away, in Evansville, and had extensive work that kept them there, Mr. Mason served as the face of the camp to its neighbors, the land-owners nearby.

His successor ranger's wife retold Art's story of how a property owner, ready to sell 350 acres adjacent to the existing camp's boundaries, to add to the 150 acres Mr.

Koch originally gave the Girl Scouts, went with his offer to Art Mason, the man he knew and respected, to make the deal. The seller was a bit odd; even other neighbors thought so. "Pig" Ramsay gave Art the first refusal of the property, if the payment procedures matched his conditions – a cash-only deal, with the transaction taking place at Mr. Ramsay's home with only Art Mason and the Girl Scout Executive Director present.

Neighbors for years had been known to remark that their cars, on those country roads, tended to become full of a certain scent when approaching within three miles of the Ramsay farm, the tell-tale smell of swine. Mr. Ramsay was also well known for allowing the prize-winning pigs he raised to wander freely into and out of the house where he and his family lived. Eccentric, indeed. As the story goes, Art Mason warned the E.D. to wear galoshes to the signing. The E.D., however, felt it incumbent on her to dress with dignity; as a result she did not look very dignified at all wobbling on high heels across muck-covered boards that formed a sort of walkway leading from the pigs' outdoor territory to their indoor territory – the house. The sale went ahead without incident, as far as anyone knows, but Mr. Mason had in the process acquired a great story to tell. Perhaps the E.D. listened in the future when Art made footwear suggestions, but that is unknown.

What remains unstated in this story -- because everyone knew and accepted it as a fact, similar to the fact of sunrise and sunset -- is that Art Mason took on the role of leader and negotiator in the neighbors' eyes. Without the respect he earned from the neighboring property owners that land offer might never have happened at all. His was the continuous presence, the authoritative presence, at the camp in all four seasons of the year. He also stood tall in every way with the campers and counselors; heavily muscled like Arnold Schwarzenegger, he stood only about 5'4" tall in his socks. Everyone who knew him, including all the Eagle Feather members and most of the Kochies old enough to have been there then, agrees that Camp Koch in those days would be unthinkable without Mr. Mason.

It was Mr. Mason's custom to deal with potential trespassers, in and out of residential camp season, by buying them off in his subtle, thrifty way. He hired the neighboring farmers' teenage sons at very low wages to patrol areas near the camp to root out trespassers, Sandy reported approvingly, and they did their job well. It was their business now to fend off those who might invade the camp's territory, whether intentionally or not, and they did. Otherwise the camp's boundaries remained to a great extent unmarked. It would be hard for someone with a grudge against the Girl Scouts to find his way in. The neighbors also kept a watchful eye out for intruders onto their own land, whether it was adjacent or not. The system worked well.

VII: Latrines, Bugs, and Snakes, Oh My!

Van Slyck mentions sanitary arrangements improving in many camps in the 1950's when authorities installed plumbing and flush toilets, as well as hot showers (Van Slyck 2006: 159, 165). Things at Camp Koch proceeded a bit differently, although the unit system meant that basic arrangements for everyday living, including toileting and washing, had to remain available in the individual units, which were, like good units should be, far removed from central areas of the camp. Sandy, on January 23, 2010, put it like this: "When you live on a huge rock, and Camp Koch is basically a huge cliff overlooking the Ohio, you can't put in septic tanks." Landscape triumphed over modern appliances. Camp planners installed latrines with running water for hand washing and other ablutions, and in the years 1958-1970, shower facilities as well, using well water, frequently tested, for washing as well as drinking and cooking. There were definitely pipes and pumps, just not as many as would have been necessary for flush toilets, and not deep underground.

Sandy: "Each unit had a latrine. That's a military term. Girl Scouting used it everywhere for this particular thing. It's a word many Girl Scouts heard for the first time at camp. This convenience, if not located in Girl Scout camp and not set up for a group of campers, would be called an outhouse." In the latter 1960's the camp

infirmary had a flush toilet. About that same time Camp Koch's Koehneman Shelter, located between Hilltop and Frontier, had installed electric lights, hot showers, and flush toilets, as well as picnic tables and the like. Veteran campers such as Clay liked the hot showers but worried that camp was getting too soft, too modern.

Latrines, functional but humble, with two or three booths for toileting, also had a trough-like basin with running water, cold only, for washing and tooth brushing. Tanks under the latrine seats held what landed there until trucks came around to remove the contents and take it away to dispose of it in the correct, legally compliant, sanitary way. Grey water left over after washing or bathing went through a rock and gravel filter and returned to the land. Always, however, camp staff and local authorities tested the well water frequently, for safety. According to Sandy, Clay, and Kit, that well water was cold, very cold. One could easily get light-headed from shampooing with it. Campers took showers in the middle of the day, even on days when the air temperature was well into the 90's, to deal with the thermal shock.

Sandy: "Above-ground black pipe brought water from the well-house in Hilltop or the one across from the original boat dock by the Ranger's house [below the Dining Hall on the east side of the lake]. There was a booster pump between the upper and lower well-houses. ... I hated the old showers, though. They were bitterly cold. That well was very deep, especially the upper well, in Hilltop, and very cold all year long."

The reactions of campers were as might be expected. Many disliked latrines, considering them to be smelly, and potentially full of insects or even snakes. Bugs and snakes were often-repeated fears at camp. Clay: "I adjusted to latrines, bugs, and poison ivy. Everybody did. If I saw any snakes, I don't remember it. The adjustment process went so well, in fact, that I have absolutely no memory of it taking place at all. Like any number of campers, I suppose I was afraid of the rain, the dark, and the sounds the trees make in the breeze, too, until I learned to love these things, and even go around after dark – although I wasn't supposed to – with my flashlight turned off. You see a lot more that way."

Routine chores at Camp Koch, called "kapers," can enter the picture now. Carried out in groups to eliminate any Cinderella-like situations, kapers rotated, to keep dreariness at bay as well. Counselors dropped by while campers did kapers to comment on or provide advice about the tasks; Clay remembers them as cheerful encouragers and enforcers. There were three categories of kapers, tent kapers, unit kapers, and all-camp kapers, mostly focusing on the Dining Hall.

"We got so we hardly noticed we were doing tent kapers," Clay said. "It became sort of automatic to tidy our own tent, and in Blue Wells that meant reinforcing the trenches that surrounded our two-person tents to channel rain away from the inside, instead of right down through the middle. In the summers before Blue Wells we used

the unit's brooms to sweep out the tents, which meant we had to pick up the dirty clothes, shoes and socks, craft items, and other things and put them away somewhere, in a suitcase or a bag."

"During my years at Camp Koch we went from sleeping in blanket rolls called bedrolls to actual sleeping bags – these were better for bed making and those were better for comfort, warmth, and portability."

"Every year after the campers left there were quite a few stray socks left at the camp. We had to wear socks when we were there. Shirts, shorts, towels, underwear, or dungarees, all got name labels; bras were expensive – you didn't want to lose them. Socks often went astray in ones as well as twos, and mostly resembled each other closely. Every year, I'm told, fifty or more stray socks remained at the camp."

"So, tent kapers – usually we did them after breakfast, and then went on to unit kapers right afterwards. Unit kapers follow from tent kapers, and so it tends to seem like part of the same process. Tents had four campers each, and we did unit campers with our own tent-mates, so that part seemed the same as well. Specific duties rotated, to make sure things turned out fairly. Duties included sweeping or raking the paths in the unit, cleaning the kerosene lanterns, gathering firewood for the unit's ready supply, and cleaning the latrine."

“Counselors taught us how to do each set of kapers,” Clay went on, “including where to locate the necessary equipment and supplies, where to put them when we were finished, and how to use them and clean them. They dropped by to visit us and keep us going, so some of us didn’t goof off at the expense of others. Kerosene lanterns require refilling with fuel, and their glass chimneys get coated with black soot. I remember cleaning them with newsprint or paper towels.”

And the least favorite kapers?

“Well, that would be cleaning the latrine. The smell bothered you some when you used the latrine, but when you were cleaning it, you hung around and suffered longer. The stronger smells of the cleaning stuff, the disinfectant, and the lime we threw down where the stink came from, never overcame the latrine smell, not completely. Sometimes these things seemed to make it worse. Like our tents the latrines were home to some insects, too; quite a few campers needed bucking up to clean out the corners of the wooden structure with brooms, wipe them down, then clear out the corners where the bugs hung out. There were crickets living in Woodhaven’s latrine. For me cockroaches were the worst – even seeing one made me uncomfortable. But nobody wanted to be a squeamish sissy with other campers around to see it.”

“Anyway we scrubbed the inside areas of the latrine, those that we could reach, with disinfectant, using scrub brushes and sponges. We scrubbed the wash basins and

latrine booths and their doors and benches. And we replaced the toilet paper rolls as needed.”

“Gathering wood was my favorite kaper when I lived in Main Camp. You went out into the woods – with a buddy, of course – to look for suitably dry, dead tinder, kindling, and fuel.”

“At Blue Wells we all had our fill of wood gathering, because we prepared in our outdoor kitchen under the cliff, over by the pool, all our meals every day, and that used so much wood we never really stopped gathering it. We had to range far and wide to find it – that was the good part –and drag quite a lot of it back to our unit, which was not so much fun. I preferred the unit kaper of moving the latrine.”

“We situated our own latrine in Blue Wells, dug the hole, lashed the seat we used, and dismantled it when it was time to move to another location. Taking down such a latrine was easy, and filling in the hole was a matter of minutes, just replacing the dirt we had hollowed out in the first place. We had to mark the spot, so that no one would put a latrine there for a year or two, or during the time the mark lasted. Latrines at Blue Wells were in the open air, an appropriate distance from our living areas, and not in places that would drain into the well or spring. They didn’t smell at all. There were no insects or other dwellers in corners or nooks and crannies, because there were no walls. But we had to move the latrine every three or four days. Exploring around

for a new latrine location got me out in the woods, with a buddy of course, and without firewood to shlep. It was a delightful chore, prowling around in the undergrowth, among the trees, looking for a new, suitably secluded spot far enough from the waterfall and spring course so as not to drain into them."

"All-camp kapers centered on the Dining Hall; units did them in turn, as a rotating all-camp kaper chart specified. Duties included cleaning the latrine nearest to the Dining Hall and infirmary, serving as hoppers for meals, or as sudzers for afterwards. Counselors helped us and kept us on task. It's Sandy who talks about companionship at camp; she doesn't have siblings near her own age. I enjoyed the comradeship, too, because my younger sister, near my own age, drove me crazy at home. With fellow campers there was no emotional baggage, no old grudges, no rivalry. We just had fun. By the time I got to Blue Wells I had given up my stoic, expressionless face and solemn non-participation. Camp had become safe ground. It happened in one big step the Woodhaven summer, and before that, by stages, in the lake. The buddy system was just that; no one was choosy or picky about asking another camper to join in in doing something, because we all understood that the goal was to get things done, not to win a popularity contest, but rather just an impersonal requirement. Funny, how comforting something completely impersonal, a safety thing, nothing more, can work out to be in real life."

VIII. Pilgrimages and the Wild

So what, again, is the value of traditional summer camp, the kind that does not try to push any agenda except the one about living in the out of doors and getting close to nature? Jim Rasenberger, a former camper and father of campers, explained some of it in 2008: "Independent from parental expectations and school year pressures, liberated from high-tech paraphernalia and status-defining accessories [and from elaborate hair-style and fashion-related rituals, in the case of girl campers], children at camp form true bonds with fellow campers, commune with nature, build self-confidence, and eat s'mores. What's not to love? Best of all this children's paradise makes kids into better human beings (Rasenberger 2008:20)."

Rasenberger saw residential – and traditional – summer camp as the cure for the over-civilization, over-pampering, that came along at a time when America's last frontiers had disappeared, as a carefully vetted substitute (Rasenberger 2008: 23). Children are not smaller versions of adults, nor are they helpless babies, as his article reminds its readers. For him as a father of campers and as a former camper, camp mattered and mattered deeply, as an effective parallel to book-learning and techno-learning, and above all as a powerful developmental tool. In a time when American culture is overwhelmingly city culture and techno-culture, camp offers an alternative

hard to find anywhere else; this is Rasenberger's thesis. "Camp still offers a deeper immersion in nature than that which American children are likely to experience anywhere else," (Rasenberger 2008: 24). And if in the process of this in-depth encounter with nature, the children also learn a few skills as well, for him that is the icing on the cake (Rasenberger 2008: 20-25).

The notion of finding oneself or renewing one's life by immersing oneself in the wilderness, natural surroundings, or deep woods is an ancient trope, typified in the American context by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Henry David Thoreau, those disciples of German Classicism and Romanticism, intellectual and artistic movements that sought life's meaning and a form of solace in wild Nature. George Washington, too, is reputed to have looked at forests and trees as redemptive influences. Thoreau in his Walden Pond retreat visited specific trees that he saw as friends or friend-substitutes. Although earlier generations in Europe had looked at the forest as a fearful place – as in the Hansel and Gretel story – the American Daniel Boone myth asserted in many anecdotes, some of them certainly apocryphal, that the great explorer preferred wilderness to town. George Perkins Marsh's book *Man and Nature* began a conservationist movement in 19th century America; he thought trees figured as part of an eco-system vital to the survival of human beings. Marsh faced accusations that he was against development and industry – they were accurate. He was (Rutkow 2012: 63, 78-81).

Amy's Story of a Broken Arm at Camp and No Fear

Amy provided the story of her broken arm on June 13, 2011, by phone. Her tone throughout remained meek and calm, even though her account is peppered with first person singular pronouns. She is not boasting, but rather asserting a sense of belonging at the camp, even when she might have asked to return home. Excerpts follow.

“I was 12 years old when I broke my arm at Camp Koch. I was in Frontier. [It was Amy's second summer at Camp Koch.] But we had had rain, and I was walking down the path from my tent -- I was in a tent with Freddie and two others -- and slipped, and I caught myself with my right arm and I broke it: one break in the forearm, one bone not both, about 1 ½ inches above my wrist. I knew something was wrong and went to the counselor right away. It didn't hurt very much. It was like a crack. I had never broken anything before.... The counselor (name forgotten) took me down the hill, and I think I was transported to the hospital in Tell City. We went into the hospital. The hospital staff X-rayed my arm and the camp nurse told me it was broken. My parents had been informed and had authorized my arm being set there. I was not afraid and quite comfortable ... ”

“My parents came that evening and we talked in the [camp’s] infirmary where I was sleeping and my parents went back home and I stayed at camp. I do not remember anybody saying – “Do you want to go home?” and I was happy to stay at camp. The nurse was a mom and had two the little girls who lived in the infirmary. They were about ages 3 and 5. The oldest one said to me, ‘Don’t you love your Mommy and your Daddy?’ after my parents left and I stayed.”

“I must have looked puzzled. The nurse filled me in; when parents came campers usually went home. After she explained, I said, ‘Yes, I love Mommy and Daddy.’ I don’t remember any swelling, aching, or discomfort.”

“They told me I would have to stay and sleep in the infirmary. I expected to go back to the unit. Staying in the infirmary precipitated my greatest problem. Somebody in my tent had had candy and had shared it with everybody in the tent. It was hard candy not chocolate. We weren’t supposed to have candy at camp. I had some in the pocket of my shorts I was wearing. That was worrisome. That was my biggest problem. When the rest of my unit came down for dinner they brought clean underwear and pajamas and of course it gets to be bedtime, and the nurse says, ‘I’ll help you (change clothes).’ And I said, ‘Oh, no!’ I did not want the nurse to find the candy and get us in trouble. So I changed my clothes myself. It was not that easy. It was side button shorts I was wearing, and the button was on the right side, but I got it

unbuttoned anyway and into my pajamas. Nobody discovered the forbidden candy, never did. ... “

“I was with the unit during the day and slept in the infirmary. As time went on I was with the unit more and more, and it was very sweet, because the second day we did some kind of activity in the Dining Hall, and looking back I’m sure the counselors arranged that so that I could be part of it.”

“Eventually I spent more and more time/activities with the unit. The fact that I had a broken arm did not seem to be a big deal to the other campers and it was not to me either. Counselors arranged things so that this worked. I felt part of the unit the whole time. ... I did stand out, a tiny bit, when we had meals; I couldn’t cut my meat. So I would ask the person next to me to cut up the meat. No one else seemed to notice. And at the end of camp I got on the bus with my stuff and went home. ... I am sure there were phone calls from camp to my parents to assure them that I was okay, but I did not talk to them until I got home. ...When was I afraid at camp? Never. I remember feeling secure. I know in Hilltop (the previous summer) I was a little homesick. I missed my parents a little bit. “

Observations regarding the above narrative might start with the way it handles agency. Few proper nouns appear in the story -- only Tell City, Mommy, Daddy, Frontier, Hilltop, Dining Hall, and Freddie – who later became an Eagle Feather

member, but was not one yet. This story took place in the summer of 1959; the Eagle Feather Clan did not come into existence until December 1960. Almost all actors, other than the first-person storyteller, enter the story as having functions instead of names. Counselors, the camp nurse, her daughters, kids, campers, parents, and hospital staff round out the *dramatis personae*. Agency shows up most frequently in the word *they*, in the phrase *there were*, and in the grammatical construction known as passive voice, which obscures the doer and concentrates on the action – in line 9 of the above account, “I was transported ...” and in line 12, “My parents had been informed...” Sentences with *they* instead of a particular doer of the action appeared in lines 14, 15, 16, 29, 35, and in line 50. Events occur without any named doer in “There were...” phrases, as in “There were phone calls...” Specific doers of actions were either Amy herself or generic, anonymous “counselors,” “the camp nurse,” or “the camp nurse’s daughters.” Who got Amy down the hill to transportation? “... the counselor (name forgotten)” in line 8.

Amy is not now, and was not then, a particularly forgetful person. Clay and Sandy are sure of this. She may have told this story quite a few times, however. She told it for this research twice, using mostly the same words both times. Sandy and Clay were both in Frontier the same summer as Amy, although not the same session; they remember the names of two unit counselors that summer – camp names, of course – Binks and Stumpy. Why all the vagueness about agency in this story, one wonders? A

possible explanation is that Amy was giving, in her assumptions as well as in her storytelling phrases, agency to quite another actor the entire time, an actor behind the scenes grammatically -- to Camp Koch itself. If so, Camp Koch would have been the rescuer, the helper, the transporter, the one who included Amy (in normal camp activities) under far from normal circumstances, as well as the one who notified the parents who showed up but did not remove Amy from the camp.

Amy makes sure the listeners understand that it was not her desire to return home early, and that in fact, she never even thought of this as an option -- or threat -- until the camp nurse's daughter asked her about it, after her parents had visited and left again without even asking Amy if she wanted to go home. There is quiet pride as well as solidarity with her fellow Frontier campers in Amy's successful struggles to keep contraband candy concealed from the nurse. That was her biggest challenge, according to her, although she also struggled to operate under the radar at meals. She notes that even though another camper had to cut up her meat, no one seemed to notice. Who helped Amy remain normal, although injured? "Counselors arranged ..." The camp itself seems to have been in charge. The word *fun* in Amy's account comes at a place where its suggested synonym -- *challenge* -- might well be its actual meaning. It comes in close contact with the word *work*, always used with respect at Camp Koch.

Amy was not afraid at any point in this sequence of events. She was neither uncomfortable nor unhappy. And she wasn't boasting in any way about what some might see as her bravery at the hospital or her resourcefulness in concealing the contraband candy. The fact that she keeps mentioning her lack of fear may be a sign she has told this story before, and to camp culture outsiders who may well have asked her, "Weren't you afraid?" Camp insiders, according to Clay and Sandy, would see nothing especially remarkable in Amy's desire to stay at camp after her hospital visit, even though she carried her arm around in a bulky cast, and the summer was hot.

In Amy's narrative the themes of concealing the contraband – the dialogue with the camp nurse -- and returning to normal camp activities – beginning with the dialogue with the nurse's daughter -- form the core. Direct speech in a narrative changes the pace, ratchets it down to the speed of pronouncing the words, and thus brings attention to the lines spoken and the events associated with those lines. When Amy returned home it was by bus with the other campers. That, along with a litany of camp-related things Amy was not afraid of, forms the narrative's coda, in Labov's terms (Labov 1972: 363).

Stories campers tell when they are immigrants, freshmen in the College of Nature, eternal newcomers in eternally-forming and coalescing social groups, are not the same stories Girl Scouts tell on troop outings with a troop leader they already know

and with fellow troop members whom they already know as well, probably from school as well as weekly scout troop meetings, and perhaps from church or Sunday school, too. Campers arriving at Girl Scout residential camp are not there as members of extant groups, but rather as solo pilgrims, at best situated so as to recognize perhaps one or two acquaintances, if that many, in their own living unit.

Sandy on newcomer stress at Camp Koch: “We saw practically no abuse of the newcomer, or if so, it was very deep under the radar. For one thing, everybody was a newcomer at the same time. When they arrive, campers get a physical [examination], put money into the Trading Post, and turn in medications to the Camp Nurse.

Counselors will already have received the list of campers assigned to each unit, and will be with their own campers through this process. Opening Night skits might have to do with the name of the unit, camp rules, and perhaps a few songs – something to bring them together. Perhaps the counselors do a skit to introduce themselves.” A dissenting voice, included in a later chapter, presents a picture of occasional exclusion/ostracism, but no physical abuse.

The similarities to Ellis Island are striking. Everybody is a newcomer. Everybody sees the health authorities. Everybody puts things in standard places, money into the Trading Post, personal stuff into the tent, and then makes the bed, or cot, rather. Above all, everything is new, and different – latrines, for example. At

Camp Koch in these years, 1958 – 1970, it was extremely rare for campers to spend two successive summers in the same unit, with the possible exception of Blue Wells, the primitive unit. No unit is located near another unit, with perhaps the exception of Pioneer, just east of and downhill from Woodhaven. Even campers from the previous summer may find few familiar faces in their unit. There are four sessions in a summer. Some campers skip a summer; Amy skipped an extremely eventful, key summer in Blue Wells (1961). Blue Wells, the primitive unit, is set up to host campers for two summers in succession, as is CIT, but by then the campers are old hands, confident at camp. According to Clay, who referred to such advanced campers as “lifers,” hardly anything bothered them by then.

Some summers the turnover in counselors was radical, so that campers looked around in vain if they wanted to wave at the counselors they remembered from the summer before; Kit remembers that she acquired the Dining Hall song leader gig her second summer at Camp Koch, because other counselors were new to the camp – all of them – and although most of them had worked at other Girl Scout camps, they did not yet have a sense of which songs Camp Koch’s campers already knew. To lead songs it’s very helpful to know this in advance. There are no song sheets, after all.

The first night at camp the unit counselors would be particularly alert at bed check time. No one called it *bed check* where campers could hear the term. The process

started out as a form of taking attendance, informally, of course, but soon became, in Clay's opinion, a way for the counselors to learn who was okay and who was having trouble adjusting to camp. Illness or injury might show up then, too, as activities quieted down. Sandy's take: "Checking on campers at bedtime in their tents – it started out that way, that unit staff would go around and take attendance, in a way – to see if the kids were there or not. Later, because of possible abuse allegations, counselors would make the rounds in twos. A common part of this that started after our time was the question, asked of the campers, "Do you want a handshake or a hug?"

Kit remembers patting campers on the head as she passed each tent, in the evening. Occasionally she dealt with sniffles or homesickness, not often.

Sandy's account, continued: "At bedtime counselors also check to see if someone is still over at the latrine brushing her teeth – and if so, where is her buddy? They check to see if someone is ill, if someone needs flashlight batteries [in case a trip to the latrine became necessary before dawn]. Then about an hour after that counselors would walk a broader parameter, farther out, walk by and see if all was quiet. "

Sandy maintains that each unit, and sometimes each unit during each of the four sessions during the same summer, had its own personality and culture. There was a different set of campers each session, of course. While the camp's charter buses ran, from Evansville, mostly, Camp Koch didn't see much underground activity, smuggled-

in items, for example. There's the candy some camper smuggled into Frontier, the forbidden candy that Amy was so worried about. In one memorable case, according to Sandy, a camper smuggled in an entire, full-sized watermelon. In the last twenty years or so, decades after the time frame of this research, parents brought their children to the camp and picked them up afterward in the family car; contraband would be more common then, and it was. In the time period of this research – 1958-1970 – the chief contraband item, other than candy, was probably a battery-operated transistor radio. In the current day it's probably a cell phone. Peter Hare, camp director of Michael Eisner's home camp, Camp Keewaydin, dismissed the idea of having trouble with contraband cell phones; later in the same conversation he admitted that his camp was a barren zone for cell phone transmissions, anyhow.

Did Camp Koch campers have so little spirit that they never rebelled? Never played practical jokes? In fact, according to Clay, campers wore themselves out in the heat every day, and would have had trouble summoning the energy to wander around at night after the counselors had made their rounds, to plan or to set up mischief. She also thinks that rebellious spirits, campers who had not bought into the camp's values, would have been likely to attend only one session of one summer, rather than returning year after year, or even session after session the same summer, as some members of the Eagle Feather Clan did. Again, the program was strenuous. Campers needed to have a heroine like "Magalena Hagalena" to help them deal with its challenges. In the Eagle

Feather Clan's first Blue Wells summer, however, anything the campers did to carry out their mission at the remote, primitive location was necessarily in defiance of Badger, who was by all accounts a terrible counselor, and some say, a sort of anti-Kit. As a leader she was way down in the negative values mathematically. Defiance was the only way to counter depression then.

Pranks did exist at Camp Koch, according to Smeady, Sandy, and Prophet, but they were almost always counselor-against-counselor pranks far out of sight of campers. Even so they tended to be mild, like the time all the chairs vanished overnight from the camp director's office, to be retrieved in a hurry by the abashed pranksters when the council's executive director came to call that same day.

Things that never happened at Camp Koch – not during the time period this research covers, and probably not afterwards, either:

1) Staff never made campers do things. Sandy says it doesn't work even if you try. The approach was to encourage kids, not force them. If a camper did not want to swim she could sit on a bench and watch the others. Instead of giving orders counselors used a gentle form of manipulation, like a charm offensive, no coercion, and other campers colluded. Combined tactics worked well – some inducements, some persuasion, peer pressure, Kit's "guided democracy," and some challenges, i.e. *fun*.

2) The staff never required the campers to play certain games imposed by them.

3) There was never an atmosphere of staff versus kids.

4) Campers never played with fire, never wasted pure drinking water, and never did gratuitous violence to the woods. The only staff member known to have broken all these rules was Badger. Clay usually talks about her, according to Sandy.

How to be a successful camp director, according to Sandy, who supervised a generation of camp directors and worked as camp director herself as well – “Whoever can get the counselors in the right mode has achieved the secret of the whole thing. A resentful cook can also subvert success, but the camp nurse would have to make a big deal of it to manage it. That makes pre-camp an essential key. Before camp even begins, before the campers arrive on the first day, good camp directors mix the counselors up during their training, like a mixer at a party, every way they can, so that the staff is not starting out the summer with cliques among the counselors. That would be disastrous.”

Peter Hare, Camp Director of Camp Keewaydin, said he started recruiting by reaching out to his camp’s former campers, mostly college students, in November; he needed to have most of the hiring done by February at the latest. Sandy talked about starting the recruitment process right after Christmas, hiring the Camp Director then, and making sure she got started hiring counselors and other staff right away after that. Some universities have summer camp job fairs; Indiana University (Bloomington,

Indiana), which offers an undergraduate major in recreation that includes camp management and outdoor education, stages an annual recruiting fair for camp counselors.

IX: Camp Koch Storytelling and Girl Scout Troop Storytelling

Stories, legends, and other accounts differed in some major ways at Camp Koch during the time period from 1958 – 1970 from the stories Elizabeth Tucker painstakingly collected in her late 1970's dissertation about storytelling in two Girl Scout troops, one a troop one would term multi-cultural today, from a university town, and the other from a more homogenous rural setting. Stories at Camp Koch consisted of 50% to 75% personal accounts, personal history, personal experience narratives, campers talking about their own lives, or about something that had happened at camp, and about 20% legends connected to Camp Koch's landscape -- Ox Hollow's pioneer family, for example, just passing through in the middle 1800's. They did not see the hollow until it opened up beneath them; they dropped into it unexpectedly with their wagon and all their possessions, with tragic results.

Elizabeth Tucker's 1977 dissertation on Girl Scout storytelling categorizes the stories as follows (91): Urban troop: scary stories 22%, true stories 22%, funny stories 20 %, nasty stories 19%, and funny-scary or made-up stories 4% each. Rural troop:

scary stories 31%, made-up stories 21%, stories from books 16%, funny-scary stories 8%, true stories 6%, TV stories 4%. Sandy and other Camp Koch alumna of the period in question, a decade or more before Tucker's research, say that Camp Koch stories were at least 50% personal experience narratives, some about life at home, some about life at camp. Other stories were divided between a) legends – friend of a friend stories, often labeled *true stories* – about the present-day camp and b) slightly creepy, but not really scary stories about the camp's landscape before the camp existed, i.e. the Ox Hollow tragedy and so on.

Factual, demonstrable, or not, there is a central truth in Camp Koch's Ox Hollow narrative – the woods at Camp Koch are very thick, forming a dense wall that might well prevent newcomers from seeing a chasm even a few feet away from them. Campers stay on the paths at Camp Koch, and with their units in single file, with a counselor at the head and another one at the tail. If a camper must make a trip to the nearby latrine after dark, when everyone is asleep, she wakes up her buddy to go with her. Both of them take their flashlights along. A kerosene lantern at the latrine also lights their way.

The majority of stories campers told, according to Sandy and Kit, were personal experience narratives. Amy's broken arm story is an example of this. Some of the Kochies polled had heard ghost stories or other scary stories at Camp Koch, but they

were mostly what Tucker (1977: 91) termed funny-scary. Sandy went on record that the camp management had never tried to suppress scary stories, ghost stories and the like, but never included them in any of the campfire ceremonies or programs, either. Pure self-interest on the part of the counselors would have prevented them from telling the campers stories that might have scared them at night. Storytellers and story-listeners were going to bed afterwards, but not in well-lighted cabins, nor at home in their own houses with Mom, Dad, and siblings, but rather with other campers in a canvas tent, sometimes with rain falling, and always with all the darkness and mysterious noises of the woods outside.

Tucker's Girl Scouts were telling stories at campout overnights or at actual Girl Scout meetings (Ibid). That was a major difference. They were not living away from home, although they might be going to bed afterward in some less than familiar environment, i.e. a campground setting. Still, long-term friends and familiar troop members were around them; they were not immigrants struggling to survive in a new group and surroundings.

Another difference was that Tucker's Girl Scouts in 1977 were telling the stories to well-established groups they belonged to, and had belonged to for some time, groups with members well known to be good at telling specific kinds of stories. These storytellers' stock-in-trade was a fairly constant repertory, developed over time and

with considerable practice. The Bloomington multicultural troop preferred some kinds of stories over other kinds, and the Ellettsville rural troop had a slightly different balance of preferred story types, but the repertoire – although with different percentages of kinds of stories – shared considerable common ground. It lacked the large percentage of personal experience stories, as well as the landscape-based legends at Camp Koch 1958-1970. That is because the Girl Scouts in Tucker's study had a storytelling tradition, or traditions, based on troop membership, not on the location. The traditions belonged to the troop members, not to a specific place, such as Camp Koch (Tucker 1977: 13-19).

Camp Koch campers were immigrants, new to each other, new to the unit they were inhabiting day and night, especially at night, and living under the authority of counselors who were new to them as well, more likely than not. Campers told personal experience stories to introduce themselves to each other – that is Sandy's theory. Perhaps the stories, whether of home or of camp, also helped the campers self-program for dealing with the Camp Koch's challenges, to turn them into *fun*, the way the song "Magalena Hagalena" may have helped them.

Personal experience stories also helped less experienced campers understand the camp's value system, in which enthusiastic participation in unit activities, being a good sport, remaining cheerful, tackling challenges resolutely, and helping others are all-

important. It is anything but a coincidence that these are among the values the song “Magalena Hagalena” also portrays. If the campers will only try, they may find they can do things, can meet challenges, because perhaps, like Magalena, they have inner strength they can rely on.

Legends or spoofs about the camp’s landscape would be another form of rare common ground among quasi-immigrants from many communities, neighborhoods, schools, and religious backgrounds at Camp Koch. All campers had a life somewhere before camp began that summer, a life that they could talk about in personal experience narratives, and all campers had the terrain of the camp as common ground conceptually as well. Legends and spoofs centered there.

Kit summarized two landscape-based stories on June 12, 2011, as follows: “On the way to Blue Wells (about 1.5 miles from the main camp) there’s a place you pass where there’s a crevice in a rock, and it’s high up. I don’t remember the background story we used to tell, but if you can throw a rock and get it to go into that crevice, then your wish comes true. And we used to stop on the way to Blue Wells and try to throw rocks in there.”

“There’s a quicksand story as well. Also on the way to Blue Wells, in other words inside the boundaries of the camp, there are large, flat expanses of exposed sandstone. You tell people they have to get across these areas quickly so they don’t sink

into the quicksand. But of course it's solid rock the whole way. It's one of the stories we told the kids. I was playing it up one day, pretending I was stuck in quicksand, when one of my kids started to cry. I was too good an actress, I suppose. I quit telling that one."

In addition to keeping campers alert as they trudged along in what was usually intense heat and humidity, these stories had a purpose not unlike that of the song "Magalena Hagalena." The wishing rock story reminds campers that wishes can come true at camp, and reinforces images of the camp's magic. It also rewards skill – the skill of rock-throwing, of course – and provides a socially acceptable place where kids can throw rocks without hurting anyone or anything. The quicksand story reminds campers how important it is to pay attention to where their feet are, what they might be walking onto or into. Like the wishing rock story, it rewards alertness and dexterity. It also draws the campers' attention to the wonders of the natural world around them.

On June 28, 2011, Clay talked about a kind of rebirth in water that she experienced at Camp Koch, as follows: "I'm not too comfortable thinking about myself as I was before I started going to camp. Even the first two summers I was there, I was not a normal kid. I expected to be left out, to stand alone. I did. Why would that be? My parents were giants. I was sort of a hopeless dwarf, although my height was normal, always hiding out, because I was afraid, because I couldn't do things. My

parents worried all the time. They sent me to all kinds of lessons, but the only kind that stuck was piano lessons, and later clarinet lessons. Ice skating – nope. Ballet – utter failure. Tap dancing -- not that, either . Tennis – no, no, no. And after three years of swim class I still clung to the corner of the pool. I had few friends. Fear was a constant companion then.”

“Camp Koch was the answer to most of that fear. I learned to float, actually allow the water to lift and carry me, in 1958, as a Hilltopper, but I didn’t tell anybody. I loved it that I could get lost in the beginners’ group and just do what the others did in the water and stay out of the scenes where I had felt a lot of pressure. If pressure was the problem, camp was the solution. I can’t say I learned to swim really at all that summer, and even today I still feel some fear of water. Even now I won’t enter the water head first, like in a dive or something. ...”

“Anyhow, although I returned from camp in 1958 still so withdrawn my parents had to worry about me, I felt better about myself, because I had a secret. I could float. Well, sort of, anyhow. That was the summer after my sixth grade year.”

“Things changed a bit in school after that summer, but I didn’t really notice until much later that this was a trend that meant the end of business as usual. [Clay became active in some classroom activities.] I learned that just being in the water, no pressure, no judgment on me, was fun, and I liked it. I still felt like an outsider, though.”

Clay's before and after account is primarily about fear, fear that was so strong it had a paralytic effect, fear she had to fend off by barricading herself from everyone around her. The story resembles Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tale of the "Ugly Duckling;" it also evokes the recurring dream Clay had between the ages of 13 and 23, the mailbox dream. Every morning, in the dream, Clay would slide herself effortlessly into the mail slot of a large U.S. Postal Service mailbox, the kind that stands around in front of post offices. Every afternoon or early evening, in the dream, Clay would emerge from the mailbox slot with no memory at all of what had happened on the other side.

Clay does not remember learning to float in the lake; she just remembers that one day she discovered she could. It was in the no-stress, no-pressure environment of Camp Koch that this happened. In Clay's words, "If fear was the problem, Camp Koch was the solution." Fear changed, at least in great part, to ease without any apparent intermediary steps, like sliding oneself into a mailbox slot every morning, and back out again in the evening. The only missing element is any memory of the process of transformation itself.

In a part of the narrative not included here Clay added that during the Woodhaven summer of 1960, her eventful third summer there, a summer of many transformations for all the then-future Eagle Feather Clan members, she discovered one

day, effortlessly, that she could tread water, effortlessly, for hours at a time, effortlessly, because she was a “natural cork.” The water bore her up with only the tiniest effort on her part. Later on in life she learned from a swimming coach that some people have this ability as a rare, inborn trait.

Clay’s fear of water, that she brought to Camp Koch, and that remained with her during various summers at Camp Koch, never went away entirely – she still expresses fear of diving and other forms of “violence” in the water – but the Camp Koch experience revealed that Clay had a rare intrinsic gift of survival and of integration into the wild, certainly not due to any skill or self-discipline on her part. All she had to do was get out of her own way, and it was there.

After a while Clay told her parents about this gift; they were delighted. They were also considerably more inclined to see Camp Koch as a positive influence in their daughter’s life than they had been before, although they had already thought of the camp as the rescuer of Clay’s social life, the element that had saved her from something that seemed disturbingly like what is now known as Asperger’s Syndrome. The mailbox dreams, however, persisted, but less frequently, until 1973, the year Clay got married.

The unit plan removes campers from the more “civilized” areas of established camp – near the Dining Hall, the infirmary, the camp offices, and the waterfront -- for

the same reason wealthy people in late Victorian days summered in country houses or dachas – to spend time in the wild rather than in the tame areas of the world. Like children's play activities, the back-to-nature trend is self-justifying all the way. It is its own reward.

If all the wild places were gone and the entire planet Earth were roofed over, as on Isaac Asimov's science fiction planet Trantor (Asimov 1948: 9), we would have to reinvent those wild places, or, to use Van Slyck's term, manufacture them. It's a fallacy, no doubt, to consider wilderness immutable. Everything changes. In the Biblical creation story the first happening is when the spirit of God moves over the water (*Genesis* 1, verse 1); if this is the first documented instance of change, then certainly the space-time continuum has not slowed down since. Proponents of the wild places know what they portend, what they contribute to society. Society forgets sometimes, though. Does the wilderness have a future? Certainly it does, whether we humans make ourselves conscious of it or not. Some processes elude consciousness, like Clay's floating, but they are still there. We just have to get out of our own way. Kit puts it like this: "At camp I could do anything. In that sense I didn't have limits."

Is this affinity for wild places like a religion? The following are direct translations, with certain judicious substitutions, of comments from the May 26, 2011

issue, page 3, of the influential weekly newspaper *DIE ZEIT*, quoting high officials of the Protestant church's synod in Germany:

“[At camp] we keep the thought alive that there is more to life than eating, drinking, and collecting material objects. For example honor, justice, and freedom. ... We provide a very old template for change. Here [at camp] we learn how to survive. ... [Camp] isn't the only place where you can learn kindness and ethics, but for me [camp] is the only place where I feel I can grow as a human being. ... [At camp] you confront your limits and expand your capacity, your competence. It's like going on a quest. ... [Camp] is the perfect blend of realism and idealism.”

Most of the substitutions are for the words church, Christians, or Christianity.

Smeady during a September 29, 2010, phone conversation: “You got some of your identity [at camp] from the unit you were in. ... My consciousness started expanding as I learned more skills ... I got my identity more from the skills I learned – knots, fire building, overnights in the woods, and exposure to more and more differentiation of the natural world. ... I grew up in a scary, fractured family. I didn't tell people... I didn't know how to ask other people for help... at home no benevolent adult was in charge. At camp benevolent women were in charge, and we were having a great time. ”

Another Camp Koch alumna, in a survey response, wrote that the Camp Koch experience was the most important thing in her life, after family. She went on to add that she was a devout Catholic. Clearly for her, as for many others, and certainly for the members of the Clan, the Camp Koch worldview as structured in the unit plan is compelling and tenacious.

Chapter Four: How to Build a Girl Scout: Camp Crafts and Power

*Oh, come all ye townsfolk
With your cheeks wan and pale
For I am the Wood-Child
And I've found the green trail.*
(camp song)

The largest Camp Koch alumnae group - - Sandy is one of its primary coordinators - numbers about fifty members, and calls itself the Kochies (pronounced *cookies*; in their part of the world the name *Koch* is pronounced *cook*). The Kochies have in past years met at Camp Koch, working there as volunteers in early June to help open the camp for the summer. They maintain a FaceBook page. In their responses to a

survey all but a few wrote that their time at as campers at Camp Koch was one of their most important life experiences, if not *the* most important. Smeady got married on the bridge at Camp Koch. It turned out that the camp was a more permanent feature of her life than that marriage, however.

“The Wood Child,” a camp song praising wilderness in contrast to town, is one of the songs all the informants but two, as members of troop 141, recorded on an album of camp songs they made in 1964, when they were high school students. At 13 or 14 years of age they had parted ways politely with their previous Girl Scout troop leader, entered a Senior Girl Scout troop they felt met their needs better, led conferences, competed successfully for national and international Girl Scout events, and branched out in school and in life.

I. Wilderness: a Refuge from Soulless Modernity

Summer residential camps sprang up after the Civil War in North America as a part of Romanticism’s back-to-nature trend, seen on both sides of the Atlantic. Girl Scouting was another institution that grew up several decades after that internecine conflict. “The Wood Child” expresses the sentiment succinctly; escape from town into what many people considered the sheltering wilderness. Such an escape was a retro or counterintuitive impulse, and would have been incomprehensible to the last of the

American pioneers, considering that they had spent heroic efforts, often their very lives, to push that wilderness back or to civilize it. Resort hotels in scenic areas, city parks, the U.S. national park system, and even theme parks and destination resorts were and are other facets of this same trend. Well-to-do citizens, in Europe and elsewhere (later the United States, when there was such an entity), starting in the 17th century, and especially when epidemics afflicted densely populated areas, enjoyed country retreats, dachas, or summer houses far from unsanitary or disease-ridden urban areas. Those with the means to do so often sent their children to boarding schools where attitudes as well as minds underwent, or were supposed to undergo, positive transformations. Residential summer camp appears to be a more modestly priced manifestation of the same trend (Van Slyck 2006: xx, 4).

Summer residential camp, including Girl Scout established camp, seemed to art historian Van Slyck a white middle class project through and through. Boarding schools and individuals owned some camps; the rest, the majority, were under church or youth organization control. Understandably camp managers and their committees aimed to realize the positive visions of childhood and wilderness that seemed best to them. Established residential summer camps were expressions of Victorian nostalgia in both areas (Van Slyck 2006: xxi). The goal was to set up an encounter of child and wilderness, for the sake of health, mental and spiritual as well as physical. At some camps, however, the wilderness was considerably wilder and more untamed, and the

campers interacted with it more, than at others. It was a question of camp crafts, skill sets that allowed campers to shape their outdoor surroundings to accommodate their presence to an extent, so as to stay deeply in touch with the natural world, not obliged to stay within arms' length of some lodge or citified outpost.

There was at some camps – and certainly at Camp Koch -- a dichotomy of dining, for example. Eating food prepared by camp cooks in a central dining hall or lodge meant estrangement from the natural world three times a day; camp craft skills included setting up outdoor kitchens, building campfires, and cooking over them, permitting an increased feeling of autonomy and a longer-term presence in the out-of-doors. Groups could range farther afield if they did not have to head back to the center of the camp for meals.

At some camps, as at Camp Koch, younger campers eat in the dining hall more frequently, and older campers, with more camp craft skills, eat there less often. There is a progression of camp craft skills in Girl Scout manuals; each successive summer brings additional skill sets. Cooking in the natural surroundings requires more equipment than just a hot dog and a stick, but the camper doing it is still in the natural surroundings the entire time. This is important for some camp committees, and particularly for the Girl Scouts. Why set up an alternative to the supposedly noxious or toxic town, only to build a smaller replica of it in the midst of natural splendor and

remain confined indoors there several hours a day? Alternate models include military-style camp, boarding school or other art-focused or formal education-focused summer camp, any number of sports camps, and camps that emphasize Native American culture (Van Slyck 2006: xxiv, xxxvii).

Cooking out versus the dining hall – the former used to be a challenge for Kit the first year she was Woodhaven’s unit leader, but she found that the oftener you cooked out with the campers, the better, because in the process systems worked themselves out. “... for an actual cook-out you had to prepare equipment, order supplies three days in advance, when we didn’t know what the weather would be like, then gather firewood, and prepare the site, unless we were cooking out in the [unit’s] established fire circle or other set location. It became much simpler for me as unit leader when we were cooking out so often that we remained ready for a cook-out. ... We would dig a trench fire pit and keep it all summer. Anyplace I cooked with campers I did this, because with a trench fire you can throw a grill over it. The fire in its trench would concentrate the heat under the pot; the cook can get closer to it without burning her shins. ... Outdoor cooking, if you do it a lot, uses lots of wood. It’s routine in the unit to gather firewood, no matter what. We had dry tinder and kindling and fuel on hand constantly; this made the process easier and more fun (Kit, June 1, 2012).”

Sandy, a Girl Scout professional, works from the assumption that closeness to nature and camp craft skills go together; it is clear that one facilitates the other, and sometimes vice versa. “That is why,” Sandy adds, “we tried to use nature craft instead of store-bought handicrafts whenever possible at camp. Through the years a number of camp directors asked counselors to use natural materials instead of the handicrafts sometimes seen at camps. I can’t recall any commercial craft kits ever being used at Camp Koch. [Store-bought] binder’s twine for making belts, that was as close as we came.”

Those who want to be in the camp’s version of wilderness, constructed though it may be, learn camp craft skills to avoid town-seeming places like the dining hall; the skills they acquire permit them a greater degree of autonomy in the wild. The result is power to choose a preferred environment and power to thrive there.

Lord Baden-Powell, founder of Boy Scouts, put it like this: “That is why we go into camp a good deal in the Boy Scouts and in the Girl Guide movement [British model for Girl Scouts], because in camp we learn to do without so many things which while we are in houses we think are necessary, and find that we can do for ourselves many things You must know how to light your own fire, how to collect dry enough wood to make it burn... you will have to learn to cook your food in the simplest way with the means at your hand.... It is only while in camp that one can learn to study Nature in

the proper way.... You realize perhaps for the first time the enormous work of God."

(Girl Scout Handbook 1955: 221)

Meister Eckhart, the 13th century European mystic, situated God in His creation: "God is in all things. The more he is in things, the more he is outside the things ... God creates the whole world right now all at once, anew. ...God creates in the innermost of the [individual human] soul" (Largier-Quint 1993: Sermon 62).

Lord Baden-Powell sent his Scouts into the wilderness to experience the greatness of God in His Creation. Meister Eckhart's words provide a core meaning of the word *recreation*, as in "going to camp isn't important; it's only *recreation*." The word has two parts, *re-* meaning *again* or *anew*, and *creation*, meaning, well, creation. In the process of experiencing God in His Creation humans also recreate themselves, say the campers, and in both senses of the word, i.e. having fun and experiencing profound renewal. Camping insiders grasp this on an intuitive level, including any member of the Kochies, and certainly David C., an enthusiastic former Boy Scout, who says for him Camp Pahoka was a refuge from all bad things, and Smeady, who says being at camp renews the spirit, and Clay, who opines that camp allows a direct experience of God in Nature. Heading off to the Dining Hall three times a day to interrupt one's fun, adventures, and any communion with Nature going on – this becomes bothersome. Camp crafts keep (generally older, more experienced) campers right where they want to

be – in their favorite wilderness or constructed wilderness. Camp crafts permit them to be there, doing what they want to do, without interruption. Being there is the motivation for acquiring the skills; they are in that sense their own reward.

Adults are included, indeed, they are crucial to the camp culture's functioning. Some folklorists [see Tucker 1977, Bronner 1988, and Sutton-Smith 1995, et al.] define children's folklore rather differently than the Camp Koch informants. They see children's folklore as excluding or bypassing adult involvement. Anything but excluded, adults played a crucial role in the camp's culture. The idealistic women Smeady cites as having set up the basic parameters of the camp's culture, and others who were somewhat-adult, but magically childlike as well, the counselors, played a central role in the creation processes at the camp. The camp ranger's role was crucial as well. No one thought it desirable to exclude the older "children," also known as adults or counselors – counselors, in fact and in function, acquired a special status, a sort of embodied child-adult fusion status that was blatant as well as subtle, and extremely effective.

Scholarly folkloric definitions, however, although they differ from each other in some respects, concur in two general areas – 1) that children's folklore is child-instigated and child-perpetuated, and 2) that it is performed without the involvement of

adults or – as a minority contends -- actually in defiance of them, perhaps as a secret or underground activity.

Models and methods, of course, quite often come from what the children observe of the world around them, a world in which adults have much more authority than children do. There is general agreement on that. The camp culture portrayed in this study displays several areas of divergence from a number of prior research models. The Peter Pan status of college-student camp counselors, neither adults nor children by any functional measure, is one of those areas.

What of the experience of wonder and awe, however, cited by all informants as a central, crucial ingredient in the Camp Koch experience?

Zakariyya Al-Qazwini, a 13th century scholar-cosmographer in Damascus, described humans in two categories, one closer to the angels, the other closer to certain opposing regions, spiritually. His theory was that the difference between the two categories rested on the angelic people's ability to experience wonder. Those who couldn't were stuck with the dregs of life on earth, in his opinion.

Zakariyya authored a cosmology, *The Wonders of Heaven and Earth*, which is a well-known classic in the Islamic world still today. Here are some basic principles: Humans range in their nature from animal-like to angel-like, with the lower level such that the people there know of nothing but what their senses reveal, such as

appearances, even decorative ones, and the pleasures of the world. They desire such things as food, drink, and sexual acts, like swine and donkeys; they hoard more than they themselves need, like the ants and other creatures who tussle among themselves for the world's trash... These people have the shape and general appearance of human beings, but the only things that excite them are animalistic. The angel-like humans, on the other hand, have souls awakened from the sleep of inattentiveness; their inner eye of insight is open, so that they can see with an inner heart-light everything that remains imperceptible. In their pure essence they have access to the spiritual world; its joy and blessedness are clear to them. They strive for these things, avoiding the world's version of happiness, and so they belong to the angelic species, even though they still live among their fellow humans on earth. (Zakariyya Al-Qazwini, *Die Wunder des Himmels und der Erde* [the Wonders of Heaven and Earth](ca. 1328 AD) as paraphrased by the researcher.

On the Dining Hall track of the camp nutrition dichotomy today's residential camps have no choice but to acquire the latest in sophisticated restaurant appurtenances. Partly it's a function of state and local health laws and regulations. In today's residential camps those 1958-1970 days are gone, when campers in teams washed dishes by hand in the dining hall after lunch, when it was their unit's turn, of course, as Clay remembers doing (Van Slyck 2006: 129, 134).

The 1953 edition of the *Girl Scout Handbook* lists the following 9 of 15 requirements for the camp craft badge, available to girls aged 8 to 13: 1) Plan and carry out an overnight or weekend troop camp at a cabin or lodge; 2) Demonstrate ways of heating, cooking, and lighting without gas and electricity; 3) Build a fire in a stove or indoor fireplace and help cook a meal over it; 4) Show how to care for and use safely an oil lamp, lantern, or stove; 5) Plan and pack your own equipment for the troop camp; 6) Pack food for transportation; Build a cache at the camp site; 7) Demonstrate at least one method for purifying water. ...; 8) Show your skill in using a knife, hammer, saw, and hatchet by building something; 9) Split or saw enough wood to keep a fire going for an hour; 10) Make a neat woodpile; and five more detailed requirements for earning the badge.

Two notes on the above badge requirements: 1) Individuals can complete only a few of them as solo projects, without the rest of the troop, or if at camp, the rest of the unit – they are to a great extent social constructions, and 2) Girl Scout authorities considered these requirements reasonable for girls as young as eight years old to undertake; they seem ambitious and detailed in today's context.

II. Camp Crafts and Identity

In 2005 Michael D. Eisner, former CEO of Walt Disney Corporation, and one of the major powers in the quintessentially American Hollywood movie industry, wrote a book about what made him tick. Entitled *Camp*, it became a New York Times best seller, layering Eisner's own memories of residential summer camp over and under the experiences of two inner city boys he sponsored at the same camp in 2002. One of the traditions of Eisner's Camp Keewaydin is to refer to the counselors as *staffmen*. As it turned out, the staffman of one of the new boys was the son of one of Eisner's own long-ago staffmen. This staffman, the son of a staffman, had spent every summer of his life at camp, not as a sacrifice, but because he valued it above all else. "It's not a camp," the young staffman told Eisner, "it's a way of life" (Eisner 2005: 125).

At Camp Koch the girl campers found their center, their identity, their personal power in mastering camp craft skills, first of all, and, second, in primitive camping, as close to the wilderness as possible, where they needed and used those skills. These two legs often merged in their thoughts, as in actual practice, since they enabled each other. The third leg, collective tradition, expressed to a great extent in song, was just as important at Camp Koch as at Camp Keewaydin.

Sandy said it like this: "Kit Hammett's book *Campcraft* (1955) came out in our generation. It was our Bible. We did everything in it. We used it in CIT (Counselors in Training, one of the units of Camp Koch). Hammett was on the national Girl Scout

staff. And I still use the knots continually. At one of the Wilderness Society Pancake Days in 2011 somebody was struggling with something and, here, I tied it off. At Earth Day that same year no one knew how to suspend a banner between two poles – four knots, two stakes – out in a meadow. I knew how.”

For Sandy, as for the others, camping skills, in the form of camp crafts, are powerful. They express, not power over Nature, but power to stand at Nature’s side, as a worthy companion.

Smeady, October 29, 2010: “I got my identity more from skills I learned, than from the unit -- knots, fire-building, overnights, exposure to more and more differentiation of the natural world, as an independent person capable of surviving on my own and thriving. The important thing is a difference in yourself.”

Smeady, again: “By high school graduation Camp Koch had caused a complete transformation in me. At camp I was a contributing partner, working together with others at camp to create something – a Chippewa [lashed] table -- ... This is what it’s like not to work alone. I grew up in a scary, fractured family. I didn’t tell people what I was going through.”

So where does art come in here? Folklorist Henry Glassie reminds us that the artist’s pleasure, her fun, is in the process of creation, or as Kit termed it, inventing as she went along. Competence is the base, usefulness may be the aim, but esthetics is

what happens when form engages the senses (Glassie 1989, 64). Neziha Oezkan's carpet weaver's art, a matter of knots at its center, by the way, "... is expressed first in ... workmanship. ... [she] draws her ideas from tradition, but tradition exists because she makes it exist ... the carpet expresses her power." Glassie goes on to observe that "the carpet means her life, its order, its conflict between duty and joy." (Glassie 1993: 595, 609).

The esthetic experience Clay associates with camp crafts is primarily musical. "We got together in the daylight in some shady place and sang as we worked. I never associated the term camp craft with a lot of what we did. We did what we had to do to carry out our plans. Building a fire with only one match, of course that was a big deal, a sort of entry point. You were competent if you could do that. I don't remember reaching that point, but it must have been in the Woodhaven summer (1960). I kept coming back to camp every summer, but I was not really sold on camping and the wilderness before that. I didn't feel I belonged before that."

Lashing, a construction process at heart, results in openly visible creations, non-perishable constructions campers can point to as evidence of their diligently acquired skills and craft. Women of the Fifties and Sixties are not known for leadership in building construction; Pepper went from lashing at camp to stagecraft in high school and college to remodeling houses as a career at a time when women entrepreneurs in

construction were still very rare. Smeady built two of the various houses she has occupied over the years. She built them mostly by hand, with hand tools.

Kit remembers undertaking, with twelve campers and an assistant unit leader, a construction project at the beginning of her second summer as a counselor at Camp Koch, in the summer of 1960, the summer most of the informants, and all but one of the Eagle Feather Clan, spent in her unit, Woodhaven. Clay, who calls 1960 the Woodhaven summer, in third session that same summer used the end result of this construction, a shower floor built to fit the shower whose walls were of old canvas suspended between trees. Woodhaven had put together its own shower during the first session that summer. This was greatly identity-enhancing (Thompson 2000: 93).

III. Construction Project Vision, Guidance, Plan, Set-up and Supplies:

Kit explained how she and her unit constructed a floor for an outdoor shower at camp, as follows: “Lashing the shower floor meant quite a bit more than the lashing process itself. We got suggestions for setting up a shower in Woodhaven, after we said we wanted to do it. Our designated shower was in another unit at that time.

Suggestions were for gravel for a drain – with water running down off the side of the point, Inspiration Point, where Woodhaven was located. The suggestion was to use flat

rocks to stand on. You didn't want to leave just a mud floor or your feet would get muddy. We had a spigot with running water. "

"We had lashed a table [in the unit with this particular group of campers] and that had worked, so why not a floor? Supplies we needed included an ax, binder's twine, sharp knife, and available saplings. Binder's twine is twine used in baling hay – cord, not soft – sisal-rope-like, but not as many strands, and it sheds. It's sort of a hempen-like twine. I'm not sure what it's really made of, or even if it still exists. For camp we got the large spools; we used a lot of it. And the summer we were making belts the Camp Director wondered what we were doing to use so much of it. You purchase it from farm supply stores. It's harsh on your hands, and when you are pulling it tight you want to have work gloves on. I have broken it just with my hands, but it's hard to do. In stores they may call it baling twine. It seems to be oil-treated, has a harsh feel, and seems impervious to water. It seemed to shed water. You wouldn't want cotton rope for a project like this, because it would get wet and stretch. It's probably closer to nautical rope, because it has that, um, it seems to not take in water."

"We used two different diameters of saplings. We didn't go for any specific kind of sapling, just not pine, because it would be too sticky, on our hands and on anything else it touched. We used two 2" to 3" diameter saplings as the base, like the sides of a ladder. The ones on top, that feet touched, had to be fairly straight and fairly smooth.

They were 1" to 1.5" in diameter and trimmed to fit. The two big pieces, we did put rocks under them, before we started lashing it, so that showers we took there would not wash the earth, the slope, away with the gray water. We led the gray water down the hill. It was on a slope, but nearly everything in Woodhaven was. We located the shower near the spigot which was the only source of running water in the unit. And supplies, I remember now, we had to have a shower head and a length of hose to go from spigot to shower. We ran it up one of the trees that were there, that we used to brace a curtain – more like a canvas wall, really."

"We had already put up the canvas and the shower head by the time we started on the floor. We had used four trees near the spigot as pillars to suspend poles for holding some canvas to form a wall-like enclosed area. You can't just shower right out in the open. It did not make a perfect square, but close enough. We had already lashed some 1" diameter saplings about 5' above the ground tree to tree. That was our shower curtain rod. The canvas was the shower curtain. This took a number of days to do. I think we just had the poles at the top, not at the bottom, too. The canvas that we had did not reach all the way around the enclosure, but the open side was facing away from the unit, away from the path, away from the road. The door into the shower was on the blind side as far as the unit was concerned. The canvas had some grommets in it – I suppose it had started life as the side wall of a tent. It was just a piece of scrap canvas and I asked for it to make a shower. So it had grommets. [Note: grommets are metal-

ringed holes in the canvas, like the holes in some kinds of shoes for the shoestrings to go through.] They were already there. So we put binder's twine through the grommets and around the horizontal poles we had lashed to the trees, using square lashing, of course, to connect the poles to the trees. We did not roof our shower. It did not seem necessary. All this had happened before we started with the floor." ...

"The reason for lashing the floor and leaving the bark on was so people's bare feet wouldn't slip...."

"The work crew other than the deputy – kids. Dottie and I sent out twosomes of kids – you had to take a buddy with you, if you were a camper – to get saplings about this size, with a long, smooth trunk to work with. And they would go out with a hand saw. I didn't send kids out with an ax. They could use the saw and get what was needed without Dottie (assistant unit leader). At that time in camp it was considered acceptable to cut down saplings in camp to use for projects. We didn't cut them down just to cut them down."

"... with continuous lashing you have to cut off a length of your cord and fold it in half to locate the center, and secure it to the support with a clove hitch [a kind of knot]. Use a clove hitch in the center of the running twine, with the loose ends wrapped around, figure 8 style, around some branches, pencil-sized branches, so they don't get snarled up, those loose ends. The figure 8 wrap is to keep the chord spread out so it

doesn't get too thick to thread through the spaces you are working with, and also to keep the lashing tight. A pencil-sized shuttle gave you something to hold onto. I also learned that you wanted those pencil-sized pieces to be green, because a piece that size that's dry would break when I tried to pull it up tight. They had to be green. Otherwise if the shuttle breaks you have to unwrap, find another pencil-sized branch, and rewrap, which takes time."

"The wrapping process – the reason you've got it tight in the middle is that both pieces of twine come up from underneath the supports. There were only two shuttles, pencil sized. We lashed only one brace at a time. Up from underneath, drawing the top pieces, not one at a time, down, across under the brace, and repeat. Pull tight every time all the time. Never relax the tension or you will have a wobbly floor. ... From the time I got the idea to start it, it took nearly a week to complete – I'd never done it before. I'd never done any lashing until the previous summer...."

Kit and Sandy, on a visit to Camp Koch during the summer of 2013, located the flat stones in Woodhaven unit, then deserted, that underlay the place where they had situated the long-gone outdoor shower the summer of 1960.

IIIa. During the Construction Project: Other Unit Activities: Kit's Account

“At this point in the summer – the first session -- Woodhaven hadn’t gone to Fox Ridge yet.”

“It wasn’t too hard to persuade camp authorities to give me the supplies [for the shower floor]. I explained what I wanted to do. I don’t remember anyone’s reaction.”

“Once the lashing started it took nearly a week to finish, because I was having to improvise as we went along. ... We had also been doing regular program all the time, you know, going to waterfront for swimming and boating, going to the dining hall. We never had much more than an hour or two at a time to work on it. And we were taking hikes to Loop’s cave and all that stuff. We did not spend all day doing this shower floor lashing project, not ever.”

“We finished it one afternoon, almost at suppertime. We couldn’t wait to get back up from the dining hall to get showers that night in our own shower. I got word that the campers were planning to throw me in, but then they held back, for fear of getting in trouble. They were so down, so miserable. “

“I called Carrie and Betsy over to my tent – two of the strongest campers that session. I was standing in my tent telling them I had heard there was a rumor they were going to do this. I told them I thought it would be a shame if they gave up their plans. I wanted them to understand I wasn’t going to bring anyone else in on this, anyone from outside the unit.”

“Then I stood there taking off my watch, my knife, sort of daring them to try. They ran off to get more kids, and I hid underneath the tent, so when they came back they had to find me. It took all of them to carry me down and put me in the shower, with me struggling and hollering all the way. We used the shower, and we were proud to have done it all by ourselves. We didn’t go to some other unit for showers that night.”

“And I really think from that day on we were something very special to us. We were now a team, a unit (Thompson 2000: 93). Two of those campers came back the second session, Carrie and Betsy. They went home on the bus, got their clothes washed, and came back that same night. And so [second session] they got to go to Fox Ridge.”

“The final shape of the shower floor was trapezoidal, because of the shape of the area and the space between trees. I could have dug it out and made a rectangle, but I saw no reason to do that. I left the earth the way it was.”

Kit planned the project and collected necessary permissions and suggestions in advance. She controlled the construction process while remaining at its center and working harder than anybody else. She requested the supplies, improvised a way to measure using materials at hand, and accompanied the campers on their normal program schedule during most of each day of the actual construction. Combining the construction schedule and the rest of the program’s schedule slowed the process so

much that she needed deft scheduling to complete it. She enlisted the help she needed from campers and her assistant unit leader, easily able to explain to them what she wanted them to do, although they did not understand most parts of the project, but only its end goal.

Like many aspects of camp, this project was also social. As a reward for hours of hard work sweating in the nearby woods, collecting saplings of the correct size and shape, the campers celebrated. They had in the process become a team. Kit kept the camp administration – the Camp Director and the Program Director, for example – out of the unit’s celebrations. Allowing the campers, after a convincing struggle, to throw her into the shower, the shower she had designed and the entire unit had worked on – that was the culminating event.

In Sobel’s 1996 book *Beyond Ecophobia* he worries about the current generation of children. “... one fourth grader proclaimed, ‘I like to play indoors, ‘cause that’s where the electrical outlets are.’ ... While children are studying the rainforest in school they are not studying the northern hardwood forest or even just the overgrown meadow outside the classroom door. ... Teaching local forests and meadows is physically messy and inconvenient – the teacher must deal with reminding parents about boots, unruly pupils in the free air, and rain and wind blowing the teacher’s clipboard around. She may feel unprepared to deal with pupils’ questions about

nature up close. She, too, may belong to the electrical outlet generation (Sobel 1996: 3)."

Belonging in Nature is a state of being; wilderness therapy aims at it. It began with wilderness challenge programs after World War II, and now finds its home in corporate executive training programs as well as boot camps. Mastery empowers people, including women, including children, including girls. At Camp Keewaydin, for example, campers master athletic skills and canoeing skills as well as primitive camping skills; at Camp Koch camp craft skills trump canoeing and waterfront, although these, too, are important. The point is to gain expertise in something real, something tangible, something campers earn for themselves. At Camp Koch this expertise leads directly into the wild.

Philip Simmons, master blacksmith of Charleston, South Carolina, said approvingly of his master, "He worked the hell out of me." Vlach in his description of the apprenticeship process details several steps: love the craft, observe the craft, do menial chores related to the craft, try and try again, experiment around, and stay at it (Vlach 1981: 12, 15, 17). It all starts with hanging around a potential role model. As a boy Mr. Simmons loved the fiery sparks and excitement of the forge. He hung around, watching. Finally he got up the gumption to ask if he could help with something. His apprenticeship began then.

In that hot summer of 1960, when campers had no cell phones, and basically nothing to do but settle into their tents, and at that point even transistor radios weren't much of a presence, they hung around waiting to help with the shower floor construction project. They opted in as apprentices. Based on their nearness and desire to be at camp doing something interesting, Kit engaged them. "Who can bring me a sapling about this size around?" "Can somebody measure this?" "Who can gather ...?" "Who can help ...?" "Who is the best at measuring?" And always the requirement, if they were going out with the saw to cut something, "Take a buddy with you, now!" And the campers saw right away exactly how much their part of the work contributed to the project's completion.

The buddy system, set up purely and exclusively for safety's sake, because the counselor can't be there during every trip to gather firewood, brings a blessing along with it – it tends to defang the more pernicious attributes of cliques. Going somewhere with somebody is a normal thing, not something that involves being choosy or wondering if someone will choose you. If you are the nearest person to some other camper, who is going off looking for saplings, you go along as a matter of course.

Sandy: "One of the things I missed most about camp was that at home I brushed my teeth by myself, and didn't have anyone handy at all hours for adventures or mundane chores, either."

Kit had begun with an idea in mind; she would lash some green wood saplings together to make a grid floor for the shower area, already sheltered by a tarp on all sides and some flat stones underneath. The running water was already there, too. That way she and her assistant unit leader and the campers could take showers without hurting their feet, and without getting them muddy, either. And, of course, identity and pride went into the notion of setting up their own shower in their own unit near their own tents, rather than trailing off to somebody else's unit to shower at somebody else's convenience.

During subsequent sessions the summer of 1960 Kit induced the Woodhaven campers to do all the planning for the meals they cooked over an open fire, that is, to order the supplies, do the cooking, build the fires, gather the wood, set up a serving and eating process, wash the dishes, and – when heading for Fox Ridge, a distant, isolated part of camp with no road and no path – carry heavy loads including water canisters through pathless, roadless, thorny underbrush in hot, sticky, bug-infested deep woodland, and when they arrived there, store the food, build a fire, dig a latrine with a seat they lashed themselves, and clean up after themselves when they left after two nights in the wild. They loved it, boasting all over the Dining Hall when they returned two days later, after showering and changing clothes, of course. They strode into that Dining Hall at mealtime covered with glory and walking on clouds; for them rain, bug

bites and blisters had ceased to matter. They were an elite corps and they knew it (Thompson 2000: 93). They had just left their preteen years.

How did Kit manage this process of forging a competent, courageous team? She was having a wonderful time herself every minute, in true Peter Pan style. Vlach reminds us that the fact of the apprentice becoming a master himself does not necessarily break the bond between them (Vlach year: 1981:26). Campers that summer of the Woodhaven shower floor included Sandy, Clay, Pepper, Freddie, and a number of other Girl Scouts who would become high achievers in life. One of those other Woodhaven campers, who had not seen Kit for more than forty years, came running into Sandy's office one day.

"Look," she said, waving something around in the air. "It's a photo from Woodhaven, and there's Kit!"

V. Social Life, Power, and Identity

Why teach camp crafts? It all starts with the reasons children or young people go to camp, rather than stay at home going to summer school, playing tennis in the park, playing catch in the street, or, these days, watching TV or playing computer games in an air conditioned house. At camp there is a wilderness environment, albeit a

controlled one, and a set of challenges to go with it. Learning leads to skill, and skill to pride and accomplishment. At the heart of it all is Nature. Kit Hammett's book enjoins all who read it to make sure campers have fun learning to build fires, have fun cooking over those fires, and have fun lashing or building what they need. Success will then lead to other successes, with the ultimate goal of luring the campers on to enjoy wilderness activities for the rest of their lives, all based on a firm foundation of skills, starting with the simpler ones and leading to the more complex ones (Hammett 1941: 5).

Camp crafts rest on traditions that grow and change. It is incumbent on campers who have found a better method to pass it along to others, and they do. Above all there is the spirit of fun in responding to the challenge of making do or improvising a solution in an environment where there is not necessarily a gadget for every need; imagination and creativity are at a premium there (Hammett 1941: 6).

Sandy described the part of camp crafts you can't see or count as being the crucial part. "The camp was bought in 1941 and had its first session in 1942. Things stayed basically the same until CEO Tanya at the Girl Scout Office in Evansville ran into staff upheaval one summer. They rebelled, the camp staff, mostly the counselors. At what? Arbitrary decisions. You're supposed to – as a counselor – take a bunch of teenagers and tell them what to do and the kids are supposed to do exactly that, without thinking, without initiative. Tanya wanted everything cut and dried and easy

to count. Just like any inexperienced supervisor she did not 'get' the immeasurables at camp, and wanted to account for things. She was looking for easy and she ignored the relationship thing. She wasn't looking for the kids to have a bonding experience or an attachment."

The counterproductive approach Sandy decried above would ensure that most genuine folklore instigated by children would be undertaken in defiance of adults, as stated in quite a lot of generally accepted scholarship on children's folklore (Tucker 1977, et al.). Requiring children or adolescents to engage in specific activities was a rare exception at Camp Koch, useful primarily as an example of what NOT to do, or in this research as an example of what DID NOT happen, with few, notable, and uniformly lamentable exceptions.

Sandy and Clay at met at Clay's house one October Tuesday in 2010. "You can get a poisonous counselor, too," Clay said. "Sandy tells me our particular group formed in resistance to a common enemy our first Blue Wells summer (1961), and it was Badger our unit leader. I don't know if it was a common enemy that brought us together, but if it hadn't been for Sandy leading us, and sort of begging Badger to let us do what we had to do, we would never have made it in our primitive encampment far from the main camp. In fact, Badger was sort of an anti-counselor, sulking in her tent most of the day, grouchy, negative, and hard to get along with in general. She

thoroughly intimidated Tippy, the assistant unit leader, who stood around wringing her hands. Yet we managed to build the things we needed to build, dig our latrine, lash the seat, and deal safely with dishwashing and fire building and ordering supplies and cooking and so on."

Sandy listed the camp crafts that came most easily to her mind – "Whittling and wood carving are incidental to the major purpose. We included it for the social thing. The pride of campers was in skills. Knots come in handy even today for macramé and braiding, both popular in the 70's. At camp we made lemmy sticks – I made my own."

Short staves for juggling, the hand-whittled lemmy sticks, with a song that belonged to the dance, half performance, half game, were very popular for a number of summers. Sandy also remembered making a cardboard box dulcimer, and the wooden canoe another counselor – Twig – carved. Campers used clay from the camp itself as modeling clay, to make something like a miniature canoe and a whistle, baking their creations in the hot, Southern Indiana sun. She also remembered making clay ocarinas and Jacob's ladder games. Leather braiding and wood burning were among the less-often pursued crafts; they had little to do with becoming comfortable in the wild. Other recreational, i.e. not strictly necessary crafts, included weaving four-stranded belts with honeysuckle vines, also with binder's twine. Campers created natural dyes from

berries or dandelions growing at the camp. They used charcoal from campfires to do drawings. Some summers they did screen prints or spatter paints, tempura paints. Collages of plants and leaves, sun prints on blueprint paper, and spider webs coated with hairspray and carefully preserved and affixed to construction paper – all these things happened at camp.

The two most important crafts, however, were lashing and fire building, and both depended on tool craft for turning saplings, branches, and tiny twigs, green or seasoned, into serviceable raw materials. Tool craft training began in the youngest units of camp with instructions in how to use a Girl Scout pocket knife. By the second summer at Camp Koch most campers owned such a pocket knife and brought it with them to camp. Counselors taught tool craft, not in formal lessons, but by demonstration and coaching, often one on one. Girls in the late 1950's and early 1960's tended to be timid around knives. They often were excited to be using one; the feeling of daring to do this was a help in getting their attention and keeping it. Counselors tended to keep bandages and a first aid kit handy at such times.

Someone, maybe Clay, described how crafts were important, but in different ways. The show-off types, like screen prints and home-made dyes, sketching and photography and modeling clay and so on, were particularly important as trophies of the summer. They served as proof for campers' parents that their daughters were

spending the summer in wholesome pursuits, and therefore needed to return to camp another session that same summer, or for two sessions the following summer.

Members of the Eagle Feather Clan quoted here started spending two fourteen-day, later twelve-day sessions at Camp Koch each summer, once they met each other. Of course they coordinated this, so as to be there the same sessions as each other as well.

The young women's desire to return to camp did not stop with high school or college graduation; Kit counts 19 summers spent at seven or eight Girl Scout camps over the years, mostly as unit leader or program director, because being a camp director was less fun for her. Sandy served as counselor, camp director, and then for many years as the CFO who administered Girl Scout camps from a central office; she seems to have approached each job as a wilderness outfitter would, using lots of planning, as in the Girl Scout motto – "be prepared." Pepper, Smeady, and Clay worked as counselors, different camps, different numbers of summers, Smeady more summers than the other two. Smeady and Kit also worked as professional Girl Scouts, but not as many years as Sandy did. Pepper, who trained as a teacher, then turned to construction, is now a church's music director.

Certain basic crafts, tool craft, lashing, and fire building, were inherent in the Girl Scout camping process itself. "Gracious living in the out of doors," one camp director was known for saying. Hammett wrote her book, *Campcraft ABC's*, not for tennis

camps, language camps, sports camps, or music camps, but for camps where camping is the main reason for the camp – the fun of living out of doors. Program activities, such as instructions or demonstrations of lashing, knot tying, tool craft, and fire building, should fit organically into the schedule of activities, she insisted; pursuing them in class sessions on some kind of superimposed schedule would be just the wrong thing to do. Counselors should be sure to leave time for these activities to take place as part of camp life, she emphasized, fitting them into it organically (Hammett 1955: 9-11).

Rather than making life too comfortable for campers in their units, Hammett urged the unit leaders to reserve room for their campers to create little helpful implements to take care of themselves, to make much out of what was available, like lashed suitcase racks or holders for a hand mirror lashed to a tent pole. Or a floor for the shower. For Hammett crafts should fit in seamlessly, organically, with other camp-related customs (Ibid.) – customs such as Dining Hall table manners, flag ceremony ritual, camp chores (called “kapers”) and 180 or more camp songs, all sung a capella, all learned by listening and repeating. There were no song sheets and few printed or written forms of instruction at camp.

Of course some arts, crucially important though they might be, are also fragile and perishable. The art of building a fire – and for a specific purpose, because kinds of wood fires and campfires differ, of course – and the art of lashing a serviceable

implement or piece of furniture from green wood would fit into this category. Green wood lashing lasts only a summer and a campfire less than a day. Such artifacts exist only in memory or in photographs. For a chart of categories of skills taught at Camp Koch please see the appendix.

Roderick Sayce wrote in 1933 that it's impossible to understand a culture's artifacts without taking into consideration other aspects, such as its social functions and spirituality (Sayce 1933: 2). Like archeologists who have uncovered a Zulu house from a previous era, or a pyramid in Egypt, those who study camp crafts have to deal with "collections that represent only very imperfectly the culture" they are studying. The most important of these are fire and tools. Sayce states that the human race is above all a tool-making species, one that used fire from time beyond time to cook, to protect people from inclement weather, for hunting and for light, and to protect him from beings as fierce as himself, including others of his own kind. Most of all, though, fire protects against the terror that lurks in night-time shadows. More important than ascertaining the exact form of tools or fire used, is the study of the processes of thought that conceived these uses, according to Sayce, for implements are the reflection of the mind, and it is the mind itself that is the most interesting and productive study (Sayce 1933: 8, 9, 18, 21). He also notes on page 6 that "in primitive societies the distinction between the religious and the secular is much less sharply drawn than among modern civilized people."

Clay: "Camping is a spiritual activity for girls."

Henri Frankfort in his 1946 book *The Intellectual Adventure of Ancient Man* noted that "for modern scientific man the phenomenal world is primarily an It, for ancient – and also for primitive – man it is a Thou" (7).

Holy places, gateways for communication between the everyday world and the Other World, were for Celtic and Germanic tribes mostly in the open air, and in the golden ages of Greek and Roman culture we find much mention of sacred groves, sanctuaries in forest clearings or on hilltops or islands, and beside springs and lakes. The Roman historian Tacitus wrote that the Germanic tribes thought it impertinent to try to confine powerful beings such as gods to mere buildings made by humans, and unfitting for the mystery and majesty of their presence (*Germania* XX).

VI. Conflict and Dissent

What happens to dissenting voices in a place where everybody works together, everybody sings together, and campers must find a buddy routinely and matter-of-factly to go along to gather firewood? Is it all "Kum Ba Yah"? That song, which was very popular at Camp Koch for its serious message, by the way, does not, of course, tell the whole story. How does one express or justify dissent?

Pepper: “Memories are not the same, and what two different people got out of it [the Camp Koch experience] would not be the same. It’s like two people sitting together and watching the same TV program. Background, context, how someone relates to authority figures, and how the authority figures relate to the someone – this leads to different experiences at the same events.”

Pepper is referring to a delicate topic within Girl Scouts, and certainly at Girl Scout summer established camp – its middleclass-ness. She thinks the Eagle Feather Clan was an elite clique, because in any larger groups elites form; among other things, veterans always exclude newcomers, intentionally or not.

Camp Koch campers came in categories, in Pepper’s eyes, based on their parents’ socio-economic status, the presence at camp of some familiar face, and the camper’s previous experiences at the camp, if any. Facing an unfamiliar situation alone, with nothing in sight but an undifferentiated sea of strangers’ faces, that was the worst, she explained, especially if your family was just getting by financially, and everyone else seemed prosperous.

Pepper: “As soon as you see another person that you know, counselor or camper, your confidence level rises.”

Pepper herself never experienced loner-newbie status; she and Sandy, best friends since kindergarten, went to Camp Koch together their first summer, as arranged

by both sets of parents in advance. Every summer after that, until college, they attended camp together, usually for two sessions of 14 days, then 12 days in later years. Pepper's theory of the camper's relative ease of adjusting to Camp Koch comes out to something like the chart below; the researcher conceived and diagramed it.

PEPPER'S EASE OF ADJUSTMENT TO CAMP KOCH CHART

At Camp:	Affluent/educated	Middle class	Blue Collar	Marginal
1 st time/alone	mid-high	mid	mid	lowest
1 st time/one friend	high	mid-high	mid	low
1 st time/more friends	high	high	high	mid
Returning camper	highest	high	high	mid-high

Pepper is the only informant who has, on her own initiative, brought the camp's potential favoritism for certain social classes into the discussion. Pepper stands alone among her fellow Eagle Feather members in a few other ways – she is a youngest child and she has experienced lengthy stints of family camping, mostly in Colorado, but also in many other parts of the United States, since she was a baby. Other Eagle Feather members say it would be hard to match her in camp craft skills, skills she may have

learned as a preschooler, before any of them knew her; Sandy met her in kindergarten. Pepper remembers riding in a canoe when she was three years old. According to her, if Camp Koch had not existed, her parents would have sent her to some other summer camp instead. She arrived at Camp Koch already familiar with most forms of camp crafts, and already expert in some. Camp Koch did not have as much to teach her as it did her companions, or not in terms of camp crafts, anyway. Sandy remarked that when Pepper used the expression “going to camp,” it had no meaning at all before her own first summer at Camp Koch. The fact that Pepper was comfortable with conditions at camp, though, eased the worries of the others around her; they became comfortable, too. Pepper also excels in witty repartee and snappy comebacks.

Pepper: “Your background leads to differences in how authority figures treat you. Income, family income, shows up in the equipment that you bring to camp, new camp uniforms, for example, rather than used ones. Does someone at camp know your parents? Authorities treat children of known parents differently from other children, though other campers probably would not know. Campers getting less attention might think they were not measuring up somehow. Children from affluent families have different expectations, might expect to receive more respect, or get some form of what they would not think of as special or favorable treatment, but others would. ...”

“Group identity – by the time we were in Blue Wells, the primitive unit [whose campers had spent at least three summers at camp already], our identities were set. Evie’s identity, for example, seemed to be tied up with being a helpless klutz. She had no chance of being an insider. ... Less talented, less outgoing campers could not belong, and I am sure that [in the three or four summers before Blue Wells] many campers went to camp one session, one summer, and never returned. ...”

“As for me, I loved camp. Recalling it in a way that says it was wonderful for everyone is a distortion. Different people talk about different things that made big changes in their lives. Camp Koch was not a unique experience like that for me. It did not influence my life the way it did some people’s. I think my role was to look out for fairness” (by phone 7/2/2012).

Some, but not all, other Camp Koch campers were great singers and musicians, athletic, fun to be around, intelligent, and witty, perhaps as much so as Pepper. Pepper reported that one thing only – her superior camp craft skills – made her different from the others. Camp Koch had less to teach her in this one critical area; that may have changed things for her.

Kit’s experience does not conform to these criteria all that well: “What I remember about Pepper as a camper is her enthusiasm and her willingness to tackle any challenge. From where I stood, when campers got off the bus, they were all equal.

I used the first two or three days to determine their identities and skill levels, while simultaneously molding them into a unit."

"No camp administrator ever said anything to me about knowing a certain camper, and it so happened -- and I didn't find out until long afterwards -- that the daughter of the Girl Scout Council's President was one of my campers that summer. Another counselor warned me about two campers, Sandy and Pepper, and told me to beware letting them get together behind my back; mischief would result. I had connections with Pepper and Sandy I didn't know about. It was months later when I learned that one of them was the daughter of my parents' college friends. The other traced her family tree back to the same place in Kentucky as my grandfather did. A third instance of family background not being visible at camp; only after camp ended that summer, when I visited a fellow counselor's house in Evansville, did I realize that she belonged to one of Evansville's leading and wealthiest families. This had never been obvious by her demeanor, clothing, or speech at camp."

VIII. Midnight Snacks and Wish Boats

Several camp alumnae of various ages supplied partial versions of another story lurking in their minds about dissent or conflict at Camp Koch. No one talked openly about what happened. No one wanted to be quoted as having told the story, even.

Details were memorable, precisely because conflict at Camp Koch was very rare. This researcher has no assurance of knowing anything complete or definitive about the matter, which might not seem scandalous in any context other than at Camp Koch in the relevant year – 1960 or 1961, by some accounts.

The events happened, if they happened at all, in the CIT (counselor-in-training) unit two or three summers before the majority of the informants were in CIT. The story's hush-hush atmosphere made its events seem larger than they may have been. No one I talked to vouched for her own version's detailed accuracy. The decision to include the incident here came from its direct relevance to Camp Koch's values and world view.

CIT (counselor in training) was a separate unit. Its campers were high school juniors and seniors. Those campers spent most of their time during the day farmed out individually to other units as apprentice counselors, subject to the supervision of those other units' counselors. At night they returned to the CIT unit, just up the hill from the Dining Hall. But there was an epidemic of flu one summer, and as a result there were not enough counselors to cover all the units.

Accounts differ; it may have been that 1) a counselor was assigned to sleep in CIT unit who was not the CIT unit leader, but was there only to provide an adult presence at night in case of some emergency. It may have been that 2) a counselor was

assigned to CIT full time as unit leader. It may have been that 3) there was no presence of any counselor in CIT at all for the entire 12-day session or a substantial part of it.

Campers in CIT ranged in age from 16 to 19, generally. One variant has it that the designated CIT unit leader went home on account of illness, and did not return. Many remember that during the summer in question quite a few counselors became ill and had to leave the camp; some did not return. Staffing would have been thin under such circumstances. Another version 4) claims that a specific counselor, a thoroughly disliked counselor, was the assigned unit leader of CIT unit at the time. 5) Others say that the disliked counselor was just sleeping there to provide an adult presence in case of some night-time emergency.

What makes a counselor unpopular at Camp Koch? Worldview is clearly on display here. Creating the impression of laziness, arrogance, and boastfulness would start her off on the wrong foot, for sure. Showing scant interest in the campers' activities and talking down to them would complete the process. It might seem odd to an outsider, but lack of camp craft skills alone would not make much difference, as long as the counselor in question honestly wanted to learn and tried her hand at things (Kit, Amy, Prophet, and Sandy confirm this.)

Amy had high praise for the Clan's first-year CIT unit leader, Squirrel. She did not just sit in her tent while the CITs gathered firewood; she went with them and

gathered firewood with them. It was for a unit campfire, after all, and Squirrel was definitely in the unit, a member of the unit.

When the CITs, four or five years before Amy's summer in CIT, supposedly found out that they would have no unit leader the next twelve-day session [CITs routinely spent two twelve-day sessions in succession at the camp] they made plans they wanted to keep secret. That is the beginning of the legend's plot.

One version is that the CITs wanted to see if they could successfully sneak forbidden goodies into camp, such contraband items as Cokes and potato chips. In those days all campers arrived by bus, their belongings delivered to their units by Jeep; it would be a real challenge to get Cokes into the camp then. The contraband was for midnight snacks in the tents where the CITs slept, the story goes on, something else strictly forbidden, although Camp Koch had never had bear problems. Special snacks were a treat that was supposed to be available equally to all the campers, not just a select few. The absence of a unit leader with real authority over and responsibility for the CIT unit, however, might have contributed to an impression that the CITs could get away with this. And they did, or so all the story versions agree. All seven or eight of them were in on it. A variant has it that one of them succeeded in smuggling in an entire watermelon as well; that would be pure bravado, according to Sandy, because the

CITs could have requested a watermelon for an evening campfire from the Dining Hall, and gotten it.

As the plot unfolds the CITs were having a fine time in the evenings in their tents with their secret snacks and treats, and with perhaps no unit leader to check on them, but the fine times did not last long. Here three variants again differ, but one account has it that one of the CITs, suffering a crisis of conscience, went to someone in the camp's administration and confessed the entire smuggling and snacking conspiracy, without telling the other CITs. The soonest the others heard about it, according to this version – the most detailed version of the story -- was when a counselor they knew came up to them in the Dining Hall and said that someone had told on them, using the word *betrayed*. One of their own had betrayed them. Another version has it that the culprits experienced no adverse consequences of any kind, even though they had been found out. Truly, even in the early 1960s it would have been difficult to get too upset about high school juniors and seniors drinking warm soft drinks in their tents at night, or eating potato chips, even if they were sneaking around to do it.

Amy, who described in the broken arm story how much effort and trouble it had cost her to conceal forbidden candy from the camp nurse, would be shocked to hear that a CIT would inform on her own group. Solidarity and honor mean a lot to Amy. After receiving the bad news the CITs – minus the one who supposedly confessed --

struck out where there were no paths, no Jeep roads, that evening after the Dining Hall revelation, to meet and discuss what they should do. According to one version they spent their time singing in a craggy clearing. Only CITs are permitted to move around from one place to another at Camp Koch without an accompanying counselor. It's true that at Camp Koch groups of campers, especially older campers, liked to sing, and might sing on various occasions. No variant included what happened at the meeting, if there was one.

As one might expect, this was not the end of it. Controversy broke out again that summer among the CITs, this time involving the camp's Closing Night ceremony, at the end of the 14-day session. It had to do with the unit's wish boats. One variant includes only this part of the tale, omitting the clandestine snacking incidents and the supposed confession.

Wish boats, according to Kit, Sandy, and others, were small vessels made of wood or wax-coated single-serving milk cartons, whose only purpose in the ceremony was to hold a candle and a piece of paper and float for a short while out onto the still lake, almost always at twilight or after dark.

Someone from each unit, almost always a camper, would read the unit's wish aloud, a wish for the campers or the camp as a whole, and light the candle, and set the fragile little vessel onto the surface of the lake. Kit notes that in her years at Camp Koch

two campers normally carried out the task, one to read the wish and the other to carry the little boat down to the lake and launch it, or give it to the waterfront counselor who had the responsibility of launching it. The assembled camp population would watch each unit's little boat float away, forming part of a little fleet of flickering lights out on Lake Bilvador. There would be singing by all present. This ceremony is impressive around dusk. By the next morning at the latest, waterfront counselors would have the remains of the little boats picked up and added to the camp's trash.

The rest of the Closing Night event was singing and perhaps listening to a poetic selection or two or a passage from *The Way of Understanding* or *The Prophet*.

At the end of this particular session, according to at least one version of the tale, the idea was for each unit to give its wish boat to some admired or exemplary person, who would read the unit's wish aloud and launch the wish boat; every unit except CIT had decided to give its tiny boat to its own unit leader. By some accounts CIT had no unit leader at that point, only a counselor who slept in the unit for safety's sake, but at any rate, according to the story, the person who had revealed the secret snacks now decided to stand up for a heartily disliked counselor and to insist that the CITs give her their wish boat. The rest of the CITs supposedly wanted to give their unit's boat to another counselor, unit leader of another unit. It was not often that campers' preferences for certain counselors over others became evident, or in this case blatant.

By the time the majority of the Clan was in CIT, four or five years after this incident was supposed to have occurred, all of them considered Kit a personal friend, as she did them, but at camp they treated her as a counselor (in another unit), and she treated them as campers. It was not something they even needed to discuss; for them there was no alternative. That was the way the camp's ethos required it to be.

Two versions agree that the CITs in the wish boat narrative went ahead with the plan to give their unit's wish boat to another counselor, some other unit's counselor, and that the dissenter was terribly offended, and that that particular CIT group – perhaps as close-knit as the Eagle Feather Clan – never met together again, not voluntarily, after that session at camp. One version had it that the dissenter made a speech denouncing the others. At any rate there was rare dissension, a conflict that came to the attention of a number of people at camp, an occurrence so rare that some continued to talk about it hesitantly and in hushed tones years later.

This story came to the researcher piecemeal in the form of three divergent variants. The description of a typical wish boat ceremony came from Kit and Sandy.

Opinions expressed in the above tale complex reveal the following: 1) conflicting loyalties at camp can end friendships, 2) solidarity has its limits, 3) symbols mean more than they might seem to, 4) strong-minded individuals may choose unexpected places

to stand on principle, and 5) camp management showed its capacity for pragmatism by not visiting any consequences at all on the hapless midnight snackers.

If a counselor reads the campers' wish at an important ceremony, this seems in conflict with the camp's emphasis on girl planning and girl leadership. In the hush-hush legend the camp worldview's preference for active participation is apparent; the supposedly disliked counselor may have been surly and unskilled, but the final straw was that she refused to participate in the unit's activities. Of course, if she was there in some capacity other than unit leader, she would not have needed to participate.

Diverging and even conflicting variants may show the effect of partisanship on the human memory, or other memory-related distortions. It is remarkable that these stories about the internal dissension remain in existence at least fifty-five years after the events are supposed to have occurred. This is especially true considering that the events presumably at their heart, even in their most extreme versions, would seem dire only to someone whose emotions were completely bound up in the minutia of the camp's culture.

*Art is what is best, deepest, finest, richest in every culture. ...
art means making...*

*Technical skill brings into control the wildness that surrounds us,
spreading away towards the unknown, and the wildness that rises
within to separate the mind from the body. It makes sense that
people living close to chaos, engaged daily in contests with nature,
would locate art in technology, appreciating the straight furrow, the
white-washed wall of neatly placed stone,... for those in action
upon the world, for the hunters and farmers who win life directly
out of nature, who exist in a state of wonderful war with forces*

from beyond, it is reasonable that they ... would value objects based on skill, and that their works would feature repetition and symmetry and signs of control, that they would have no word for an artist in addition to the word that designates the person of perfected skill: master. ...

Art is bigger than decoration. ... art can be decorative, but it must be aesthetic. ... the aesthetic enlivens the senses. It is the opposite of anesthetic. ... when the senses seek their own pleasure, action is aesthetic. ... [the] aesthetic is the pleasure of the senses, ... [and] pleasure is fun. Fun is the feeling of release from toil into a free state of play. ... Artists must be free. Their greatest freedom is not found, nor stolen, nor granted. It is won. Their freedom comes from their being in such command of their métier that its practice brings them pleasure while they work toward important ends. ...

Folk art is rural, but it is also urban. It is communal, but it is also individualistic... It is the purpose of art to be impure, to blend categories, to overturn them and erase distinctions, to disturb simple thought and move the mind behind the senses into totalizing experience.

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Henry Glassie (1989. *The Spirit of Folk Art*. Santa Fe: 39, 57, 63, 64, 227)

IX. The Woodhaven Summer

Informants who were in the Woodhaven unit of Camp Koch in the summer of 1960, four as campers and one as a counselor, remember the experience as one of enlightenment and growth. They do not use the word *education*, but it fits the situation. It prepared them for life, they say. Some of the vicissitudes of life came upon them soon afterwards, during the following summer, the Badger summer, although they had no idea in 1960 that such difficulties would arrive so soon.

For Clay, Pepper, Sandy, and Freddie the Woodhaven summer of 1960 was their third summer at Camp Koch, which brought with it, according to Kit's theory, the inoculation effect, as described in Chapter 1 of this study. According to Kit three summers at Camp Koch during the years in question prevented most or all social ills, such as addictions, violence, or victimhood, from taking hold in the former campers, for the rest of their lives. It may also have sealed the deal in terms of belonging at camp. Members of the Eagle Feather Clan spent many more summers than three at that Girl Scout camp, or at others; some say they live, really live, only there, or that they take the camp's culture with them wherever they go.

The English word *education*, coming from Latin as it does, has a literal, down-to-earth meaning as well as the meaning we usually attach to it. When you look at the two parts of the word in Latin, taken separately, they mean *to raise (someone or something) up, to lead out of*. The second part is related to the English word *duke*, which in Latin means any kind of leader, but often a battle leader. The prefix *ex*, shortened to *e-* in the word *education*, means *out of*. Latin eventually connected the idea of raising up, leading out of, or leading soldiers forth, to the idea of rearing or bringing up children. The English word *education* has as its core, therefore, the word for *to lead*. This is fitting and proper; education involves someone leading someone. The implication is that this leading (out of) or raising up is a good thing (Cassell's Latin Dictionary 1968: 207).

Some of the 1960 Woodhavers, before they arrived at camp that summer, had already sustained wounds in life, psychic ones, the kind no one talks about, because those wounds make you seem weak, or your family background evil, somehow. Or you don't know you have been wounded, because the wounds came to you so early that you define those wounds as *life* or *the way things are*, or, even more harmfully, as *something only I suffer and have to deal with alone*. Some of the unit's inhabitants were incorporating those wounds, even at the ripe old ages of 12 or 13, or 21, into a constellation they called *my fault*.

One camper, for example, suffered from an older sister who dominated her and tended to use up all the air, all the parental attention, all the time, and defiantly. Some were also gasping for breath, psychically, because they were dealing with parents who – casually, and without thinking about it – demanded that their daughters become someone they were not, all the time. These parents, without knowing it, oppressed their children by having expectations that went in the direction of parental ambitions, not in the directions the girls' personalities really went, or could go, if not stomped on. Children and young adults were subject to such stomping, and blamed themselves or the world for it. Some were dealing with crises of low parental expectations, or with parental depression, discouragement, even neglect, although not in an outwardly visible way. It's a combination of an adolescent thing, a 1950's emphasis on certain kinds of achievement, and a gender thing. Parents tended automatically to expect

girlish cuteness and sweetness all the time from their daughters. It was an act, mostly, and one the young people stepped out of once they were at camp.

It was the middle of the 20th century, but it seemed new, a time for pioneers of various kinds. On the other hand gender rules remained rigid and harsh. See the appendix for a chart of mid-20th century rules for girls, boys, women, and men.

According to that chart, provided by a group of Camp Koch alumnae in a number of consultations, the times were not easy for anybody. The demands on mothers, in particular, seem inhuman. They seem to have accepted them as normal. Why would anyone want to grow up, to try to follow in such footsteps? Many Woodhaveners considered their parents giants, and themselves unworthy midgets, squeaking in their wake.

Creaky's career shows how much gender-based role models and expectations changed from the 1960s to the 1980s. Creaky is the camp name of one of Kit's campers, during the early 1980s summer Kit was in charge of the CIT (Counselor-in-Training) unit at Camp Koch. That makes this a 1960s to 1980s comparison. Creaky compared high school marching band and Camp Koch in terms of a high school girl's identity. These were the two strongest non-parental influences in her life during her high school years. Her subsequent career displays many features of the Camp Koch worldview (see appendix). Creaky is not a member of the Kochies, however. Her statement:

“Marching Band and Camp Koch both formed my identity. Neither outweighs the other. I became a leader in camp and in band, and to do so I needed to become myself, become comfortable in my own skin. So I made three rules for myself: 1) Don’t lie to yourself; 2) No regrets: make the best decision you can at the time, then move on. You have to **do** something versus **inaction**; 3) Balance your life. Life is about that. Work and play, family, spouse, and personal time, all are interconnected.”

“In any career you have defining moments. At IBM I volunteered to organize and host an annual one-day conference. I’d been at IBM a couple of years, and I was 26 years old. Nobody else wanted to chair it, so I chaired it, working with older men who far outranked me. I set it up, did the planning. I opened it and introduced the main speakers. It was the biggest one-day conference we had ever had. I was too young and naïve to be nervous. It was a defining moment. 1991.”

“I had started out working weekends at first, so I worked in various divisions of IBM carrying a tool bag. Now I’m national corporate staff, working from home here in Evansville. I feel I’ve arrived, comfortable in my own skin, and in my garden.”

“I am known to be blunt, outspoken. I’ve always been an over-achiever. The way I look at it, once you make the commitment, you have to do it.”

From tool bags and lashing shower floors to setting up conferences, this study finds an interesting connection between a traditional apprenticeship, as in Vlach’s

account of Phillip Simmons (Vlach 1981) and Creaky's career path. Creaky's "defining moments" may relate directly to the life stories, predicted careers, and "turning points," discussed in this study's introduction. Creaky believes that the varied skills, attitudes, and strengths she acquired at Camp Koch had a positive effect on her career, which was varied and increasingly ambitious.

Clearly an educator – or in the Woodhaven instance, camp counselor -- must persuade. That's what all the charm, joy, and fun challenges are about. The camp setting, like the blacksmith's forge, puts the spoken word, not some form of writing, squarely in the middle of the situation. Camp Koch's campers learned by listening and by trying, by imitating, applying these techniques to singing and to other skills, like lashing or building a campfire.

It was no easier for Magalena's (from chapter 2's title song "Magalena Hagalena") acolytes to follow her lead than it was for Peter Simmons's apprentice Phillip to follow his (Vlach 1981:16). Magalena Hagalena is clearly a powerful being; it's not easy to follow in such giant footsteps. How should the campers, the initiates, so to speak, or in another perspective, immigrants, mere humans, and some of them wounded as well, expect to acquire the skills and attitudes they need to manage this transition to camp, the fortitude, the discipline, the expertise, the pure joy? It has to do

with role models, a process Phillip Simmons understood very well. One becomes another person, a version of the admired one (Vlach 1981: 17).

Kit calls this role model process, embedded in the unit plan, the scariest part of the whole thing. It requires the counselor, like a master of apprentices, to **BE** exemplary. She must manage somehow to live up to Camp Koch, Magalena, the Wood Child, or whatever the ideal, the shining light up ahead, is called. Acting a role one becomes that role, and it therefore ceases to be a role. Some may call it method acting, but others call it life. You become your role model, and – inspired by this – you surpass it, and like all true masters of a craft or art, you make it all look easy and natural. Your achievements become play, in the same way that challenges become fun. See also Glassie 1989, as quoted at the beginning of this chapter. The highest form of art, practiced by the artist at his very best, has become play, joy, delight of the senses. Fun, one might add.

II. Identity, Belonging, and a Self-Conscious Elite

The Woodhaven campers of 1960 looked up to Kit, and to a lesser extent, to Dottie, the Assistant Unit Leader; Kit was very aware of this, and was scared. Like a true master of apprentices, though, she grew into the role, until it became her, or she became it. If she hadn't been scared, it would have been proof that she did not

understand what was going on, the importance of what she had set out to do. Camp Koch's director, in the summer of 1963, three years after the Woodhaven summer of 1960, in a formal performance review with Kit, in her office, said – each word engraved onto Kit's memory still – “It's all right for camp to be important to you, and for you to love camp, but you shouldn't let it be your whole life. “

Kit does not remember what she responded out loud, but in her heart, she said: “Why not? It IS life.”

Kit continued – “The Camp Director seemed to think we counselors should have a life outside of camp. I don't remember what led up to this topic. Of course I knew there were times when the other counselors spent their time in ways that did not appeal to me. I didn't share their interests, and they didn't understand mine. Often times my tent-mate [the Assistant Unit Leader] would take nights out and go down to the Staff House, where there was a camper-free zone, hot running water for showers, a Coke machine, and so on. Card games and the like. I didn't care for that kind of thing. I was happier in Woodhaven.”

Under discussion here are two “little communities,” in Robert Redfield's sense of the word (1960:19) – the blacksmith's forge, as rendered in Vlach's 1981 book, and Camp Koch's Woodhaven of the summer of 1960, as engraved onto the memories of two of its campers and one counselor, who became members, with her, of the Eagle

Feather Clan. Both functioned within larger social settings, 1960s Charleston, South Carolina, in the case of the forge, and 1960s Camp Koch in Woodhaven's case.

Redfield (1960: 18) maintains that if one is going to write a book about the general character of a community other than one's own, the best time to do so is soon after one arrives there for the first time, because then everything seems simple and new, as it never will be after nuances begin to show up, and the community, being part of reality, becomes complex and detailed and, well, human.

By these criteria, however, it would be impossible to write about Woodhaven or the Charleston smithy today – there are only, on the one hand, a written document and some contextual information, and on the other hand, memories, photos, and tales to go by. Memory can be fragile; even yesterday is not all that clear in some people's minds. Redfield himself, if one takes the above lament seriously, lost the chance to write about the character of the little community of indigenous people in Mexico, by not writing that book before he became too much enmeshed in the community himself ever to find it an easy matter to do so. In losing perspective as an observer, however, he gained perspective as a participant, the other half of the now-traditional expression in anthropology and its ancestor science folklore, *participant-observer*. Vlach's book, Redfield's study, and this account are based on the same thing – human memory and a certain amount of context.

Just as Redfield in his study (Ibid.) went to previous research for comparisons – to Professor Evans-Pritchard’s description of the Nuer people of Africa, in fact – this account will go to Redfield’s study, for perspective, for contextual depth, for structural analysis. There are differences, however; human memory is not the same as being there. Sandy, Clay, and Kit provided information about the Woodhaven summer of 1960; that summer Smeady was in Blue Wells, the primitive unit Woodhaven campers needed to prepare for. The unit system at residential camp, as described in Chapter Three of this study, sets up little communities, villages in a way. They are the units.

Other units of Camp Koch in 1960 were unlike Woodhaven in some ways; Woodhaven was the most ambitious of all the units in Main Camp, and included the most experienced campers. Its task was to prepare them for Blue Wells, the more isolated primitive unit, but all units had certain social systems in common. Returning to the compare-contrast of this study’s Chapter 3, it becomes clearer what those social systems were. Annual cycles, not of crops, but of school and school vacations, governed the Camp Koch community, as did the number of campers Camp Koch could support in its six units, the number of counselors and other staff needed to run the camp, and the camp’s capacity, as a physical environment, to stage the camp’s wide range of activities and programs. At any given time during those Indiana summers there might well have been 100 or so campers eating in the Dining Hall three meals a day, in addition to administrative staff, unit staff, waterfront staff, and the camp nurse;

the Camp Ranger and his family were also on the premises, living in their own house on the lake, near the front gate.

In addition to the unit plan, any number of traditions governed camp operations – table manners, flag ceremonies, opening and closing night campfires, Scouts’ Owns, overnights in remote locations, excursions to camp landmarks, such as the Slate Piles, and threshold experiences such as building a one-match campfire or sleeping out in pathless places. Even the latrines had traditions – a kerosene lantern to light the way after dark, for example. Campers and counselors walked on paths, under normal circumstances, not roads, although there were some roads. Songs campers and counselors learned by listening and singing numbered easily more than one hundred. Chapter Eight of this study lists about 200 camp songs from the camp’s somewhat larger repertoire 1958-1970.

Coming to terms with the counselor’s role, living as a unit leader in every sense of the word, was a challenge Kit accepted during her first summer at Camp Koch, when she was an assistant unit leader. It came into full bloom the following summer, the summer of Woodhaven 1960. And Kit’s life changed. The change was no geographically-bound, inside-the-borders-of-Camp-Koch change. It went everywhere, touched all aspects of her life, and transformed them. She broke up with her condescending boyfriend/fiancé. Before Christmas 1961 she had changed her major in

college and later spent thirty-some years as a teacher – so that she could spend her summers, 19 of them, at camp, mostly as unit leader or program director.

Having learned to play the guitar at a Girl Scout camp, although not at Camp Koch, Kit found that music became a bigger and bigger part of her life, until accepting a professional gig and playing folk music in a café was something she did without particularly practicing for it. Within a year her teaching field moved from physical education to music for elementary school. She found her *métier*, she maintains, twice, once at camp and once in music. The best was a combination of the two. She married and had a child, later in life than she had hoped, but not too late.

Sandy, Smeady, and Clay described significant developmental experiences during the summer of 1960, when two of them – 13-year-old Smeady was at Blue Wells -- were 12-year-olds in different sessions in Woodhaven, with Kit as their counselor. Separately, the three teamed up with other campers in their respective units, although Clay found this more difficult than the other two. They experienced primitive camping conditions at Blue Wells, in Smeady's case, or at Woodhaven's remote site at Fox Ridge, in the case of Freddie, Sandy, Pepper, and Clay – no dining hall meals, no nicely laid-out paths. During the Woodhaven summer of 1960 the five of them, each in her own way, became aware of belonging to an elite cadre – although not yet the Clan.

Clay described the process as being like a religious conversion, a gigantic awakening. Behind her back the world had changed. Her ugly duckling-style rebirth in water, as portrayed in this study's Chapter 3, was only the beginning. In Woodhaven, once that new sense of things overcame her, she did something impulsive, something violent. She expressed her fury at losing her isolation, a loss that threatened to overwhelm her, by tossing a fellow camper's full laundry bag over the Point. No lasting harm resulted from the act. After that Clay acquired a more meaningful social life and took on significant leadership roles in school as well as in Girl Scouts. She found her *métier* – acquiring foreign language skills. Her university awarded her a B.A. and M.A. within four years. She studied overseas and began a career as an educator. She also married, had a child, and participated fully in life, as she had never thought she would.

Sandy, who had not yet met Clay the summer of 1960, because Clay attended a different session of Woodhaven, described that summer as another step, and a major one, toward increased competence and worthiness, an ability to live up to the wilderness experience. Sandy and Pepper, best friends since kindergarten, returned that same summer for a second session of Woodhaven. By the following summer the Eagle Feather members were spending two sessions at camp every summer, and choosing those sessions so as to be there together. And by then there was definitely an Eagle Feather Clan. The Woodhaven summer formed all its future members but one; its

first get-together occurred at the camp reunion over Christmas break that same year. Smeady joined them a year or so later.

Sandy, a history major in college, after accompanying her husband on a military assignment abroad and returning, became a professional Girl Scout. She found her proper *métier*. She stayed with it for nearly 30 years, fighting for the integrity of the Girl Scout camping experience, sometimes preserving traditions, sometimes smoothing over and facilitating inevitable changes, until she retired not long ago. She had risen to the rank of Chief Financial Officer of the Girl Scout council where she worked.

Smeady, after several years as a nurse, and a few years as a professional Girl Scout, returned to college and became a psychotherapist, helping women who struggled within themselves and within their families and communities, to free themselves to be the people they truly were. Smeady made it her *métier* to help these other women find theirs. She also wrote several self-help books, after which she moved into the realm of fiction-writing. She now writes screen plays.

Freddie and Pepper entered fields where, at that time, women had hardly dared to venture. After working on stage sets in college, Pepper started her own home remodeling business. After learning how to organize people and processes at camp, Freddie became a corporate executive. They found their *métiers*.

III. Woodhaven as a “Little Community”

A community study provides insights, although it's not a perfect model, for analyzing Woodhaven as a “little community.” Robert Redfield, in his 1960 study of a Mexican indigenous community, defines a “little community” as small, distinctive, homogenous/slow-changing, and self-sufficient (Redfield 1960: 4). The other adjectives apply rather smoothly, but with self-sufficiency, the analogy runs into trouble. Woodhaven acquired some of its rules and all its resources from Camp Koch, which turned for financial support and other resources to those who donated to the United Fund, to parents who paid camp fees, and to nearby colleges – colleges the counselors attended during the school year, colleges whose summer recess made working at Camp Koch a possibility or necessity for some. Girl Scout cookie sales provided support as well, particularly in the form of camperships awarded to girls whose families could not afford the camp's already subsidized fees.

Gatherings of authority figures – thinking again of Redfield's “little community” – took place to a great extent at pre-camp, providing a key to Camp Koch's focus and goals each summer. Counselors determined the direction of the camp; pre-camp oriented and trained the counselors. These counselors did not bear the title *leader* as a sort of token: they earned it. Sandy put it like this: “If you as camp director can get the counselors in the right mode, you've achieved the biggest part of successful camp

management.” Camp culture bore the influence of college campus culture, not in addition to the camp’s own culture and traditions, but blended together.

Redfield’s “little community,” even though less than a perfect equivalent, is a fitting model even so. Primitive camping, the basis of the Camp Koch triad whose other legs are camp crafts and tradition in song, leads to increased resourcefulness and teamwork; it received huge emphasis in Woodhaven. Another useful analogy might be to Woodhaven 1960 as a work of art in itself; Van Slyck’s book (xv, xx – xxv, xxxi) and any number of others indicate that the illusion of wilderness at summer camp is a carefully maintained artistic creation.

The quote from Henry Glassie about what art is, at the center of this chapter, now seems apropos. How can one identify the creators of the work of art in this analogy, a work of art called Woodhaven, a sort of open-air museum that might well include all other forms of art, inside the constructed wilderness of Camp Koch? In the immediate sense, certainly, Woodhaven’s counselors/leaders created it, but in a truer, more systemic sense, in addition, Camp Koch’s landscape, the campers’ parents, the Girl Scouts of the United States of America, the Camp Ranger, and communities and businesses of Southwestern Indiana influenced and contributed to the unit’s culture and traditions. Woodhaveners contributed to the work of art – the unit -- they inhabited, like apprentice architects in a building under construction, resident artists in an art

museum, or actors creating, practicing, and presenting a play all at once, with lots of improvisation. The *Mona Lisa* it wasn't, but like the *Mona Lisa* the summer of 1960 in Woodhaven is immortal, as immortal as human memory and commemoration and the Eagle Feather Clan and its members' later accomplishments – joint and individual – can make it.

Kit, thinking of Woodhaven as a work of art, remembered creating works of art during her summers there: "In Woodhaven 1963, after we had been in Fox Ridge itself [for the usual two-night excursion that became standard rather quickly], that was the only time when we extended our overnight for a third night, because I was looking for a challenge. So we went to Fox Ridge for that first night, got up and had breakfast the next morning, and went exploring for another overnight site, a little farther out, and we found a spot, and we built a table out there, a lashed-between-two-trees table, a work table. We had fitted the pieces in the table so well that when we got finished and we set the lantern up on the table that night, the shadow that it cast was whole, not showing any spaces in the branches lashed together. I remember thinking, 'Wow, look what we did!' I guess that was about as close to a perfectly lashed table as any. "

"In terms of Woodhaven in 1960, one of the major achievements was that we became so skilled at outdoor cooking that the strenuousness went right out of it, and as

a result it became easier than going down to the Dining Hall for meals. And a whole lot more fun.”

Clay: “One day early in the summer of 1960 I was just standing around, feeling rather useless, while some other campers in Woodhaven got ready to cook out, maybe for supper, I don’t remember. Some kid came up to me and said ‘Can you make a salad?’ I didn’t really think about it; salads at home were not very tasty, but perhaps camp salads were better. I started breaking up some lettuce for a tossed salad, and then figured I should toss the thing. Somebody walking by – a camper – said I should use oil and vinegar as a salad dressing. Nobody used salad oil at home, vinegar and sugar were for salads, but I thought ‘Why not?’ And, you know, that salad turned out rather well, and as it happened, later on, as a college student, I got a little reputation as a salad-maker among my small group of friends.”

“Woodhaven meant more to me than to some of the others, because I had more to learn, in all kinds of ways. And Woodhaven sneaked up on me, like salad-making, actually, because my fellow campers assumed I was, like them, capable, interested, and normal. I knew I wasn’t, and there were times when going along with what they expected just wasn’t possible. But I didn’t have to play the outsider role if I didn’t want to. I could put it aside and be like the others, part of something wonderful.”

Clay remembered three important things in Woodhaven – 1) Kit's harmonica playing a slow, sweet camp song after bedtime every night, blending with the sounds of the trees, the moonlight, and dusk, 2) being, breathing, living, especially at Fox Ridge, as a 3) reliable team member, capable of building a one-match fire.

IV. A Woodhaven Session, Leadership on the Hop, and Kit's Fox Ridge

The components of a session in Woodhaven's 1960 version might be listed as 1) Fox Ridge and its preliminary training and preparation stages, 2) all-camp events, such as the country fair taking place just as Woodhaven returned from Fox Ridge one summer, or Opening or Closing Night ceremonies, and 3) standard camp program and activities, program being organized in a progression -- first rowboats, then canoes, for example – and activities being roughly the same for campers of most or all ages and stages of expertise in camp craft skills. Most campers, with their respective units, went to the Slate Piles to slide at some point, for example, or hiked into nearby Cannelton, Indiana, to ride the ferry across the Ohio River and back; those were activities. Archery was program, lashing was program, because a progression of skill levels was involved, and singing around the campfire was activity.

Kit: "I loved Hilltop [her first summer at Camp Koch], before I knew better. Woodhaven was better."

On October 7, 2012, at her house, Kit described something important, something related to the natural world, or even the supernatural world, that happened during one of her eight summers in Camp Cedar Point's Pioneer unit, which had programs similar to Woodhaven's; the camp is in Southern Illinois, rather than Southern Indiana.

"There was one night in the unit when I was not officially there [Kit found she preferred to spend her allotted time off in the unit, rather than in town or at the Staff House; this was technically speaking not permitted.] I was on my 24 [day off], but I was there, in my tent, because there was nowhere else I wanted to be. It was Sunday evening, so my unit went with the Assistant Unit Leader down to Scouts' Own. I was sitting on my cot. I think I may have been reading or writing something until twilight began to interfere. So I was looking out the tent's door flap, and I watched as trees turned from brown and green to silver as the moon came up. I still feel that sense of perfect peace whenever I think of that moment. Just forest sounds, nothing special – it was home. Nothing could disturb me from that sense of total peace. I have no idea how long I sat there. It was one of the most significant moments of my life. I was home and being one with where I was in the world, awake, alert, but calm, and watching trees change color; it was magical. I have no idea how long I sat there, just feeling. [Kit lifted

both hands to shoulder height, as if framing a picture.] And I've never been able to describe just what it did feel like. [Kit's voice trailed off.] And it was black dark before the unit came back. It was perfect peace and awe mixed up together. But I never lost that sense of wonder at being in the forest."

Clay on leadership the Woodhaven summer of 1960: "We were heading down for lunch from the unit to Main Camp, just back from a two-night overnight at Fox Ridge. We had showered in our magnificent shower and were clean for the first time in two days. We had been cooking out for the last five meals. Anyhow, we were feeling pretty cheerful as we hiked in. One of our two counselors always led us single file - that day the trailing counselor was Kit, our unit leader. She told us campers later that she had twisted an ankle and fallen, near the place where the path from Pioneer [unit] fed into the downward way. We campers continued down to Main Camp with the other counselor, Dottie, as Kit directed. "

"Kit told me years later that Dottie had left word with the camp nurse, asking for a roll of adhesive tape, so that Kit could strap the ankle herself, but instead the nurse went up the road with the ranger in the Jeep to locate her. The ranger, Mr. Mason, carried Kit up the path to the Jeep. He was well known for feats of strength. Kit said he didn't even breathe hard, carrying her on his back; of course, she weighed only about

110 pounds in those days. The nurse wrapped the ankle and sent Kit off to a doctor in town, who taped it, said it was a sprain, and told her to stay off it for three days.”

“Back at camp Kit didn’t think twice about heading up that steep set of paths to our unit, to meet up with the rest of us after some activity or other. She told me many years later that there wasn’t much time left that session, and she wasn’t going to stand by while some other counselor took over her campers and her unit. So she hopped on the good foot. She didn’t even use a crutch or a walking stick. At age 21, of course, she was extremely fit and used to the paths at the camp. By then we knew Kit, but even so this flabbergasted us campers.”

“Sparing the injured ankle, hopping all the way on the good foot, she trailed us up that steep, twisting path, stopping once or twice to catch her breath, leaning for a minute against a tree or on the shoulder of one of us campers. The hurt foot never touched the ground. ... We were very impressed with this, not just as a feat of strength, but also a feat of balance and coordination – you haven’t seen that path – and certainly as a way to respect medical authority and stay where she wanted to be. It wouldn’t have been Woodhaven without her. For three days or so she hopped everywhere, up and down that steep hill, several times a day, and Woodhaven kept up its full schedule of activities all that time.”

It became obvious on October 30, 2011, that Kit was still capable of unusual feats, physical and mental. This pertains to Sandy's observation, as a long-time camp administrator, that camp counselors, and particularly unit leaders, set the tone for the camp, lead the way, literally and in every other way. Kit's first job as unit leader was in Woodhaven; this was a turning point for her that was still evident in her life in 2011.

The folklorist went along that October day in 2011 as Kit and her three small dogs and her daughter's small dog went to a dog park in town. There was a group of large dogs off-leash, scuffling and engaging mostly with each other, as we entered. Dogs off-leash tend to be less aggressive, Kit was telling me. She unleashed hers. But the large dogs became overly interested in the Chihuahua, her daughter's dog, while Kit had her back turned, chatting with an acquaintance. Suddenly there was a pack of large dogs moving so fast they seemed a blur, straining to catch the screaming, fleeing Chihuahua. The rather large, athletic-looking young men who had brought the pack members were laughing – "Look at that little dog run!" Kit had disappeared. She reappeared in the midst of a group of suddenly embarrassed-looking large dogs, formerly a pack, with the Chihuahua in her arms. The former pack's owners disappeared with them from the park as if blown away by a powerful wind. Because the pack had been veering wildly and at great speed from one corner of the park to another, I wondered how Kit had managed to intercept it. "I have no idea," she said. "I

just knew I had to get there, and I did." The Chihuahua was scratched but not seriously hurt.

Kit was the only person there who had grasped the situation the very instant that the big dogs' game had turned deadly. She acted at once. Some pet owners were actually laughing. Kit was the only person there who did anything. She turned up in the middle of the pack that had been veering wildly from one corner of the park to the other, changing course for no apparent reason. Didn't it bother her that some of those dogs came close to outweighing her? How did she know where to run?

"I have no idea," Kit said. "I just needed to get there, and I managed to do it in time."

Kit was on that day over seventy years old. She had suffered for years from two chronic debilitating medical conditions. The owners of the big dogs were mostly young-to-middle-aged, beefy, athletic-seeming men. They had been oblivious, although the emergency was apparent.

This incident reveals that Woodhaven's unit leader back then, and the retired teacher that unit leader has become, is a real leader, capable of saving the helpless, of looking out for her own. With uncanny speed and prescience she moved in, without a thought of danger to herself, to protect a pet from harm, doing it effectively, deftly, and

calmly. Her sense of calm communicated itself to the large dogs, calming them right away.

According to Clay, campers felt safe with Kit, as well as inspired by her. Clay described an evening ritual in the Woodhaven of 1960 as follows:

“After we were all bedded down in our tents, and the counselors had made the rounds from tent to tent to wish us good night, Kit, over by the fire bowl if embers there were still alive, or over by her tent if not, played sweet, slow harmonica songs, drawing the notes out. I remember waiting for those notes to soar. A favorite tune was the song we called ‘The Embers of Campfire.’ If Kit was off at a meeting, or taking her 24, I missed those notes. Sometimes I still do. Anyhow, they belonged there.”

“The Embers of Campfire,” sung to the tune of “The Bells of St. Mary’s:”

*The embers of campfire
Are now slowly dying.
The birds and the wood folk
Have gone to their rest.
The stars twinkling o’er us
Their light shining for us –
O God of Nature,
Grant to us a
Peaceful night.*

IV. Buddha's Brain, Woodhaven, and Protection from Harm

Buddha's Brain: The Practical Neuroscience of Happiness, Love, and Wisdom is a book two neuroscientists wrote in 2009 to provide a link between two sets of authorities on brain functions, skilled practitioners of meditation/contemplation on the one hand and current researchers in medical science on the other. The book provides advice and tools for tuning the adult brain to focus on and achieve happiness, love, and wisdom. It demonstrates the paramount importance of places like Camp Koch, and especially Woodhaven, as safe, protected places for their inhabitants, providing the setting, the conditioning, and the tools for strengthening "the neural foundations of joyful, caring, and deeply insightful states of mind" (Hanson 2009: Intro.).

People who have lived in a contemplative manner -- a category not limited to nuns, philosophers, and saints -- have developed expertise in controlling and harnessing the representation of reality the human brain relies upon to construct thoughts. People don't perceive, cannot act upon, what is really in front of them; they perceive an image of what is really there. In this way we all live in Plato's cave. We may not be as oblivious as the owners of the dog pack members that hunted the Chihuahua in the doggy park, but our senses convey to us only a limited version of what is out there in the real world.

One result of human sensory limits is an over-focus on danger and potential danger. The fight-or-flight response that saved humanity's earliest ancestors from extinction is still within us, occupying our sensory focus, magnifying the importance of potential threats in the way we see the world. A simple greeting or routine compliment, such as "What a beautiful blouse!" could even seem threatening or hostile, once reinterpreted to mean "Finally you are wearing something appropriate" (Ibid.).

Fight-or-flight predominates in the human brain for obvious reasons; if the predator or enemy gets us, it's all over – it's an existential threat. We can defer pleasant or non-threatening things, or wait until a time we feel safe to enjoy them. Hostile-seeming, riveting attention-getters always have precedence in claiming our attention: audiences love lightening-speed chase sequences in action movies; readers feel it's appropriate that wars, disasters, and crimes always precede more neutral or pleasant news in the daily paper. Recent research has revealed that even the adult brain remains able to change, for better or for worse, throughout the individual's lifetime (Hanson 2009: Foreword).

Camp Koch is a safe place. It's hard to overvalue the benefit this confers. One Kochie survey respondent noted that she became happy the minute she entered its gates. Camp Koch is safe socially as well as physically. The social environment in the units focuses on the fun of meeting challenges; the camp's non-choosy, pragmatic

buddy system helps discourage cliques. One informant mentioned insider-outsider groups in the units, although she saw herself as an insider. All the other informants commented that campers who felt uncomfortable at camp would not return for a second summer, would simply opt out, the same way all campers felt free to opt out of individual camp activities and programs, such as swimming. Most of them opted in.

Fears related to the camp had to do with the dark, latrines at night, insects, and snakes, but informants have forgotten them, do not remember ever having had them. Fear of exclusion, of forced participation, of humiliation, or of bullying by anyone – no informant, not even the whistle-blower, could cite examples of campers expressing such social fears. Sandy: “Counselors never make kids do things. It just doesn’t work.” There is not even a threat to one’s happiness because of feeling stuck in an outsider or low status role in the unit, because, due to the everybody’s-a-newcomer unit system, campers have the option of reinventing themselves, of blooming, as Clay reported in her accounts.

See the appendix for Kit’s recommendations on how to induce campers to do things while giving them the impression it was their idea or choice to do those things all along.

With panicky, morose fight-or-flight removed from the scene, campers can allow themselves to contemplate the wonders of nature, enjoy group activities, and make

friends at camp. In Clay's ugly duckling story she remarks that the absence of pressure allowed her to float freely, overcoming most of her fear of water, and even to develop her own version of swimming. She felt supportively ignored, not neglected.

Nietzsche, like any number of predecessors, such as Emerson, praised society's outstanding individuals, the giant Magalenas in life's battles, tough survivors and, like Magalena, successful resisters of such things as attacking machines (Foster 2012:4). But it is precisely society's endangered, threatened groups that are most greatly in need of a superhero. One wonders if this might be why women and racial minorities of our day and age have so often been overachievers, as in Creaky's story. If society thinks of you as less than human, the compensation might be to become superhuman. It is perhaps anything but a coincidence that the creators of the comic book hero called Superman were themselves Jewish immigrants to the United States during the 1950s when anti-Semitism and anti-immigrant sentiment were a powerful, if often cloaked forces to be reckoned with. Clay remembers that a Jewish country club existed in Evansville in the 1950s and 1960s, presumably because Evansville's Jewish families felt excluded from the existing clubs.

Rick Hanson (2009), author of *Buddha's Brain*, adds that fight-or-flight is not the only source of negative brain activity. Being in a protective environment can defang

quite a few such phenomena, however. “When you change your brain [via thinking or via beneficial experiences] you change your life” (Hanson, “How to Use This Book”).

The pangs of living range from subtle loneliness and dismay to moderate stress, hurt, anger, and even to intense trauma and anguish. ... A lot of suffering is mild but chronic, such as a background sense of anxiety, irritability, or lack of fulfillment (Hanson, “Taking in the Good”).

In response to the pangs of living, and to their repetition or instant and continuing replay in our minds, we use a number of maintenance strategies our earliest ancestors set up to enhance their individual survival, as well as their survival as a species. These strategies include 1) separations, of oneself from the rest of the world, and of one mental state from another; 2) equilibrium, in order to balance the individual human being’s physical and mental states with each other; and 3) approach-avoidance, to acquire things for oneself or one’s offspring, and to escape or resist threats to the same. It isn’t that these strategies aren’t effective, it’s that they use attention-getters such as fear, misery, pain, and rage/aggression in competing for primacy and replaying fearful, painful mental scripts (Ibid.).

These negative effects are presumed constant, because of the 1) ever-presence of change, 2) unconquerable connections between the self and its environment, in spite of the individual’s attempt to divorce the two, and the 3) inevitable loss of opportunities

due to unsuccessful competition or the opportunities themselves disappearing. And in the end, of course, everybody dies; that's the ultimate loss of opportunity. Bodily weaknesses and transformations such as menarche become gigantic catastrophes in this system, because the individual self is all one has; this is the result of the separation of self from world. As soon as the world consists of "not me," it has become a potential enemy, and the unknown aspects of it become something one fears. As the body ages and changes, equilibrium suffers, and the individual does so along with it (Ibid).

On the other hand, if the environment is at worst neutral, if social life is unthreatening, if one feels protected, one dares to care, as Clay demonstrated when she took action against a fellow camper's laundry bag, and one dares to risk failure, as in her "Ugly Duckling" story. One can strive for solidarity, as in Amy's broken arm story. One can contemplate the wonders of nature, create items of art or craft to enhance the experience, and – out in a magical-seeming environment – breathe, really breathe, in Kit's words. We can rest and jettison brain clutter and nervousness, as Sandy explained in this study's last chapter.

Just as our bodies consist of the substances we absorb, ingest, or breathe in, plus genetics, our minds, and the brains they inhabit, consist of our experiences, including our thoughts about those experiences as they replay on seemingly endless loops in our memories (Hanson 2009: Chapter 4).

VI. Enter the Trompy-Tromps: Kit's Tale of an Invasion

On November 14, 2012, Kit talked about fears at camp, as manifested by the sound-based presence of noisy spirit manifestations known as Trompy-Tromps, on the camp's edges, trying to get in. Kit: "Fears I encountered at camp had to do with potential camp invaders. Occasionally we would hear hounds and sometimes the sound of male voices mixed in with the hounds, but never with words. That was why another counselor was convinced that there were men coming down the Jeep road from Breezy [Corner, near the camp's back gate] one night. And I know that Dottie [Kit's assistant unit leader in Woodhaven] was convinced one time that she heard people coming up the cliff at Inspiration Point [located immediately south of Woodhaven, overlooking the Ohio River].

Kit: "It was one of the few nights I had taken [time] off and left her as sole counselor [in the unit]. The campers never knew about any of it. The following night, after we got the kids to bed, we put on long pants and long-sleeved shirts, I got my snake stick [explained as a long walking staff with a Y-shaped formation at the top, useful for holding snakes down until campers can identify them] and we patrolled the unit. The next day I did a pretty thorough search of the unit area, but found no sign of anybody [from outside] having been there. I wasn't at all sure what I was going to do if I found intruders, but I had my snake stick – no walkie-talkie or anything like that –

and I was going to protect my kids. We had been told in pre-camp [training] that sometimes sound changed in odd ways in the woods, and that's where I first heard the name Trompy-Tromps or "Things That Go Bump in the Night."

In Labov's narrative theory Kit's last sentence would be the coda (1972:360). It indicates Kit's belief that the Trompy-Tromps exist only as audio phenomena. It provides a plausible explanation of the Trompy-Tromp "invasion." How unexpected is it, really, when the only major expressed fear or threat in the camp's protective environment is so explainable as a quirk of sound, something that gets distorted in the air or the woods? Were there really men and hounds anywhere around? There is no hunting season in Indiana during the summer. Fall months are the time for that.

One other explanation is a manifestation of the Wild Hunt, a mostly-Celtic phenomenon, in which supernatural hunters on horseback swoop through the night skies eternally in search of elusive prey, perhaps people's souls, like the Norse Valkyries or the cowboy legend of the Ghost Riders. William Butler Yeats included it in his poetry collection *The Celtic Twilight* (1893, 1902). It would be a decidedly unsubtle variation if members of the Hunt started tromping around noisily on the ground.

The protectiveness of the camp's culture comes to expression again in Kit's comment that the campers never got to know about any of these Trompy-Tromps or sonic quirks, along with Kit's obvious determination to confront, if necessary – with the

reliable snake stick – any flesh-and-blood intruders she encountered. Sandy reports having encountered or trailed occasional real, flesh-and-blood trespassers -- all of them men or teenage boys -- during various sessions of Camp Koch, when campers were indeed present, but never found out about the after-dark incursions.

The two major entry points to the camp are the back gate's Jeep road coming in near Breezy Corner, up by Trailblazer, and the camp's front gate, on the highway that follows the Ohio's north bank, between Camp Koch's Lake Bilvador and the Ohio. When sessions changed, back in the days of four 12-day sessions each summer, campers entered and departed by chartered bus at the front gate – near the cliff that went up to Inspiration Point. Girl Scout troops, to go troop camping at Camp Koch on weekends in the off-season, enter by the back gate. Breezy Corner and the Dining Hall parking lot are the two moderately level areas in Main Camp; everything else is sloped.

If one considers the camp itself to be an ideal environment for its inhabitants, then the only way for threats to manifest there is in the form of an invasion. This is the vision of Camp Koch in session, in the summer, as a sort of Camelot, an evanescent idyll, tough but fragile at the same time. Its forested slopes are a combination of indigenous woods and new-growth groves covering the farmers' fields they have reclaimed, the very definition of what Van Slyck, the art historian, calls a manufactured wilderness. Thus the title of this research contains the word "greenwood," to indicate

the woodlands surrounding Camelot, wild but magically wondrous and ever-changing. The word “Goddess” here stands for the medieval goddess Natura.

VII. Kit’s thoughts on Fox Ridge and Wilderness Therapy

Kit met with the folklorist on three occasions, September 25 and 30, and October 1, 2012, to talk about Fox Ridge. Kit tells the most detailed Fox Ridge stories about her first trip there, with campers, the Woodhaven summer of 1960, her first summer as a Unit Leader and as a primitive camper. Woodhaven is a unit among other units at Camp Koch, but a tall tale Kit told about an eagle feather was the reason the group that formed over Christmas break 1960-1961, after Kit’s first Woodhaven summer, came to be known as the Eagle Feather Clan. Group formation and consolidation was a gradual process. Former Woodhaven campers, from various sessions the summer of 1960, started getting together at each other’s houses during the school year, whenever Kit traveled to Evansville. They formed the group based on those gatherings with Kit as the primary invited guest.

Woodhaven is located slightly landwards of Inspiration Point, one of the two prominent Ohio River overlooks in Main Camp. Because of its nearness to the promontory there are in summer breezy days, or at least, from time to time, breezy moments, in Woodhaven. It has a staff tent for two counselors, the UL and AUL, and

three four-person, non-platform tents with earth floors for campers aged roughly 12 to 14. One session that first summer, third session, in fact, Kit dealt with another first for her – pitching a two-person tent called a Round-up tent – because there were two extra campers that session, adding up to fourteen.

The eventful first session in the summer of 1960 in Woodhaven featured the shower floor construction project. The second included the first-ever expedition to Fox Ridge. Kit was the Unit Leader (UL). Her Assistant Unit Leader (AUL) was Dottie; 1960 was Dottie's first summer as a counselor. Kit, a bit older and with one year in Hilltop behind her as AUL, was UL for the first time.

Just prior to the conversation below Kit had been listening to a summary of Gracen's account of her experiences on a therapeutic expedition into the mountains, undertaken when Gracen was an adult woman. Gracen's experience took place in the company of other women seeking psychological therapy and several female staff members. The therapy-seekers referred to the experience as a quest, a wilderness quest for healing and wholeness.

Kit: "The Fox Ridge expeditions had a purpose; we wanted to test the skills we had been learning and use them – that's the only way to test them, of course. And we wanted to go beyond the level at which we had been functioning in terms of camping skills, and we wanted to have an adventure. I had had a talk with Mr. Mason (the camp

ranger) about going someplace for an overnight, someplace far enough away that we would be totally independent. We wanted to be someplace that was not yet even partially set up. We were as prepared as we could have been without having done the actual thing.”

“We had started out with nosebag hikes, one-pot meals cooked over the unit campfire, more complex meals, and so on. We had spent a night sleeping near, but not in the unit, just down the hill a bit. We had cooked out three meals in a row. The next logical step was to go out for two nights and prepare five campfire meals in a row. During the planning stages we had a unit meeting and planned the menus – talked about what was doable when we would have to carry everything. That part would be new to us. But we were too ambitious to descend to the level of peanut butter sandwich meals. This was first session 1960, the same session we constructed our own shower floor. ...”

As Kit’s account continues the folklorist thought about the risks of venturing into the pathless wild lands of Camp Koch, places so recently added to the camp that no one had gone there, as far as anyone knew. “Just follow the ridge line and you’ll find it,” the camp ranger had told her. He might have given her a better notion of what she and Dottie and the 12-year-olds were getting into. She thought it would be a relatively easy trek, and based on that impression Kit and Dottie organized the campers

to carry everything, everything including water. Fortunately they had worked out water rationing in advance. By the following summer a dirt road existed to take campers to the spot. The summer Woodhaven went there for the first time they had to carry everything, including water for fourteen people, in an era when actual backpacks for hauling food and supplies did not exist. The campers carried some things in basket with shoulder straps. The water they carried in a gigantic metal milk canister swaying on a broomstick-like rod suspended between two girls. Some girls carried the sleeping bags of themselves and others. There were no handy airtight plastic containers, not in those years, not even plastic bags for the food, including powdered lemonade, including flour and sugar and breakfast cereal. And it wasn't always possible to follow the ridge, as the camp ranger had instructed. There were huge thickets, opaque barriers that walled the way.

"... the woods were thick and dark, even in the daytime," Kit said, "and we needed to find our own way back, rather than get rescued – pride would really suffer from that, and perhaps devalue the entire experience. I don't know if I could have requested a compass, or borrowed one, but I didn't. Instead I requested light-colored scrap cloth, and I got it. We cut or tore it into strips to use to tie around tree branches as trail markers. Tree trunks were too big around, and we might have had to fight thick brambles to get to them to hang pieces of cloth around them. Now the common form of trail marker in those days was a blaze – a hatchet scar or knife scar – on a tree, but I

wasn't going to harm any trees. I refused to do anything to harm the natural setting, including trees. And trail markers set onto the ground would not have been visible – there were entire forests of brambles out there under the trees.”

The campers must have felt like explorers in an unknown realm. They had no means of communication with the camp, but they did have a First Aid kit. It was perhaps a bit more of an adventure than the counselors had thought it would be. The woods resembled a wall, totally opaque. Someone you could hear quite well, you could not see. And only the sound of the river was there on the left, with no other indication of its presence. According to Kit, someone you were walking behind – single file was the usual method, except for those carrying the water canister -- might disappear from view at any time. Shadows were deep, and thorns were everywhere.

The 14 hikers carried the following: supplies, sleeping bags, ground cloths, the girls' individual Girl Scout canteens filled with water, the five-gallon metal water canister on the pole.

Kit: “Mr. Mason had told me to go to the well housing near Hilltop or Frontier and then follow the crest of the ridge, so when we got there we turned away from the road. I think we left a stone trail marker there. In those days campers had no personal backpacks, although the unit had maybe three baskets you wore backpack style to carry supplies. They didn't begin to cover what we needed to carry. We toted supplies,

sleeping bags, ground cloths, the girls' individual Girl Scout canteens filled with water, and a five-gallon metal can of water, carried by two people using a pole, and two milk cans. We rolled up just about everything else in the sleeping bags. There were no paths, through the handle, along with a milk can or two, anything that could hold water, and there were fourteen of us. We rolled up just about everything else into the sleeping bags and set out."

There were no paths; thorns and vines snagged the hikers and everything they carried. All this occurred in the usual Southern Indiana sweltering heat and humidity. The explorers wore long pants, long-sleeved shirts, shoes and socks, and caps, but they did not have enough protection from insects and the jungle-like atmosphere.

Kit: "To find our way back we tied cloth ribbons at about eye level and I can remember looking back to see if I could still see the last two before tying the next one, to keep us from going in a circle. And of course we had to retrace our steps two days after that, to get back."

"Yes, I got permission from the Camp Director to do this, but with no comments, just that she sent me to Mr. Mason for suggestions about a place we could go." For the central portion of Kit's account please see this study's appendix.

Kit went on: "The first Fox Ridge location [the location of the 1960 expedition] – it wasn't a straight shot to get there by any means; with that place we had to circle

around, because we couldn't get through the underbrush, and we kept switching the pack baskets and other burdens around – we even carried a full-sized shovel and binder's twine for lashing, and a saw and hatchet. We had big canvas totes with food in them, water cans and sleeping bags and a change of clothes and supplies – personal stuff. We had ponchos and raincoats. Campers brought their own flashlights, with extra batteries. And we also brought kerosene lanterns and the kerosene needed to fuel them, matches, and toilet paper."

"It was heavy going. Brush was thick. There were few complaints. This was an adventure. None of us had done anything like this before. Even Pepper, the most experienced camper, who was there second session, I think, had never done this before, and especially not the two leaders, not until second session. After this first trek we went to Fox Ridge every session..."

"We arrived at this area that had a rocky overhang and another drop-off below that; I can remember that there may have been an old fence along there, but there was a kind of a clearing there, with a gentle slope – no flat area, even for sleeping. We couldn't have walked down to the river. So we decided this was it, our camping spot. We cleared an area for the fire bowl, lashed a table between two trees to put our supplies on, and we left the ends sticking out, so that we could hang pack baskets there, off the ground. There were no predators larger than raccoons then, I think. We didn't

hang them far up, as people do in bear country. We cleared big sticks and stuff out of the clearing – the beginning of our woodpile. And the kids picked out spots to place their bedrolls in a designated area we called the bedroom. And of course we had our unit first aid kit. No one needed it, as I remember.”

The most interesting thing about Kit’s account of the first Fox Ridge excursion is what she did not say. There were no complaints, even after the horrendous trek and extended personal combat with grasping vines and dense undergrowth that extended over the hikers’ heads. Once arrived, the campers took deep breaths, set up their encampment, and organized their chores. Some might say they did not really organize them. There were no patrol assignments, no kaper charts, and it seemed no one gave directions or instructions at all. In a manner that later became every day practice in Blue Wells, the summer of the horrible Badger, people worked at whatever needed doing until everyone was done with everything, and then they cooked, over here, and set up a latrine, over there. At a certain point the wood-gatherers went off to fetch firewood and the latrine crew went off to lash the latrine from green branches. Some of the wood-gatherers prepared to cook and cooked. They lashed it from green branches, of course.

Why bother to build a latrine at all, so far from anyone, deep in the woods? Kit replied: “For sanitary reasons. There were fourteen of us, remember. I was fairly sure

we would be returning to the place in later sessions, and it wouldn't be sanitary. And, besides, it's the way you do things. I didn't want some little girl to get a tummy ache from not knowing where the toilet was, or from being afraid to go when she found the spot. With a comfortable designated latrine everyone used, I never heard such a complaint. ... We did not bring a tarp to screen it, just chose a spot slightly out of the main area, and at night there would be a kerosene lantern there and always there would be toilet paper there."

"The latrine seat consisted of two poles, young trees we cut and trimmed as necessary, lashed in front of and in back of two trees. You balanced yourself as if on a bench, on the two poles...."

And there was a magically cheerful attitude toward what might have been onerous chores. Kit: "In the end we all pitched in. Everybody worked until everybody was done. For one thing, what we did there might have been tasks, but they were not chores. Nobody felt put-upon. It was so exciting to be out there, just us on our own, that we breathed it in."

Then, after everyone had finished dinner chores, dinner, the long-awaited campfire, and had bedded down – came the downpour. The counselors moved themselves, campers, and sleeping bags to a spot under a ridge, protected from the rain, except for the foot ends of the sleeping bags. There were ponchos and tarps to protect

the foot ends of the sleeping bags and some food items. People snuggled down and then, watching the rain, they got the giggles. Waves of giggles rippled up and down the row of sleeping-bagged explorers of the wilderness, campers and counselors, over and over."

In the cool light of morning the counselors came to the realization that they would have to abandon their campsite, after all that effort. Not enough of the food had made it through the night, not even enough for breakfast – in 1960 not even bread came in plastic bags. Everything was too soggy to use. Kit and Dottie made a reluctant decision to return to Main Camp. Kit's comment: "Only two times in nineteen summers at camps in Southern Indiana and Southern Illinois did I have to abandon a primitive encampment because of rain."

Once back in Woodhaven, after another extended trek over the same rugged terrain as the day before, the Woodhaveners arrived at the Dining Hall in time for lunch. In spite of their rudimentary breakfast, they were extremely hungry.

After the evening meal, also in the Dining Hall, Kit heard from the camp's management what the campers were saying about the rained-out encampment. Cupcake, one of the camp's administrators, drew her aside and asked, with a twinkle in her eye, "How much did you pay those girls?" Kit saw that Cupcake was smiling, but had no idea what she was talking about. Sarcasm and irony were common in those

years, so she didn't think too much about it. Only later did she find out that Cupcake had heard some Woodhaven campers telling younger campers what had happened; they made it clear that they had had so much fun doing this that Cupcake accused Kit, not in earnest, of having bribed them. It was a high compliment.

Kit: "The next summer we experienced a similar downpour out at the new Fox Ridge, accessible by Jeep road [located about half a mile farther west on the same ridge line, overlooking the Ohio River]. It hit not at night but at about 4:00 in the afternoon. And it was raining so hard that the girls could not get a fire started to cook dinner. So I stood next to the fire bowl, or in it, with my poncho on, and held my arms up in front of me to make a roof over the fire bowl, so that the kids could get the fire started. It worked."

"I think we probably had pup tents that trip. Everything else was so well secured that the rain didn't bother us."

"Our activities at Fox Ridge that first year? Exploration, mostly. We explored around our outpost. It was a completely new area."

"As for campfires, usually we sang. Sometimes we talked around the campfire, or told stories. One time - also in the summer of 1960 - the girls decided to have a talent show. It was all their idea. One girl danced while the rest sang and flashed their flashlights like stage lighting. All their own invention. We would watch barges go by

on the river. At night we would use a bright flashlight to signal to the crew on barges – using Morse code. Usually HELLO. And the barges would flash their spotlights up at us to acknowledge our signal. One barge started flashing after we signaled HELL – and then sent the O to us. We were communicating with someone on the barge.”

Songs frequently heard at Fox Ridge: “Barges,” “Rise Up O Flame,” “Ash Grove,” “Witchcraft,” “Picture.” And sometimes a song campers had learned in school – “This Land Is Your Land.” In the years before she learned to play the guitar, and in a numbers of years after that, Kit took her harmonica along. Her excursions in following years, aside from those at established camp, included camping with Tabby at her family’s farm, a place where no one lived at that time, because Tabby’s family had moved. They used the farm primarily for grazing cattle and sheep. Kit also frequented Southern Illinois and Western Kentucky state parks and campgrounds at all seasons of the year, with a Girl Scout troop or with friends. Like other Eagle Feather and Antique Buddy members she reduced the time and bother of camping’s object-gathering and other preparations, by keeping a food box and small tent and sleeping bag in her car, along with a pocket knife, flashlight, sheath knife, matches, and some basic first aid supplies. All she had to add was fresh bread and milk, vegetables, and her guitar. Kit was always ready to go camping.

So what was it, I asked, that attracted her in camping out? As with Sandy, for Kit it isn't the skills – they are ancillary. Objects, meeting the challenge of preparing meals, constructing things, making a campfire, and dealing with the weather, sightseeing – if these aren't it, what is?

Kit thought about this for a while before answering. "Breathing," she finally said. "When we go up into the mountains around here [northern Arizona], as we get into timber, I want to turn off the AC in the car and open the car windows and **BREATHE**. The air is different there. It's not what you do in the wild that matters so much, although that can be lots of fun, hiking and exploring and climbing rocks and stuff. I could sit down at the edge of a stream, or lie down with my boots kept dry on a ledge, in cool water if I wanted. It's home. It's where I want to be."

Wilderness therapist Jackie Kiewa, in an article naming self-control the key to adventure (1994: 29-41), remarks that wilderness challenges, to function as therapy, must seem life-threatening, but be safer than that. The idea might be to overwhelm old traumas, old wounds, old threats, with an immediate, new one. Conquering the new challenge would then work retroactively on the old ones, helping participants to heal old wounds, and helping their self-image, their self-confidence. When this process malfunctions, however, women and girls can come away with increased self-loathing,

resentment, or fear. Four components designed to provide a maximal therapeutic effect are the following:

1) The actual experience of adventure (risk plus endeavor) and later reflection allowing the woman or girl to learn from what has occurred;

2) A frame composed of a simple and inexorable reality, where plans must accommodate events without room for blaming, excuses, and the like. Weather in the wilderness would be one of those events or circumstances. Those who plan for rain will be dry; others, however, will experience the consequences without anyone to blame but themselves. Reality and basic human needs – drinking water, temperature not too hot, not too cold, shelter – govern the situation, not authorities, not any form of evasion. Consequences follow logically: “This happened. Now what do we do to accomplish our goals in the new situation?” Assigning and accepting blame become non-productive;

3) The need to stay with the group and work with the group should be organic and situational, not something involving choosing or popularity. Entrusting one’s physical well-being to another person, and vice versa, forms a bond not normally part of today’s world. It is a growth experience;

4) To the same extent the challenge causes fear, its conquest causes elation. Feeling safe and whole is intense, not something one takes for granted. Endurance,

feats of strength, and teamwork, especially teamwork, mark this form of therapy as successful, because the strong emotions associated with it engrave it into participants' memories.

One possible flaw in this kind of wilderness therapy is that, to be meaningful, the subterfuge involved in setting up the challenge must be successful; it must seem life-threatening, while not being life-threatening at all. Other problems may crop up, including participants' possible refusal to accept the challenge. Forced acceptance cannot achieve the same effect. Some maintain that the participants must choose the level of challenge as well as whether or not to accept it. Finally the efforts to meet the challenge must take place in a humane environment, and it is the facilitator's responsibility to set up an atmosphere of fairness, equity among participants, and other elements -- mutual support, for example -- designed to foster true sharing and growth. Participants may feel exhausted and discouraged, but they must remain civil to their comrades. Running away from problems will not work in such a setting (Kiewa 1994: 31-40).

For Girl Scouts this process is instinctive -- to be successful in meeting challenges, the challenges must be real, and the partnerships with others just as real. As Girl Scout camping fades from modern life, efforts to reinvent it are probably doomed, because traditions, fun, role models, and an overarching worldview are difficult to re-impose.

There is no opportunity in a wilderness therapy framework, for example, to build esprit de corps, because the element of time, time spent in association with one's comrades, building mutual history and worldview, dwindles into meaninglessness in a process like the one described above. A weekend is not enough.

Chapter Five: Girls Grow and Boys Mature: Two Camp Cultures

Rising

... Camp Koch in the 1950's and 1960's reflected the women's movement. I would not otherwise have come into contact with college-going young women as role models. They, the camp counselors, had a powerful impact on kids. ... a different mind-set than home-and-family ladies I knew from church, neighborhood, and family. At camp activities are not

Grounding

Boy Scout Camp Pahoka was about three miles south of Harmonie State Park ... You gotta take back roads to get there. It's west of Evansville, Indiana, not east. East Side versus West Side - Evansville politics were involved [in closing the camp.] You could go fishing in the early morning. ... in the Sixties a magical place, ... a protected island in a

compulsory; they seem to happen on

chaotic world, like a fall-out shelter.

their own. After camp, when you go

home, you feel lonely, even in a

David C., June 4, 2011

neighborhood, like mine was, full of

same-age kids, kids I liked.

Sandy, January 13, 2009

In the same way that Christianity remains Christianity, even though actual congregations may belong to different denominations, Scouting remains Scouting, even though different organizations may see their particular mission in different ways. Who is to say which is the more direct road, or the better preparation for life? That is not the mission of this chapter. Instead it is to portray the somewhat different directions Scouting's ideology has taken the two organizations, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts. Boy Scout doctrine is that boys need grounding to prepare them for life and its challenges; Girl Scout doctrine is that girls need uplifting, in order to prepare for the somewhat different challenges they face.

In 2001 Jay Mechling's influential book, *On My Honor: Boy Scouts and the Making of American Youth*, arrived on the scene. It describes a Boy Scout summer troop camp, its culture, and some ideological challenges the national organization was facing at the time, concerns that were to some extent common ground with other youth organizations, but to some extent limited to the Boy Scouts.

Mechling's study of the Boy Scouts at Good Old New Usonia is an artistic blend of several summers among the many, many summers he had spent with this particular troop. The book does not mention Girl Scouts much, but in three places there are comparisons, and in at least one major area Mechling takes a stand that also has implications for Girl Scouts. Any methodical study of Girl Scout summer camp will contain a number of contrasts with Mechling's book, although the paths chosen by the two international organizations, Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts, part in interesting places and in interesting ways.

After many years of feminist pressure in the United States, and many feminist victories, hoping to put paid to millennia in which men were men and women were "others" or "mothers," American society in general still tends to use men's or boys' organizations as norms, as points of reference. That makes a compare-contrast structure necessary and relevant. The word *Scout*, without modifier, in the current American vernacular, for example, signifies *Boy Scout*. Google, on July 20, 2011, when

performing a search based on the single word *Scout*, presented as the first entry on a rather long list: www.scouting.org. It is the web page of the Boy Scouts of America. Wikipedia, on the same day, defined *Scout* as, among other things, *member of an international scouting organization, such as the Boy Scouts of America or the Girl Scouts of the U.S.A.*

What are Girl Scouts? Well, for one thing, they are not Boy Scouts, a statement that refers to a number of things other than gender, grammatical or otherwise. In a world where some internet search engines, along with many individuals, consider that Scouts are boys, must Girl Scouts be the girl version of Boy Scouts, tagging along afterward, separate, and eternally not-quite-equal, so to speak? The Wikipedia entry is reassuring in that it does not lend itself to this.

Are girls and/or Girl Scouts downright dangerous to adolescent boys? Mechling passes along the opinions of adults and youngsters in the Boy Scout troop that same-age girls, no matter what organization they may belong to, are temptresses given to leading gullible boys, who often follow impulses or hormones, into trouble. Then, or perhaps always, the girls show their prissy-seeming disapproval of the boys. In this context he uses the terms *girls* and *Girl Scouts*. He also includes a Scoutmaster's comment that Scouts consider girls to be overly conformist, to the point of not having minds of their own (Mechling 2001: 109-111).

Managing religion: Girl Scouts, meaning the national organization Girl Scouts of the USA, got it right, according to Mechling, when it came to the first G of the God, gays, and girls-related issues, the primary sources of additional expense (lawsuits) and bad publicity for Boy Scouts, meaning the national organization, in recent years. He thinks the Girl Scouts are on the right side of ideology on the God issue, because the national organization essentially side-stepped the entire controversy, making the word *God* in the Girl Scout Promise and Law synonymous with *Creator* or *Supreme Being*. This resulted in an inclusive approach that also, as a side benefit, kept the national organization out of court (Mechling 2001: 37).

Boys in Boy Scouting who state that they do not acknowledge a personal God, do not belong to any established religion, or are atheists, on the other hand, have at times experienced anything but inclusion; the national organization has removed them from its rolls. Lawsuits against the national organization resulted from this in some instances. Mechling also notes that the Religious Awards program in Boy Scouting, which began in the 1950s, sets up a structure in which boys have to coordinate their work toward that award with a minister, priest, or rabbi. It established religious awards specifically for Roman Catholic, Jewish, Mormon, Lutheran, and Buddhist boys, and a general Protestant award called the “God and Country Award” (Mechling 2001: 16, 34, 250, also 20, 21, 39, 441-444).

All this happened in the same decade in which “under God” became part of the Pledge of Allegiance; in the following decade sociologist Robert Bellah started a scholarly conversation about what he called “American Civil Religion” (Mechling 2001: 42-44). While this God controversy was hitting Boy Scouting, to what Mechling considered the detriment of the individual troops as well as the national organization and its budget, Girl Scouts just blithely redefined terms and went about their usual business. Becoming enmeshed in religious controversy is a big distraction, assuming that the organization has other goals, as Boy Scouting does. Mechling is on to something, say Girl Scout informants, when he declares it messy and unnecessary. Reverence is important, yes (Mechling 2001: 42). Religion, not so much.

More about girls: Mechling’s take on the uncomfortable issue of girls wanting to get into Boy Scouts, and particularly to earn Eagle, and filing lawsuits in pursuit of this goal, is to blame this on the lamentably sad state of financing for Girl Scouts, and the supposed lack of interesting activities in Girl Scouting. Due to an inadequate donor list, he maintains, they have to send the girls out onto the street peddling cookies (Mechling 2001: 233-234).

There’s another side to this, of course. Professional Girl Scouts interviewed for this essay have explained that the same companies and organizations that donate to Boy Scouts do in fact also donate to Girl Scouts, but only about half as much. Another

element that adds to a Boy Scout troop's resources is the role of troop alumni in providing equipment, supplies, or services that greatly enhance the camping experience. They tow storage trailers full of equipment to the campsite, for example. They may take over to repair or rebuild water pipelines, wells, or electrical installations, or to fill other infrastructure needs, according to Chatty, who is active in Boy Scouting as a volunteer now. She is also a member of the Antique Buddies, a group that overlaps with the Clan of the Eagle Feather in its membership. According to Chatty alumni involvement with individual troops is a big plus Boy Scouts justly feel pride in.

Peddling cookies is not in the end any more degrading than some Boy Scout fundraising, such as selling popcorn, Christmas trees and so on. Some Girl Scouts have even reported instances of individual Boy Scouts expressing what the girls call "cookie envy." Every time Girl Scouts of the USA – the national organization -- asks for bids on the cookie contract, big corporations vie for it. Girl Scout cookie sales have risen to the level of becoming the subject of jokes on network television programs – surely an indication of social acceptance, or even approval.

In terms of activities, or program, Girl Scouts have a different approach to many of the goals the two organizations share, which might appear to some as poverty of ideas and interesting activities. As in Boy Scouts, some Girl Scout troops are more active than others. Girl Scout residential summer camps generally use the unit plan,

rather than troop camping, although Girl Scout troop camping occurs at other times of the year. Boy Scout summer camps use troop camping almost exclusively, although the organization makes arrangements to include Scouts who cannot attend camp with their troops. Troop camping is the basic structure they use to organize summer camp (Eels 1986: 69).

Gender roles: Mechling advocates what he terms androgyny – here defined as a gender-neutral approach to tasks society may label as exclusively masculine or feminine – gender roles, in other words. Mechling recommends this approach as a survival skill for all young people, boys and girls. It is a fact of life in all-male and all-female groups, especially in a camp setting, that some individuals, or even all individuals, will perform some duties or take on some roles that society at large may have associated with the other sex. Boy Scouts learn First Aid as a requirement for Eagle, for example, and often treat each other's minor injuries. First Aid involves nurturing, but also toughness and precision, which are not exclusively feminine attributes. Boy Scouts learning to cook and do kitchen clean-up on a rotational schedule – this is purely a practical matter for Girl Scouts, not particularly feminine or masculine. Boy Scouts do handicrafts and beading for some projects involving Native American lore. Any of these might appear, if considered in isolation, to be women's activities, because they are nurturing, involve serving others, or involve artistic or decorative crafts. In American society at large, these tasks historically have had lower status than more masculine-

seeming tasks (Mechling 2001: 53), such as chopping wood, operating heavy equipment, or building fires.

Girl Scouts at camp learn tool craft for immediate use, for a purpose, under the guidance of experts. They really clean the kerosene lantern at camp, really saw branches for lashing, chop firewood with a hatchet, really carry water from a spring or well, or erect a tent. There is no discussion at Girl Scout camp – just as there is not at Boy Scout camp – that some may consider these tasks to belong to boys or girls, women or men. They are necessary tasks, and the Scouts – both sets of them – carry them out for that reason. Mechling considers it one of Boy Scouting’s major accomplishments that its members handle what he considers to be nurturing or woman-associated activities with nonchalant competence. He especially wants them to learn to cook (Mechling 2001: 53).

A Girl Scout alumna reports that the biggest discovery at Girl Scout camp for her was that “you don’t need boys.” At the time of this discovery she saw men in control in church, at school, and at home. Boys, seeking attention in these areas of life, essentially excluded girls. No one at Girl Scout camp actually spoke such words – not needing boys – but the campers absorbed it, breathed it in. “There is no better lesson in life for a girl than that she can find her way in the world in the company of women: men are an option” (Manahan 1997:170). Autonomous, non-clingy women benefit society, rather

than being a drag on it; this is the context of the Girl Scout alumna's statement. She reports no wish to duplicate what boys do, but rather to keep on keeping on as a girl, on her own (Ibid).

Gays: There is a contrary tendency in Boy Scouting, however, to the gender-neutral skillsets Mechling approves of; it is virulent homophobia, which he consistently attributes to the institution of Boy Scouting, not to groups or individuals. Mechling writes that institutionally encouraged homophobia is one of the tools Boy Scouting uses to help its members construct their own masculine identities. It seems that Boy Scouts must, on principle, hate homosexuality (Mechling 2001:19 et al.) They are able to function in a completely male environment, because that environment is safe for them, safe because no one there is homosexual. They can be *homosocial* because they hate *homosexuals*, is the theme. It is part of what makes them manly men (Mechling 2001: 182). This is also prime territory for insults in a play frame, like playing the dozens, in which the point is that the proffered insult so emphatically and ludicrously does not apply that its cleverness becomes the point, not its content. Although competitive in terms of word play, these exchanges actually emphasize the participants' amity, not enmity (Mechling 2001: 26).

Mechling does not discuss how Scoutmasters might deal with a youngster who is troubled about his sexuality, about whether, or to what extent, he is gay or straight.

Boy Scouts as an institution does provide some tools and strategies that can coach boys out of, or cure them of, various relatively common personality defects, such as cowardice or timidity (Mechling 2001:103). The entire structure of institutionalized homophobia in Boy Scouting – and the book’s publication date is recent – is one of the major obstacles some people may face in trying to come to terms with the issues Mechling brings up. His account requires the reader to infer that masculinity -- in particular male puberty -- is burdensome (Mechling 2001: 188-190); Boy Scouting from its national organization on down to the individual troops must undertake drastic measures to help boys bear such a burden; fortunately Boy Scouting has, in his opinion, consistently filled this need.

Gender roles in the Girl Scouts: Girl Scout approaches are purely pragmatic. An attitude that helps people accomplish necessary tasks, rather than hampering them, is a survival enhancer. In Girl Scouts there is no gay-bashing – a well-placed, long-term Girl Scout volunteer confirms it in the transcript below – but rather a calm focus on the task, not the side issues. The ideology in the organization as a whole, as well as in Girl Scout camps and troops, is one of inclusion, or at worst, something similar to the U.S. military’s recently repealed “don’t ask, don’t tell” policy (for a contrasting point of view, see Manahan 1997: 145). A Girl Scout in residential camp, in particular, takes on projects and tasks society as a whole may label masculine, while remaining in good standing as a real girl. There seems to be very little fuss about it.

An article by Kathryn Jean Lopez in the politically conservative journal *National Review* (October 23, 2003), entitled “The Cookie Crumbles: Girl Scouts Go PC,” states that Girl Scout ideology, from the top down, includes tolerance for feminist, pacifist, and even lesbian Girl Scout leaders. The article lists support for Title IX, hiring quotas, and social activism in a variety of areas as indications that the national youth organization really deserving the world’s condemnation is the Girl Scouts, rather than the Boy Scouts, who expel homosexual boys because they are homosexual.

Adult volunteers, in Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts and most other youth organizations as well, have to undergo background checks to screen out sex offenders and those who have committed felonies of any kind. For full information, see, among many others, scouting.org and childwelfare.gov, whose full websites are in source documents below.

Grace H., a retired teacher, was a Girl Scout volunteer for over 30 years, and still is. She worked in past years as a Girl Scout camp director, assistant camp director, and counselor. She met with the researcher on July 19, 2011, in Evansville, Indiana, to talk about the lesbian issue in Girl Scouts.

Researcher: “In your experience as an informed, well-placed volunteer, what is the policy of Girl Scouts of the USA – the national organization -- regarding lesbians in Girl Scouting?”

Grace H.: "Well, the last Executive Director at National was a gay woman. How far that information may be known, I really don't know. There are gay adult volunteer Girl Scouts as well as people in Girl Scouting who know others, and are known by others, to be gay. They say 10% of the U.S. population is gay. Maybe the proportion of gay women who volunteer for or work for the Girl Scouts is a bit higher than that, I don't know. I live on the East Coast, where there is very little fuss about such things, actually. At any rate, gay women are often professionals, used to acting in leadership roles, and would be attracted to organizations that foster leadership among women and girls."

Researcher: "Is this a problem?"

Grace H.: "No. The adult committee I'm on is about 50-50. The people on the committee that are past council presidents (volunteers), three of the four of them are gay. The place where I live is very liberal. People there are comfortable with everybody, with diversity. One woman who serves on the same board with me has a husband who is very conservative, a reporter who writes an opinion column – he has no problem with his wife serving on a board with some women he must be aware are lesbians. Gay women where I live are not making a big show of their sexual orientation, however. Were the board members invited to the civil union ceremony of

the current council president? Yes, and they all went. It included a sit-down dinner for 100 people. The women united in that civil union are both university professors.”

Researcher: “The Girl Scout troop leader is straight? The Girl Scout troop leader is gay?”

Grace H.: “This is not a big deal. Maybe some parents took a kid out of a troop for this reason, but parents take kids out for various reasons.”

“I have been a very active volunteer for the Girl Scouts in my area since 1981. I was a volunteer district director for a while, until they dissolved those positions. Mary, a university professor, and I were district directors. I became a volunteer consultant/arranger of big events for the Girl Scout council. As a middle school teacher I did not have the time to commit to being a troop leader myself, and I felt the two roles – teacher and Girl Scout leader -- might come into conflict. Due to my in-depth involvement over many, many years, though, if there had been problems in dealing with this matter, I would know. There were not.”

Researcher: “Have you ever heard people criticize Girl Scouting for including gay women?”

Grace H.: "No. The only Girl Scout-related lesbian scandal I ever heard about was in the Sixties. And I have been involved in Girl Scouting as a kid and basically all my adult life."

"After I graduated from high school I worked several summers as a camp counselor in Indiana, Illinois, New Hampshire, and Pennsylvania. I was Assistant Camp Director in Vermont, of a huge camp with over 300 campers. There for two summers I was one of three Assistant Camp Directors; my job included supervision of 30 counselors. I was Camp Director of Camp Koch (in Southern Indiana) for two summers, after spending a summer as its Business Manager and several summers as a counselor there."

"At the Pennsylvania camp there was some talk during a canoe trip, because one of a group of two cousins and two sisters – all four of them on the canoe trip at the same time -- was struggling with coming out as a lesbian. Talk may have been uncomfortable, but there was no scandal. As far as I know it remained a family matter. For a year or two those campers wrote me letters about general topics, and, to another counselor, one who dressed and behaved the way some gay women were known to, letters dealing more specifically with coming-out issues."

Researcher: "How would you characterize the policy of National Girl Scouts toward lesbians?"

Grace H.: "Low-key acceptance, inclusion. I'm not aware of any alternate Girl Scout-type organization that excludes gay women or girls, either. I think it would not flourish. "

Researcher: "And men?"

Grace H.: "Some fellow board members are fathers of Girl Scouts. That's why they are there. My own father was never involved. I couldn't even get him, an enthusiastic golfer, to participate in a Girl Scout golf tournament. At a recent day camp event there were dads present. Husbands accompanied their wives to Round-up Reunions in recent years. They were interested, too. "

Researcher: "If there were problems of any kind, how would you expect the council or the National Girl Scouts to handle them?"

Grace H.: "Quietly and effectively. Fairly, mostly. I have no knowledge of lawsuits. I have been on council-wide committees, but not on boards."

Researcher: "Is a Girl Scout camper's or counselor's sexuality – gay or straight – an issue now?"

Grace H.: "Not at all, as far as I know. I have been a middle school teacher for 32 years. Kids talk a lot more about sexuality now than when I started. The greatest calumnies on the playground are taunts of 'fag' or 'lesbo.' This is prevalent in middle

school. Kids think they should talk about sexual things. High school kids, too, are more likely to talk about sexuality now than in past decades, and I think it's more appropriate when they do it, rather than the middle-schoolers."

Grossing themselves and others out -- most readers of Mechling's book will encounter another G-initialed area in the book, actually, in addition to God, gays, and girls. It is the rather startling phenomenon of the institutionally sanctioned Boy Scout group gross-out performances, in skits, jokes, other discourse, or songs (Mechling 2001: 59). It is here where one encounters jolly camp songs, two of them, about masturbation. Mechling's book provides full lyrics of both (Mechling 2001: 30, 248). Obviously they are not on the program on family night, when parents visit, because they are by definition not M.A. - Mother Approved (Mechling 2001:180).

Informants familiar with Girl Scout camp expressed open-mouthed astonishment when they learned of the central importance of gross-out sessions at Boy Scout Camp (Mechling 2001: 184), most involving a contrast between clean and dirty in many senses, with plenty of scatology and human bodily fluids thrown in. Informants familiar with Boy Scout camp in Indiana were also taken aback. According to them the gross-out session might be a standard feature of East and West Coast Boy Scout culture; if Mechling writes as if it might be universal, they disagree. Girl Scout camp informants from various parts of the United States, as well as Boy Scout informants in the Midwest,

were quick to say that they had never experienced, never even known about such gross-out sessions at residential camp. Well, at Boy Scout camp there might have been a little teasing about food, maybe, and perhaps an instance or two of group circle peeing sessions to put out the campfire, but that was really all. Girl Scout campers do not consider urination to be anything but a biological function; it has no social or bonding functions at all, although putting together a latrine, in primitive camping, is sometimes an occasion for improvisation and skill.

Mechling attributes the many gross-out sessions – which he does not treat as particularly shocking or unusual -- to the throes of male puberty. If boys are worried about masculinity, one coping mechanism might be to drive home the message that everybody is going through it, by singing jolly masturbation songs around the campfire. Perhaps such songs would disturb only the boys' mothers. The lyrics are certainly not Mother Approved (M.A.). Other gross-out songs, skits, and narratives deal with death, corpses, bodily fluids, eating foul objects of various kinds, scatology, and variations on these themes. Icky language, repulsive topics, and profanity – these drastic mentionings, almost like invocations, might contribute to group identity formation as well as to the bravado, the ramping up, it takes to tackle major challenges in life, such as the challenge of male puberty or of acquiring the attributes of the masculine role in society, especially as outlined in Mechling's "two bodies" theory (Mechling 2001: 189-190).

Other non-M.A. activities might include discrete imbibing of stronger drinks than Kool-Ade in the Staff Area after sundown, the Staff Area where the adult volunteers slept and held their own campfire. In addition Mechling reports a studied lack of interest in the Staff Area about what the boys might be drinking in the Senior Area, where the high-schoolers slept and held their own campfire (Mechling 2001: 32-33, 139). Informants familiar with Girl Scout summer residential camp were surprised at this; it was upsetting to them to learn that adults responsible for campers were sleeping in a completely different area, out of earshot of the boys (Mechling 2001: 64-65). Patrol leaders, rather than adults, exercised immediate authority over and responsibility for rank and file Scouts assigned to them (Mechling 2001: 169).

It is not possible to maintain truthfully that every word spoken anywhere within the borders of Camp Koch from 1958 to 1970 was totally M.A. -- a useful term, that -- but words spoken in the units and any places where campers might be, certainly were. If discrete imbibing of non-Kool-Ade happened anywhere within the boundaries of Camp Koch, it would have been only in the Staff House, where counselors spent an occasional free evening, sometimes after a day off. Sandy and Kit think that even there such clandestine imbibing would have been far beyond the pale. They say that counselors, on their day off, went into nearby towns to drink beer or liquor, back then, but if it happened in camp, it would have been so deeply under the radar that even other counselors wouldn't have been aware of it. Drinking alcoholic beverages on

camp premises, even if the imbibers were off-duty at the time, and there were no campers anywhere nearby, would have been a firing offence, or worse.

Sometimes counselors did smoke cigarettes, over there in the Staff House, with no campers around. Rumors circulated among the campers that there was an actual Coke machine there, too. If some staff members held gross-out sessions or told crude jokes there, no camper ever knew of them. In the units, where the campers slept, there was no way to escape the oversight of the counselors; even secret Kool-Ade sessions in the tents after lights-out would have turned up on the counselor radar, and would have been quashed – clandestine treats were a violation of the camp’s social norms. Food and other things were to share, not hoard for private consumption.

See this study’s appendix for a chart summarizing features of troop camping and established camping. See Chapter 4 of this study for a tale of secret snacking in one’s unit and some unsavory consequences.

All Scouts, whether Girl Scouts (Girl Guides) or Boy Scouts, camp with their troops. They do so in all seasons, for short periods of time, generally on weekends or during school breaks. The two scouting systems differ when it comes to **summer residential camp**, which Girl Scouts have tended to organize differently, i.e. not according to a troop camping plan. Historical surveys of summer camp culture indicate that the unit plan, an organizational plan advanced by, and characteristic of Girl Scouts,

shapes Girl Scouts' summer residential camp experience in ways that differ significantly from the troop camping experience of boys or other girls or co-ed groups. The unit plan **molds the camping experience** in characteristic ways, leading to a distinctive worldview separate from the world view or values of the troops these campers come from.

Some youth organizations such as the YMCA/YWCA/YMHA/YWHA appear to use a modification of the troop camping system, in this study under the rubric "cabin camping," in which all resident campers reside in structures, usually cabins, located close to central features of the camp, such as the dining hall, the waterfront, the craft shack, the infirmary, and so on. This is often, but not always, the geographic layout of troop camps as well.

American real estate brokers have popularized the phrase "Location, location, location!" The unit plan's emphasis on location appears to make a significant difference which may not be immediately apparent to campers and former campers accustomed to the troop camping or "cabin camping" systems. The socialization of newly arriving campers who – under the unit plan -- attend camp as individuals, rather than as members of established troops or other groups, results in a different genre of summer camp experience. The resulting social melting pot, as campers find their way into new group affiliations within the unit, is fertile ground for creation of a "third culture," not

based on any existing group or affiliation. That “third culture,” created by and for the temporary folk groups (Jay Mechling’s word, see Mechling 11-13) that come together in the units, and last at most for one or two summers, is the subject of the current study. It is a generic difference between the two Scouting institutions.

Eleanor Eels (*History of Organized Camping*, American Camping Association, 1986, p. 69), and Abigail Van Slyck, (*A Manufactured Wilderness: Summer Camps and the Shaping of American Youth 1890-1960*, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2006, pp. 29-39) provide additional information on troop camping and the unit system.

Common ground shared by Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts is huge. Both organizations had basically the same founding principles, and both started out with the troop as the basis of everything. Both had strong influences leading them to military-seeming procedures and a sense of discipline; both today have ranks and badges, as well as ceremonies when a member achieves some new level or award. Both centered their organization around camping and a feeling of comfort with and affection for wild places; Girl Scouts in some ways today, but not in the time period of this study 1958 – 1970, are scheduling non-camping activities more than ever before. In fact, as long as national Girl Scout Roundups lasted, camping reigned supreme, according to Kit, the senior member of the Clan, and a veteran of 19 summers on camp staff, who remarked: “When they did away with Roundup, it took away one of the main reasons for girls to

learn camp craft skills.” More recently the emphasis on camping has given way a bit to other priorities. The emphasis on girl leadership, however, has remained strong.

Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts value challenges and achievement over other things society as a whole values, such as social prominence, money, or influence. Both sets of scouts enjoy campfire songs, even though Girl Scouts sing more nostalgic or sentimental songs and Boy Scouts prefer jolly or rowdy songs. Former Boy Scouts who have daughters reportedly feel comfortable with the Girl Scouts as an organization, and mothers with sons say they feel comfortable with the Boy Scouts, even though there might be an adjustment process involved. It’s interesting that for the Boy Scouts the moral compass, at least where vulgar language and some rule-breaking is concerned, is their notion of what a woman’s reaction would be – the label Mother Approved (M.A.) expresses this in a nutshell. Its use indicates the importance of women or mothers in setting parameters – grounding – for Boy Scouts. Other important authorities exist as well, of course; it’s likely they are stronger, even. But mothers still wield significant power, even when they are not physically present.

The thesis of this comparison is that the overall direction of the two national and local institutions, while including so many of the same components, is different. Boy Scouts, the organization and the ideology, seems to be out to provide grounding for its young members, while Girl Scouts, the organization and the ideology, seems to be

trying to elevate them, impel them upward, and perhaps also outward. Perhaps that is what feminism is, in a nutshell. For boys, anyhow, whose puberty is so overwhelming, and whose masculinity is so important and fragile at the same time, a sense of ground, even shelter or refuge, is important. The statements of David C. and Sandy at the beginning of this essay illustrate these diverging directions.

It is perhaps consonant with this directional difference that the Boy Scout troop camp in Mechling's book devises games to challenge and to educate its members, and to bring them together, in a more complex way than such everyday male bonding rituals as the bedtime group peeing session (Mechling 2001:33). Competition is a way of grounding the competitors, due to rules and procedures. Older Boy Scouts – Mechling calls them Seniors -- designed and controlled games and rules, based on traditional troop models; their control over the process is obvious. Competitors knew they were following in the Seniors' footsteps.

At Camp Koch, although games existed, the main emphasis was on adventures in the wild, such as primitive camping or, more infrequently, canoe trips. Adventures were what the younger campers built up to. Their preliminary adventures were quite a bit milder. Grounding moves a person downward, provides a connection with basic things, like the earth, like one's comrades or team members, like ethics, achievement,

and so on. Adventures take you out and up; they are a departure from the grounding you already have. They push your comfort level.

There are exceptions to the supreme value most Camp Koch alumnae place on primitive camping and camp craft skills. One former Camp Koch camper, in her 2009 survey response, said that for her, synchronized swimming was the best activity at camp. She said she also learned some songs she might not otherwise have learned, and met some girls she might not otherwise have met – they were from other areas, went to other schools, and so on. For her the camp brought a form of swimming she enjoyed, new friends she enjoyed, and new songs as well. This particular camper was accustomed to the wild; her family had been taking her camping since she was a toddler. Her responses diverge from most other Camp Koch alumnae responses – for them the wild setting was the primary attraction. Friendships and adventures belonged there, of course, but the wilderness was the main thing.

Ownership – Mechling notes that for his Boy Scout campers, learning and using the troop's names for the landscape – and sometimes those names were initials, due to the gross-out factor – naming the hill, the island, the place to slide down into the lake, and so forth became a part of the troop members' identities (Mechling 2001: 56, 105-106). Ownership at Camp Koch went another way, or so it seems. Sandy, the Clan's networker par excellence, and a retired professional Girl Scout, remarked in January

2011 that “Camp has no other goal, no ulterior motive. For us Nature was a way of life, and we absorbed it, the Great Green Girl Scout Goddess.”

The camp song “Magalena Hagalena” [see Chapter 2] teaches that feminine role models are different at camp, and campers have to live up to, grow up to the challenge. Amy’s story about her broken arm at camp [see Chapter 3] shows grammatically, at least, that she was crediting Camp Koch itself with taking care of her, nurturing her, and keeping her safe. Clay’s story of rebirth in water in the same chapter includes the following: “Camp Koch was the answer to most of that fear,” and “If pressure was the problem, camp was the solution.” Clay went on to state that her parents thought of Camp Koch as the rescuer of her social life, including her family life and school career.

Girl Scouts at camp acquire a camp-specific identity, based on challenges, also known as fun, and on achievements. Some identify with their units; with successive summers at the camp this identification becomes stronger, according to Clay. Counselors and older campers even acquire new names, camp names. Ownership seems to be a part of this camp-based identity, but rather than renaming camp landmarks for their own purposes, to express a form of ownership, as Mechling’s Boy Scouts did, they credited the camp itself with agency. It rescued them, nurtured them, nourished them, and in a way re-created them (in water, for example). Looking at things this way, the girls did not own Camp Koch – Camp Koch owned them. They

belonged. They belonged there. They belonged to the camp, in a community very reminiscent of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*.

Sandy, in a discussion in the year 2009 of the survey results from the Kochies, members of a Camp Koch alumnae organization, remarked about an expression of ownership in one survey response –“I remember how it used to bother me when one of the camp directors [Sandy used to supervise camp directors] got into the habit of saying ‘my camp,’ about Camp Koch. Well, she was the camp director, but it wasn’t her camp. Saying that makes it seem like it isn’t other people’s camp; it excludes people who belong there, everybody else, really, and that bothered me. I didn’t even like it when she said ‘my Jeep.’ Other people hearing it might feel excluded. The Camp Ranger used that Jeep, too, and it was there for the camp, not for her private purposes. I called her attention to it, time after time, really, and she finally quit saying these things. It bothered me that much.”

“Whose camp was it? Well, everybody’s, all the campers’, all the staff’s, all the former campers’, all the adult volunteers’, I suppose.”

“Look at it the other way around? You mean, the camp owned us? Interesting. Maybe that’s the way it was, and so I got riled up by statements of ownership going the other way. I heard very few of them, actually, only from one camp director, and only over a period of two years or so, before my disapproval kind of stopped them. It’s true

that any one individual seems a bit small to have ownership of the camp, and even all of us together, well, I don't know ..."

Mechling's Boy Scout campers describe Good Old New Usonia as a landscape, sometimes a landscape of dreams. They describe it as their place. They own the place, in a way. They have named it with names only they know (Mechling 2001: 56, 105-106).

The Girl Scout campers consider Camp Koch sacred ground – that was the consensus of the alumnae survey responses. They don't consider it theirs. To at least some extent, however, they consider themselves the camp's. They belong to it, in a way, just as they belong in it.

The schematic in Chapter 3 of this study, comparing unit camping to troop camping, anticipates this finding: Alumni loyalty in Boy Scouts is to the troop; in Girl Scouts it is to the camp. It is their Alma Mater, which translates from Latin as "soul mother." No one owns it – that's impossible. It owns the camp-dedicated people, a process that continues as long as these people bear its influence and own the power it gave them.

Camp Koch baptizes them in water, fire, and spirit, to use a Christian metaphor; Clay's rebirth in water, the song "Magalena's" emphasis on achievement and spiritual power, and the Kochie survey's emphasis on 1) building a one-match fire as a threshold experience, and 2) on Camp Koch as sacred ground -- along with other bits of evidence

from a variety of sources, lead to this metaphor's aptness. Camp Koch confirms its initiates and confers power upon them as they grow and develop within its realm.

This is not to deny the power and magic of Good Old New Usonia, as Mechling presents them. There are usually at least two levels of meaning in the campers' activities. Mechling's book provides both, although not always at the same time. Then there is the perspective of the adult "staff," actually volunteers with a heavy stake in the campers' success – they are the Boy Scouts' godfathers, in the helpful sense of the word, as well as troop alumni. Traditions bounce back and forth, enhancing the experience all around.

Although Mechling's ideological excursions into the national-political topics of God, gays, and girls is indisputably effective, in particular because they provide Mechling's distinctly folklorist slant, the most powerful parts of his book are the portrayals of Good Old New Usonia's activities, and in particular its games and ceremonies.

First there's the setting, the landscape – GONU occupies a high Sierras meadow, with pine forest nearby, a lake – actually the reservoir known as Lake Usonia -- and achingly beautiful mountains visible just above. It is literally at the end of the road, an outpost. From Mechling's page 1 (Mechling 2001:1) it is clear that entering the camp requires rituals of transition. This is another world. Inhabitants of this world set apart,

from 1960 onwards, at least, are primarily scions of the American white middle class, although the summer camp as an American social institution originally came about to benefit urban, working class children whose access to countryside healthfulness, closeness to nature, and wholesome pursuits was in question (Mechling 2001: 43).

Paramilitary touches show up at GONU predictably in the use of whistles, flag ceremonies, and stock announcements – “Commissary emissary!” – to structure the day’s activities. Group activities, including badge work, swimming instruction, and free swim, also occur with predictability. Other touches demonstrate the importance of growing closer to the natural surroundings, most obvious of which is the absence of tents, huts, or cabins. As a result of GONU’s non-rainy climate, campers and staff live, cook, eat, and sleep under the stars. Such habits would lead to waterlogged or drenched counselors and campers at Southern Indiana’s Camp Koch. At GONU hikes can lead onto the slopes of those peaks looming in the distance, and far beyond, to scale them; the mountain range’s profile becomes so familiar a sight that former GONU campers can sketch it accurately from memory. 50-mile hikes, while memorably out of the ordinary, and thus ammunition for boasting and identity formation, are within the capacity of these campers and their adult staff. Any wimpiness among the GONU campers is a condition they expect to overcome, due to the challenges and social “cures” GONU offers. Group consensus, not to say pressure, brings about many such cures (103).

The patrol, a relatively small group of same-age campers, is the basic organizational entity at GONU. Patrols dissolve into other groupings for merit badge or “advancement” work, for swimming or lifesaving instruction, and for other purposes. Adult volunteer staff or advisors counsel all the campers – it’s not the practice to designate certain adults to work with certain patrols, or at least not for the duration. And the camp director works for, and remains under, the supervision of the Scoutmaster. He is the ultimate arbiter, although if especially knotty decisions face him, he can refer the matter to advisory groups affiliated with the troop, such as the Eagle Alumni Council (Mechling 2001: 131).

The Rule of Three – an ideological and practical matter that reverberates on every level of Boy Scouting, and Girl Scouting as well at present, although not in the time period of this study 1958-1970 – constrains contact between campers and adult advisers/counselors to some extent. No twosome contact that includes an adult is to take place at camp out of sight of witnesses, due to potential charges of child molestation that may result, hence the name – Rule of Three. When Scoutmaster Pete talks to some individual boy, others must be in eyesight, if not earshot (Mechling 2001: 51).

This policy extends to Camp Good Old New Usonia’s latrine; if an adult is there, no lone camper may enter the latrine until the adult leaves. If a lone camper is there,

and an adult approaches, the adult must wait until the camper leaves to enter (Mechling 2001: 51-52). Because GONU contains few structures and considerable open ground, the latrine is the primary place where such contact -- a lone camper with a lone adult without eyewitnesses -- might take place. After dark an adult might -- out of eyesight of witnesses -- encounter a lone camper; the Rule of Three prohibits this as well. The buddy system, in effect at GONU as well as at Camp Koch, would keep such one-on-one encounters from happening.

What bothers Scoutmaster Pete the most about these new rules, according to Mechling, is the attitude of the Boy Scouts of America, the national organization; it seems to be primarily concerned about avoiding lawsuits, not about helping boys. The material provided when this Rule of Three came down from national was very thin on the subject of counseling boys who had experienced sexual molestation at some point, Pete remarks, and very detailed on a tracks-covering strategy that would make accusations in court of molestation difficult or impossible. As far as this matter is concerned, Mechling and the troop's adult volunteers clearly consider the national organization, Boy Scouts of America, to be a foreign entity, a "they" rather than an "us" (Mechling 2001: 51-52).

It isn't that the troop's guiding adults don't lament the instances of molestation that have occurred, it's that they also lament the barriers the chosen preventive

measures insert between troop members and their leaders and adult volunteers.

Informal conversations become a kind of dance, involving counting those present and scanning for eyewitnesses.

Sandy explained how this worked out in recent years at Camp Koch, long after the time period of this study (1958-70): "The camp nurse was the most difficult staff member to protect. If the nurse wanted to counsel some individual camper about a matter involving privacy, such as a camper's refusal to take prescribed medication while at camp, the best tactic would be to take a walk with the camper, in a twosome, out of earshot, but in the full view of many people, for example, walking with the camper around the waterfront area, but out of earshot, perhaps on the other side of the lake, during a time when many people were involved in waterfront activities. As many within eyesight as possible, adults and campers, that was the goal. We had no accusations of molestation, but we were very careful. In the units it wasn't so difficult to arrange for an additional counselor to be there when it was time for the bed-check, the 'good night' walk-around."

Moving on to Mechling's insightful descriptions of contemporary Boy Scout games, as features of camp culture, along with ceremonies such as campfires, it's possible to begin with the traditional troop game of "Capture the Flag," a mock combat mirroring English-Scottish border skirmishes, with quite a bit of taunting and strategy.

No one flies around on broomsticks, but Harry Potter's game of quidditch (Rowling 1997: 151, 180) comes to mind. Mechling sees the game's reality as an alternate to the earnest, everyday world, a constructed place where normal rules of conduct and ethics give way to a harmless form of war that can, perhaps, tame human impulses otherwise leading to real conflict. It's similar to the catharsis effect in Aristotle's theory of tragedy. Winning or losing carries the participants only so far, and at the end, having experienced the emotions of one or both in a carefully controlled environment, those same participants return to Good Old New Usonia's reality. It was only in play – or in the case of Aristotle, only a play (Mechling 2001: 156-158, for Aristotle on catharsis and identification, see the website: classics.uc.edu/~johnson/tragedy/plato&aristotle.html,

In the course of many games of "Capture the Flag," Mechling saw instances of what he calls frame-breaking, after Goffman, interruptions of the game in which the camp's more pedestrian reality returns for a brief while. These have to do with players who have suffered injuries in the course of a rather strenuous, physical game with few other time-outs. Mechling estimates at least one injured player in almost every game. These incidents, in which GONU reality supersedes game reality for a while, are for Mechling just as much a part of the game in a larger sense as any other feature. They even follow a predictable pattern. A boy falls or collides with another boy during an attempted "capture." The players respond by halting the game to look after the injured player, until he either returns to the game, after receiving some form of First Aid or

other assistance, or leaves the field. Thus the suffering boy becomes the centerpiece of a ritual; other players earnestly and sincerely pass by him to make encouraging remarks or gather sympathetically to inquire about his welfare. This is never a phony injury, never.

“Capture the Flag” is of course a relentlessly competitive game; according to Mechling this may be the pause that allows players to remind each other and themselves that they are really brothers just playing competitive roles for a while. In the heat of even mock battle, stronger, even hostile, emotions may threaten to take over, but this ritual grounds the boys, or re-grounds them, in their brotherhood and solidarity. It reassures them. Afterwards, whether the injured player returns to the field or not, it’s back to the strenuous business as usual of trying to capture the flag, or to defend it from the other side (Mechling 2001: 161-162).

What happens when there is cheating, or arguing about cheating, or changing or interpreting the rules of the game? Mechling thinks this is also part of the game’s ritual, the game’s alternate, constructed reality, a part in which the players rehearse rule-breaking in an approved way, rather than in a cruel, hostile, solidarity-destroying, system-defying way. There are of course formal and informal rules. Sometimes the explicit set really should give way to the implicit. In the process of working this out, the players learn negotiation and mediation skills, learn how to keep verbal combat within

bounds, learn, as Mechling terms it, how to break the rules according to the rules for rule-breaking. How? By arriving at agreement or consensus. Such things as disputed calls of fair or foul in any game would fit into this configuration. Playing with the rules as well as playing by them teaches the players creativity, Mechling opines, teaches them to think out of the box, as the cliché goes, without defying basic conventions of debate and decision (Mechling2001: 166).

Additional common ground between Camp Koch and Good Old New Usonia: Mechling's definition of leadership (Mechling 2001:144), inspired by the Boy Scouts, but surely applicable to the Girl Scouts as well:

- "1. A leader models the behavior he expects from others; he may not always live up to this standard, but he tries hard to do so;
2. A good leader puts the needs of others above his own; he is selfless rather than selfish;
3. A good leader has empathy for others; he is sensitive to moods in others and tries to maximize the happiness of the group;
4. A good leader would not ask anyone to perform a task he would be unwilling to perform himself;

5. A good leader persuades through language and the moral force of his ethos, not through physical strength or aggression;

6. A good leader has a good sense of humor, not least of all about himself; he can laugh at himself and can use humor to put others at ease and to manage some situations that can get out of control.”

But actual leaders need no such definitions, Mechling adds. A Senior member of Troop 49, a member with rank, advancement, and experience, knows in his bones what leadership is, and how to lead others.

Clay, an Eagle Feather informant, has a supplementary admonition to would-be leaders: “Don’t sweat the small stuff, and don’t be pompous.”

The following quote is from Daniel Hirsch, a member of the U.S. diplomatic corps. It appeared in the *Foreign Service Journal* in June of 2011 (Vol. 88, No. 6) to enjoin and to encourage his colleagues in the State Department.

“The Mission – starting with a full spectrum of backgrounds, viewpoints, and experiences... is to bring much-needed strength, insight, agility, and flexibility to a [corps] that needs them. But it is essential to mold the many individuals ...into effective teams, a well-integrated corps and a successful community. As our Service grows, it becomes increasingly incumbent to mentor and guide ...subordinates and colleagues, to

pass on knowledge, experience, and, hopefully, esprit de corps. ... Ultimately the future of our culture comes down to the effort each of us makes to become part of something larger than ourselves.”

Here is Kit’s addition to the list of leadership qualities – a) ingenuity; b) love of one’s métier; and c) the ability to engender both these qualities in others.

Leadership requires ingenuity, and the ability to awaken priorities and values in others. A sense of humor is not amiss nor a sense of proportion, either.

American Girl Scout Founder Juliet Lowe listed rules for games, in her 1924 birthday message, keeping in mind the other meaning of the word *fun*, which is *challenge*:

To play fair.

To play in your place.

To play for your side and not for yourself.

And, as for the score, the best thing in a game is

the fun and not the result (Ross and White 1996: 50).

Girl Scout Camp Cedar Hill, one of the first established camps in the United States, inherited a shrubbery maze from its previous owner and benefactor, Cornelia Warren. It was part of a residence then, but was also open to the public. She hired a

special caretaker to make this possible. Around the turn of the century, before the Girl Scouts took occupancy, she often hosted Sunday school picnics and other celebrations.

The maze was a local wonder, consisting of 1755 feet of pathways threading through a thousand or more arbor vitae trees, each about six feet tall. It covered nearly fifteen thousand square feet of the estate's grounds, with a double pool, whose water flowed from one to the other, and a 200-year-old sculpture of a stork, from Japan, at its center. Benches for meditation made of red granite from Scotland provided a resting place alongside the pools. The stork had its head thrown back, to swallow a fish.

The maze, a local attraction, brought in visitors from miles around on foot or on bicycles, sometimes pushing baby carriages. An observation tower near the maze allowed kindly observers to give directions, in case wanderers in the maze really needed to find their way. When the Girl Scouts received the 75-acre estate in 1923, another donor installed a swimming pool; a second pool followed in 1927. From 1930 to 1979, with a pause during the Second World War, an average of more than ten thousand Girl Scouts came each year to Cedar Hill, some for established camp, some for day camp, some to visit the Girl Scout Museum and shop, some for meetings or conferences.

And some played games, including volleyball, baseball, badminton, and spud, in bloomers at first, and middy blouses and neckerchiefs, then later in Girl Scout camp

uniforms consisting of dark green shorts and white blouses. They ran relays, went horseback riding and canoeing, swam, and participated in treasure hunts, as well as nature and compass games (Ross and White 1996: 13-18, 38, 59).

What are the tasks of outdoor education, and how do its techniques function? It seems redundant to start with its fostering among children a lifelong appreciation of the outdoors; it is as if one must teach its pupils to love it first, but only then teach them the actual lessons. Perhaps the purpose of outdoor education, like that of all education, is to take the pupils on a journey, a wondrous, mysterious journey, as if through a maze, wandering around in a mysterious realm, where interesting, spontaneous things happen seemingly of themselves. Here one might find a certain similarity between established camp and a theme park, although the theme park comes off seeming rather tame and repetitive, its visitors rather passive.

Appreciating natural resources would be a predictable outcome of outdoor education, of course, but education theorists have also found that outdoor learning brings about positive changes in children's behavior, emotional adjustment, self-esteem, physical development, socialization, creativity, and comradeship, even teamwork. Clearly woods and meadows – and mazes -- offer settings difficult to replicate, where campers can lean on each other and reveal insights and discoveries to each other, while

learning many lessons from each other about how they can have fun and conquer challenges together (Schleien 1993: x – 1).

And in the center – at least at Cedar Hill -- are red granite benches, a Japanese stork sculpture forever in the act of swallowing a fish, two serene pools, one flowing eternally into the other, and a nearby tower overlooking the whole of it, a place for others to use in case the maze-goers linger too long or really cannot find their way in, or out. This is a work of art. This is a summer camp setting. It is both, just as Camp Koch and Good Old New Usonia are both. They are unconfined environments for activities such as games, and for activities such as thinking and pondering and observing such happenstance phenomena as a butterfly, a cloud, a hawk, or a buzzing mosquito. Or a rainbow.

Cedar Hill's maze, sadly, no longer exists, except in memory, or in photographs or written descriptions. The former Camp Cedar Hill is primarily an administrative and commemorative complex now, with considerable troop camping and day camping happening there as well. It is the heart of Girl Scouting in the Boston area (Ross and White 1996: 83ff). But memories, and particularly the cherished memories of young people, may be more powerful than other powerful forces, such as time and decay.

Chapter 2 of this study examined the function of an art work, a camp song, in conveying values and educating girls, functioning as a sort of ritual tool. In the 1970s

the Freudian theorist Bruno Bettelheim located in the folktales – also works of art -- of the Brothers Grimm a therapy tool for changing children, helping them, by providing them with role models, so that they could put together guiding principles for their lives, a conceptual framework for them to use to deal with their often traumatic past, and go on (Bettelheim 1977: 3 – 5). In post-WWII Hungary in a traditional village, folklorist Linda Degh saw – not story-reading and hearing – but storytelling by a master storytelling artist for an inquisitive, responsive audience, an art form that reinforced community, family life, and identity among villagers forcibly relocated, en masse, to an area far from the only home they knew (Degh 1989: xx). Art can be a powerful tool, even a ritual tool, for accomplishing goals. Summer camp provides a natural setting, but not truly wild, untouched nature, not a place where humans have never been before. That would not be prudent. Thus summer camp, too, is a work of art, carefully shaped by planners to shape the campers, counselors, and others who spend time there.

And what do campers, leaders, and adult helpers do at camp? Among other ventures and adventures, some plan games and others play them, while a third group observes, applauds, upholds the rules just by being there, and cherishes the setting, the games and the players.

Kit: Here's the most important thing that happened in Woodhaven [see Chapter 5]. Kit phoned the researcher to emphasize this specific point.

"A group of 13-year-old strangers came in and formed a very tight-knit unit. It took three days. They were self-reliant and able to rely on other members of the unit. The thing that was called a unit became a unit. It became obvious in the main camp area or wherever other campers were around. After 3-4 days we clumped together. We didn't exclude others, just preferred to be together. That was so in the Dining Hall or wherever else."

The unit had its own cheer, so to speak – Kit would near-shout – her voice tended to carry – “Let’s go, Woodhaven!” And they would respond “-ers!” This chanted, unison insistence on the campers’ individuality – by the campers themselves -- is one of the hallmarks of the unit as Kit molded it. No one coached them into it. It just happened, like so many things at camp. Sandy said Pepper probably had something to do with it. It sounded like Pepper’s kind of wit. The campers did not, however, overuse it. Kit used the call sparingly, and only when it was time to be off somewhere. It was a departure call, like “All aboard!” or “Wagon, ho!”

Kit: “The teamwork process used to happen to my Pioneers [at GS Camp Cedar Point, in Southern Illinois, where Kit started working in 1965 or 66.] It happened in about the same length of time. It was another camp, kids about the same age, maybe a bit older, with about the same skill levels. They were able to take a ten-mile hike. There

was something like Fox Ridge, because we cleared off Pioneer Point – our name for it -- on Little Grassie Lake, and camped there. When we started going there no jeep roads went to it. Pioneer Point was a peninsula. We had the lake; Fox Ridge had the river. We used it every session.”

Wide games in Girl Scouting may include a good number of tasks required for a variety of badges, such as building a fire that will burn through a string suspended at such-and-such a height over the fire circle, or many kinds of orienteering – locating a place or an object based on compass readings, finding the way by the moon or stars, map making, setting up or following more or less concealed trail signs, searching for certain kinds of rocks, or planning and carrying out in early phases a desert island scenario with only certain tools and supplies on hand. Speed is important. Leadership and cooperation count (Tobitt 1959: 158-159).

Kit remembers Woodhaven unit returning to main camp exhilarated after two days at the Fox Ridge primitive site, campers and counselors worn out, filthy, and happy, only to find that a kind of wide game was going on at Breezy Corner, practically the only place in camp level enough and big enough to accommodate such a thing. It was a “county fair;” the competition was to see which unit would win blue or lesser ribbons for the hand-made craft items they put on display. The Woodhaven campers had been living off the land, so to speak, or at least, off what they could pack in to the

isolated, but scenic ridge area overlooking the Ohio, or what they could find after they got there. What to enter into the competition?

They had of course lashed a latrine at Fox Ridge, but for this particular encampment it was a portable one. They took it with them to an even more remote, second primitive site, after they had settled in at the first. And some of the campers had constructed a miniature replica of this humble, but useful device. It had a step, in addition to a seat, because Kit's Assistant Unit Leader that summer - 1961 -- was shorter than any of the campers, and needed the step to mount the seat they had put together. The campers had lashed the miniature replica, to match the real thing, which, before leaving the site, they had dismantled, its twine packed out of the site in someone's pocket, its longer branches returned to the forest floor in the form of an X marking the spot.

They entered the tiny replica into a competition at the "county fair." This particular event required campers from other units to guess what the object was, and what it would be used for. The sweaty, exhausted, famished - but elated -- Woodhaveners won. They got the blue ribbon. No other unit could determine just what the thing was. The victors received many compliments for its construction, however. It is not on record whether or not the Woodhaveners ever revealed the purpose of their mystery construction.

The treasure hunt Mechling describes in *Good Old New Usonia* in the composite summer of his book, *On My Honor*, is a much more complex affair. It includes orienteering, the staff having set up sites with clues to lead the boys to the next site, or maybe not, if they made a mistake in performing the site's appointed task. First, however, they usually had to figure out what it was. And there were clues. The older Scouts were the monitors – and in this instance they had to speak in rhyme -- who determined which group merited the next clue, and which had not. Any communication from them not in rhyme was supposed to be outside the play frame of the game. It might show that the clue just revealed was a false clue. If the group missed the mark, it was the monitor's duty to send the group in the wrong direction. Group members might discover only in retrospect that they had failed at the task.

There was a further complication – the boys had to be alert for any breaking of camp rules, i.e. going about unshod, not picking up trash, using tools in an unsafe manner, or making mistakes in first aid. Not donning a life jacket properly, not being kind or helpful to other Scouts, not being respectful to Scout adults, for example -- and of course any violation of the Scout Oath and Scout Law, in any of its twelve parts -- these were also critical infractions, things that should have been learned bone-deep by the time of the treasure hunt, but then ... perhaps in the excitement, someone would forget, and then his patrol would have to range far and wide in an added detour before approaching the treasure.

The various stations, monitored by the older Scouts, the Seniors, had three kinds of clues – 1) actual clues, straightforward, and righteous, although the patrols had to earn the corresponding tokens by performing some task correctly; 2) false clues, leading the patrol astray, sometimes far, far afield; and 3) **false** false clues, which **seemed** false, but were really authentic. Thus there was work for the brain as well as the legs and arms and memory of the campers. The station with the **false** false clue is there to assure the patrol – deceptively -- that they have dealt with the hunt's one false clue, to deceive them into regarding all the subsequent clues as righteous. Then when they encounter the **real** false clue, later on in the stations, they will fall for it, lulled by the **false** false clue they already encountered, into thinking that they had already found and deactivated the **only** false clue; this one must be righteous. And it isn't. Upon trying to follow this process in one's mind it seems unrealistic that these subtle, crafty boys regard same-age girls as devious and conniving. Or perhaps they are trying to compete by becoming devious themselves (Mechling 2001: 172).

Because of the **false** false clue's often successful snare, the **actual** false clue station becomes crucial for success at the game. The Senior Scout running this station has to be very clever and resourceful indeed. In one instance the Eagle Patrol had not figured out the **false** false clue, and as a result had not helped the Senior wash the truck – a Scout is helpful – and therefore did not have the token for succeeding at that station in their plastic baggie of treasure hunt station tokens. As the penalty for not helping,

and thus breaking a part of the Boy Scout Law, the patrol had to perform an additional task, delaying their arrival at the treasure location.

But the signal that this is the **real** false clue appeared in the form of something the Senior at the Treasure Hunt station seemed to be doing outside the game's frame – he took out a pocket knife and began sharpening a pencil, breaking at least two camp rules, 1) by drawing the blade toward his thumb, instead of away from his body, and 2) by whittling while standing.

In addition to this kind of subtlety there were often plays on words or ambiguities in the phrasing that could either shorten or lengthen the patrol's task. The successful patrol would use the best interpretation for their purposes, thus showing that they had mastered word play as well as orienteering. The example Mechling uses is the following tasking: "Make a cup of Kool-Ade for the entire patrol," which might mean make for each patrol member a cup of Kool-Ade, a fairly lengthy procedure, or *make just one cup of Kool-Ade to serve the entire patrol*, something that would take a lot less time. Other instances of word play occur throughout the game, calling the attention of the younger Scouts to the importance of metaphors and other linguistic structures (Mechling 2001: 174).

Seniors who collude can subvert the game, that is clear, by merely providing the information and not requiring the task, for example. The game, according to Mechling

(Mechling 2001: 178), prepares boys for a game of life that depends to a great extent on achievement, teamwork, and obedience to rules, but in at least some instances, yields to luck or good fortune or some other factor – the weather, the outbreak of war -- totally outside the control of the game player or his allies and teammates. It's the hidden trap, that **false** false clue, in the Horatio Alger myth that Americans have in many ways built their lives and institutions on.

Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts share considerable common ground, but they do it separately and unawares. Both groups tend to lose members around adolescence, when hanging out with members of the opposite sex or working at part-time jobs may loom larger than the world of Scouting. The emotional attachment of alumni to the troop in Boy Scouting, and to the summer camp in Girl Scouting, reveals that the experience means a great deal in the maturation process. The crucial importance of role models – certainly a concern for Kit, who knew she was one – cannot be overemphasized.

In GONU three generations are apparent – 1) the staff, that is, adult volunteers and troop officials, 2) the Seniors, or high school age Boy Scouts, and 3) the younger Scouts. At Camp Koch the generations work out somewhat differently. They include 1) the campers, aged 8 to 18, 2) the counselors, aged 18 to usually about 25, although Kit and others continued to work at camps when they were somewhat older, and 3) the camp committee, professional Girl Scouts, the camp director, and the camp ranger. The

third group plays the grandparental role. The counselors are more like adventurous older siblings than like parents, although the entire functioning or nonfunctioning of the camp – as far as the campers are concerned -- rests on their (mostly) college-student shoulders.

For this reason, as well as because of the immigrant experience most campers have upon arriving at Girl Scout established camps using the unit plan, Camp Koch bears definite signs of belonging to a college campus-like culture. The counselors, 90% or more of whom are college students, are the role models as well as the authority figures that determine the success or failure of the camp program. Sandy, who spent twenty or more years supervising camp directors at Camp Koch, said so.

GONU gives its high schoolers more responsibility, as it turns out, than Camp Koch does; these teenagers are also aware that they are role models for the younger Scouts. And in the end GONU bears unmistakable markers of a grown-up culture, set up for the campers, and with due regard for their issues and concerns, but resting firmly in the hands of adult men who love Scouting and the out of doors. This is where the adult volunteers, the rest of the Staff, come in.

On the other hand, it is difficult to imagine a successful study of Girl Scout camp culture that did not take some steps to clarify the differences with Boy Scouting, as well as the many, many common factors, in order to give readers a helping hand in grasping

the details, advantages, and problem areas in Girl Scouting. It is also difficult to imagine a more helpful guide in this regard than Mechling's book.

Chapter 6: World View, Blue Wells, and Conflict

*Been ridin' since daylight
Through shadow and sunlight
And now in the twilight
We're travelin' slow.
The comin' stars guidin'
We'll keep a ridin'
Down the trails
Where the sun
Hangs low.*

*Joggin' along to nowhere,
Joggin' along all day.
Joggin' along to nowhere,
We sure know the way.*

Camp song, Midwestern USA

The Woodhaven summer of 1960, with its wonders, its inoculation effect, and its challenges, continued to unroll long afterward in the lives of Kit, Sandy, Smeady, Freddie, Pepper, and Clay, or so informants maintain. It helped them find strength, courage, resourcefulness, initiative, and confidence, and lose at least some of their fear, pessimism, and passivity. Smeady, who had been in Camp Koch's Blue Wells the summer of 1960, reported similar developments, just as lasting. Sandy, Clay, Freddie, and Pepper moved on, the summer of 1961, to Blue Wells, the primitive unit Woodhaven was supposed to prepare them for. Smeady spent a second summer there, as a veteran. Kit spent a second summer as Unit Leader in Woodhaven. The Eagle Feather Clan had formed, but had no mission. Smeady was not yet a part of it, although the Woodhaven alumnae had started meeting. Some had already dropped out.

I. Blue Wells: Two Summers of Conflict

Kit reports feeling regretful, even now, that she turned down the offer of the Blue Wells unit leader job the summer of '61. She felt less than fully qualified, she says. And sighs. At the time she had no notion, of course, that the camp director would assign someone as unqualified as Badger to the job. Badger's assistant unit leader, Tippy, actually had the skills needed at Blue Wells, but her timidity was near-paralytic,

according to a consensus of informants. Kit worried about the campers she felt she had abandoned, but the education they had received during the Woodhaven summer held up throughout their predicament in Blue Wells.

The way Clay tells it, the campers had to -- more or less -- beg Badger to allow them to do what they had to do to maintain Blue Wells necessities and traditions in an appropriate way, and to stay safe while doing so. Badger, who remained surly most of the time, and rarely smiled, spent a lot of time alone in her tent, did not participate in unit functions, made thoughtless, contradictory, and arbitrary decisions, did not seem to care about safety or security, and seemed to be concealing, or trying to conceal, an almost total lack of knowledge and skill regarding matters of vital importance in that setting, for those campers. The most damning thing of all, though, was that she did not seem to want to learn. AUL Tippy stood around wringing her hands and worrying.

Blue Wells ended up with an effective unit leader, after all, Clay reported; it was neither Badger nor Tippy, but rather Sandy, a Blue Wells camper, one of a number of Woodhaven veterans, who ran things in the traditional Camp Koch manner, operating with consensus but without portfolio, a de facto leader then as she has been throughout the years since then. She kept her fellow Blue Wells campers on track with Blue Wells traditions and fostered cheerful diligence without a shred of recognition or support from those who should have been undertaking these tasks. Two sessions at camp the

same summer became the new normal for Freddie and Clay; Smeady, Sandy, and Pepper had already been doing this.

Every summer the Blue Wells campers in First Session had to build a bridge over the blue water pool below the waterfall and cliff, for example. Otherwise there would have been no ready access to their under-cliff outdoor kitchen. According to a schedule the campers created, every session, at least once a week, they had to set up a new, sanitary latrine, and mark and close the previous location. On their first day in camp the campers had to pitch their two-person Round-up tents (somewhat larger than pup tents, because you could actually stand up in the middle), move in with all their gear and clothes, build cooking fires, maintain a good supply of firewood in the shelter of the cliff, and cook all their meals, with thorough hygienic clean-up every day. They ordered supplies from Main Camp in an orderly and timely way, and dealt with trash, water purification, and storage of supplies. They made their own evening entertainment around the campfire and remained upbeat, while attempting to match high standards set by previous Blue Wells campers. They had to move themselves back to Main Camp periodically to participate in all-camp functions such as Scouts' Own, church services, and Closing Night.

Clay says she remembers three groups that were active most of the time: 1) groups going out to gather wood, the most constant chore, because in Blue Wells you

cooked out three meals a day, every day, or you didn't eat; 2) groups going daily to fetch water from a nearby spring, a job most people liked; and 3) a crew going out periodically to close the old latrine and set up a new one, Clay's personal favorite.

Groups came together to plan and request the food and supplies the Jeep would deliver, and to distribute mail. Clay doesn't remember, however, whether any of these groups had a fixed membership, like patrols, or whether members came and went, according to the need. Other groups cooked and cleaned up after cooking. There were no problems coordinating the work, or none that she remembers. People lent a hand wherever they felt they could help. There was a lot to do. And campers sang everywhere. Badger was conspicuous by her absence from any decision-making process, except to make things more difficult; campers soon made no effort to include her.

After the campers had completed all the tasks at hand, for the time being, anyhow, they also had to reinforce the trenches around their tents, to direct rain away so that it did not flow directly into the tents and under their cots. In precious moments of day-time ease, before insect predators emerged at night, they climbed up the cliff, on the wooded side, not directly up the waterfall that overhung their kitchen, and bathed and sunned themselves in the stream up there, overhung in turn by sheltering leafy branches, with the stream tranquil and smooth, trickling or shooshing by, surrounding

them with a feeling of floating. All around them the sun filtered itself through the overhead canopy of leaves, some sparks darting, some slowly drifting. And the 14-year-old campers exchanged witty remarks and laughed at nothing much, while they lay back, and were happy.

Prophet, whose Blue Wells summer in a subsequent year also included a host of troubles, reported on this by phone November 20, 2012: "My second year as a Blue Wells camper was the summer of 1964. Troop 141 became the troop we all wanted to join, by that time; its troop leader Penny was also Unit Leader of Blue Wells that summer, so the integration of camp and troop was well underway. Unfortunately it did not work out as we expected. Penny had to leave the camp due to a parent's grave illness, and we felt at a loss. Jolly, a counselor we knew from previous summers, came out to stay with us the first night or so, but she had an administrative job in Main Camp, and could not stay longer. A counselor we did not know, named Dapper, replaced her."

"Unfortunately Dapper knew very little and did not participate in our activities at all. We worried, in fact, that some rather mild pranks we had pulled on Penny in the first few days – just playfulness, nothing mean – had brought this on us – Dapper and so on – as a kind of retribution, to even things up. I don't remember any formal meeting we campers might have had, but in a sort of consensus we thought up a rather

ambitious construction project to compensate for the pranks, to make a better impression on the adults around us, especially those in Main Camp.”

“We decided to redo the Chippewa table, remake it into a construction able to seat all of us – 16 people – at once, on a bench attached to the table. We became, in a sense, engineers. I suppose we were trying to engineer a way out of the bad place we thought we had gotten ourselves into. Everybody worked together. We Blue Wells veterans, back for a second summer, took the lead. We lived in Round-up tents a bit farther away from the staff tent out there, a bit farther down; the newbies’ tents were higher up, nearer the staff tent. It was Third Session”.

“Art Mason [the camp ranger] came out and advised us; he brought us a steel cable and a challenge – can you do it? Campers in First Session had built the bridge leading over the stream, into the kitchen [a Blue Wells tradition]. We became girl engineers. Everybody worked together. We put on work gloves and went up above the well, so that we could use the cliff top as a sort of crane, to pull the table into place.”

“We lashed the four main parts of the Chippewa table, hooked the table to it, and pulled it up, using those heavy gloves. I remember there were six campers at the top of the cliff, pulling with all our might, and eight campers at the bottom; I was above with Beth Hughes, the future Congressman’s daughter, Patches, Judy Small, Cheryl Glass, and Carol Monahan ... I remember Beth sort of dancing at the slippery edge of the

cliff, watching progress down below, then scampering back into place when we had to pull again. We left a permanent mark, a sort of groove, in the cliff with that cable; I remember we found it again when we went back, found it several years in a row, until the moss there grew over it and you couldn't see it any more. And I've got photos, photos of Beth pulling on that steel cable, and a photo of the table itself. But designing came first."

"Why did we do it? Was it only to atone for pranks? I don't think so now. It gave us a feeling of empowerment. Blue Wells was billed as a primitive unit. Being away from everybody else, and other people's schedules for things like waterfront or flag ceremony, we could create our own schedule. They treated us like people, instead of kids. It fulfilled our initiative, got us a lot of respect. Getting Art Mason's respect was a big part of it. He was not only wise, but also incredibly strong, physically. There were stories about that. Later, as a CIT, I helped Art Mason repair a water line in the CIT unit. To separate a piece of black pipe that was stuck inside another, we pulled on the ends of the two pieces. Art was pulling from the upside, the up-hill side, and I was one of three campers pulling down, from farther below, but he was so strong that for a while there he was pulling all of us up to him. He out-pulled three strong, husky campers, no wusses, with gravity against him."

What was so special about the setting at Blue Wells? Most people who have seen the place mention its beauty and serenity, with the deep, phosphorescently shimmering blue pond and spring under the natural shelter of the cliff, and the waterfall feeding water from the one to the other. Former campers say there were many un-chore-like tasks to do that seemed fair and noble in such an environment. For Prophet and her fellow campers, several years after the Eagle Feather members were at Blue Wells, there was the table project they devised to compensate for their perceived crimes, mild pranks that – in their minds -- resulted in retribution. They did not assert themselves to defy authority, but rather to try to satisfy or impress it favorably.

Prophet remembers a somewhat lesser construction project -- not the major engineering project, the Chippewa table able to seat 16 people – that the campers constructed to ease the trek into Main Camp and the overnight they would spend there before church and Scouts' Own on Sundays. They did not have individual backpacks in those years. What they built was a canvas-covered container, its frame consisting of branches trimmed and lashed together, to contain and keep dry the sleeping bags they needed to bring with them into Main Camp on Saturdays, so that they could sleep in a shelter or on the Dining Hall floor and arrive on time for church.

At one point, according to Prophet, a driving rain met them on the road; they couldn't use a path as a shortcut while carrying such a bulky container. Even ponchos

are not enough for a long trek in such a rainstorm. Everyone arrived drenched. That march was a major event for the campers; they called it the “Rain Tromp into Camp.”

Prophet: “Maybe having us make the container was someone’s way of keeping us together as we marched into camp. We were walking in rain, sloshing in rain, and I was next to Dapper, because I was tall, and she was about the same height, which was an advantage in carrying the container. We campers were pretty miserable, because we were with Dapper, and missing Penny quite a lot. She continued as our troop leader, outside of camp, however.”

Prophet recalls only one prophetic dream when she was in high school, a dream about Penny, her friend, Girl Scout troop leader, and sometime camp counselor. In the dream Penny’s car rolled into a tree, smashing it in back, and destroying Penny’s guitar in the process. Prophet was taken aback to learn, not long after that, that Penny had actually been in a traffic accident, on the highway. Another driver, unable to stop in time, had hit her car; the impact was in the rear. In real life’s dream equivalent the guitar did not suffer damage, but Penny’s broken arm prevented her from playing it for quite some time.

Sandy reports that the large table at Blue Wells now is a much-repaired version of the table Prophet and her fellow campers built in 1964.

Regarding unqualified unit leaders at Camp Koch, Kit's memory provides an anecdote, as follows. She and her Woodhaven unit were camping at Fox Ridge the summer of 1961, the Badger summer for the rest of the future Eagle Feather members. Kit wasn't sure which session it was when this happened, because Woodhaven went to Fox Ridge every session.

After spending the first night and eating lunch, Woodhaveners decided to hike over and pay a visit to Blue Wells, going cross-country, not using paths. Kit found work for her bayonet – the closest thing to a machete the camp's business manager could find -- to chop the way through some overgrown places. The idea was to navigate on a slant and come upon the road, then take it the rest of the way to Blue Wells.

Blue Wells campers began by showing Woodhaven campers what they had built, and guiding them around the unit; the merged group sang together. Badger was present at least part of the time. Then Woodhaven campers and counselors had to return to Fox Ridge to prepare the evening meal. Kit then said something like – “why don't you bring what you were going to have for supper, see our camp site, cook your food and eat with us, and then return to Blue Wells?”

At first Badger gave her permission, but then she changed her mind, before Woodhaven had left. She didn't provide a reason, just said she would not permit this.

Many of the Blue Wells campers were former campers from Kit's first summer at Woodhaven, the previous summer, and she was looking forward to spending a bit more time with them. They were looking forward to the same thing, according to Clay. It didn't happen.

Sandy and Clay remember a song that was connected with their first summer in Blue Wells, "Cloud Ships", which has a lovely harmony part; even its melody line is challenging to sing. Every time Blue Wells campers were in Main Camp that summer, for church or some other activity, they sang this song, because they found that whenever they did, especially near the Dining Hall or the infirmary, which was still in the Dining Hall basement that year, Kit would materialize seemingly out of nowhere and sing it with them. It became a form of summoning, like rubbing Aladdin's lamp to call the genie. Kit did not know she was the genie, but it seemed that way to the other soon-to-be Eagle Feather members. Every time they thought about the miseries they were undergoing with Badger, they missed Woodhaven and Kit more.

One would not think that in a camp with a progression of units, leading to a primitive encampment at Blue Wells, the appropriate camp craft skills and attitudes for such a primitive encampment would be so hard to find among candidates for camp counselor jobs. Either they were really scarce, or Badger put on a great show and then got hired for a job that was completely over her head.

According to Clay, in the Eagle Feathers' 1961 formational first summer at Blue Wells, by the end of the first session, campers were discussing what they should do if they saw Badger drowning in the pool below the waterfall. Some were in favor of letting her drown, but the really adamant ones said they wanted to save her; emotions were running so high against her that they worried about all that negativity running loose among them with no obvious target, as if it might destroy something or someone else, like lightning that bounces off the first place it lands and sets the barn on fire instead.

Cloud Ships (Drunten im Unterland)

1. *Like snow-white sailing boats on a blue sea,
High in the heavens are clouds floating free.
If I might fly to one, if I might ride on one,
sailing and sailing, what pleasure t'would be!*
2. *I would look down from my ship in the sky
on cities, mountains, and fields passing by.
I would sail far away, and at the close of day,
anchor my cloud to a mountain-top high.*

"Cloud Ships" belongs to a large group of camp songs celebrating 1) the wider world, 2) spectacular, wondrous natural features such as clouds, mountains, and the sea, and 3) exploration and adventure. In the case of the Blue Wells campers the Badger

summer, it might have also meant an escape from Badger. In this study's Chapter 7 this group of songs constitutes, together with nostalgic and sentimental camp songs, the grouping "Heart Songs." Only the most ambitious singers at camp chose to start singing "Cloud Ships". Kit said that she remembered hearing this particular song several times that summer, and looking for the singers, because she wanted to sing it; the harmony line, the part she preferred to sing, was very beautiful. Blue Wells campers loved it, too; most were able to sing the song's melody, having learned it in Woodhaven the previous summer.

Pepper noted in her e-mail of November 20, 2012, that most singers in any general population could sing correctly only if they sang exactly what the person next to them was singing. The talent for harmony was rare, she said, not as rare as perfect pitch, but similar, like left-handedness, and seemed to be innate, difficult to cultivate if you lacked it. Retired from her most recent construction-related job, Pepper is a church musician and choir director.

In interpreting the song "Cloud Ships," one looks for its context. Camp Koch is a place of natural wonders, without mountains, but clearly with very high hills, cliffs, river overlooks, and a lake. The notion of sailing away on a cloud connects well with notions of freedom and beautiful scenery – cities and fields figure in the song in addition to mountains. The metaphor connecting the blue sky above with the blue sea –

a sea very far away geographically from the Camp Koch campers – reinforces the notion of clouds as vehicles, ships of the sky, to take their riders into exotic places or other worlds, in the same way that ships of the sea move their passengers and crew over the water.

The situation of girls in society, described earlier, was anything but inspiring at that time in history. Girls expected to marry and raise children and keep house, but were beginning to feel unsatisfied with dependency. The song “Cloud Ships” presented a glimpse of an alternate future, full of adventure, exploration, or even a career. The image allowed them to dream of soaring beyond local circumstances and limitations, perhaps to enlist in military service or to attend college, as in coming decades girls began to do in greater numbers. It fits in with the directional trend of Girl Scout camp in general, at that time – to lift up the campers, using physical and other challenges, and urge them to dream ambitious dreams. See the appendix of this study for a schematic of Badger’s apparent values contrasted with those of the Blue Wells campers in 1961.

III. Memory Uses Narrative to Construct a Worldview and a World

“I remember...” “I remember those days...” “I’ll never forget when...”

“It rolls out now like a stream, like a landslide, sometimes ...”

Informants use these and other expressions to denote their transition from the present-day interview with the folklorist to the stored-up, piled-up, and treasured camp stories, anecdotes, songs, and celebrations.

Camp Koch, along with other remembered Girl Scout camps, wilderness sites, or adventure locations, has undergone changes since 1961. It occupies the same piece of land as before, but the farmers’ fields on the south bank of the Ohio River, so often contemplated and photographed from the Dining Hall, Inspiration Point, and Fox Ridge, now contain a busy paper mill. As a result, although Woodhaven as a unit still exists, Inspiration Point, its Ohio River overlook, no longer provides a scenic view. Instead, new-growth trees and undergrowth form a wall where it once surveyed the river. The air is full of the unmistakable effusion of paper mill by-products, although in the last five years or so this has abated somewhat. In recent years, according to Sandy, campers go to camp by tens each year for three weekends a summer, but not in populations of a hundred or more, in a summer season of four sessions, lasting two months, using the unit plan. Storm damage to a number of the camp’s larger trees, dating back three years or more, is still quite evident.

Carl Gustav Jung, early 20th century founder of a major branch of modern psychology, named after him, and one of the world's most renowned psychiatrists, in a letter to a distressed colleague, wrote the following: "You must go in quest of yourself, and you will find yourself again only in the simple and forgotten things. Why not go into the forest for a time, literally? Sometimes a tree tells you more than can be read in books" (Jung LTI, p.479, in Sabini 2008). Informants use memory's narrative to return to Camp Koch's forested hills; some say they live, really live, only there.

An informant confided that she went to a hypnotherapist to help her cope with fear prior to undergoing major surgery. As the session began the therapist asked her to go to a safe place in her mind. With no transition at all, the informant found herself in the green darkness, dappled with sparks of summer sun, of the forest near Blue Wells. She also knew that the time period of this safe place was 1961, a summer of turmoil, the year the Eagle Feather Clan formed, as Sandy has always maintained, in the response to a common enemy -- Badger. For the informant this safe place brought peace and protection, no matter the hardships and miseries of group life under a cloud.

Smeady, on October 29, 2010, reported as follows: "When our group got together in high school years the at-camp experience came back. Even now I laugh mainly with the Clan, a different kind of laughing, only with camp friends."

The Eagle Feather Clan was and still is a mnemonic device its members use to reconstruct and perpetuate Camp Koch experiences as a guiding light, a central myth of their lives. Although the Eagle Feather world view, with its many archetypes, does not replace any religion, it encompasses a number of spiritual aspects. All the members practice a religion; some are regular churchgoers.

Smeady in an e-mail dated June 11, 2011: "I felt so safe at camp. I had no fears there, other than the occasional atavistic reaction to a snake. Camp was my own truly safe place. It was a fearless nirvana. In other parts of my life my number one fear was my stepfather. And I was afraid a lot. I was also afraid when the couple who rented the second floor started yelling at each other and really afraid when he pushed her down the stairs. I was alone downstairs at the time, as I usually was, which was fearful, but did not improve when the adults I lived with came home at night."

"My grandparents' house was my other safe place, but not as safe as camp. The absence of fear gives a cannon shot of energy. I didn't have phantom fears; the truly frightful things in my life left no room for that."

"I can remember [from camp counselor days] that I had a few campers who were afraid of the dark, and most campers were afraid of bugs and snakes. Some were afraid of crawly things in the soil when we dug. The little campers didn't like to be alone. They wanted to know we were there."

In a conference call October 3, 2011, Smeady, a psychotherapist in private practice, said in response to Kit's theory that Camp Koch had an inoculation effect: "The single largest indication that a child will not get involved with drugs is positive involvement with a group, belonging."

"Positive group involvement and belonging, both things receive protection at camp. [There's] a group to belong to, as structured as school groups, and for kapers [camp chores], smaller groups. Groups were fluid. And opportunities were there, too. Fewer than three summers at camp would be enough to see to it that campers perceived that violence isn't the only way to solve a problem. At camp there are many very effective behavioral scripts, how to survive, how to act in a group, how to get recognition, how to get things. As a kid I knew I was happy at camp and not happy at other places. I knew the world would be safe and orderly there, and things had rules. Because of the unit system the hero's journey fits our experiences as campers."

"Here's what I want to return to Camp Koch for – cooking over a campfire by a river. It's basic and elemental and ancient. I want to go back and stay there."

Camp researcher Michael B. Smith (Smith 2006:94) writes that "[the camp environment is] "the ideal space for clarifying values, testing them ... [it] creates a temporary world ... for children." Clan members would add, with C. J. Jung – and for those with childlike hearts, or those in search of their childlike hearts.

Boy Scout Camp Good Old New Usonia grounds its inhabitants, but Camp Koch lifts them up, enables them to fly. Eagle Feather members, during the high school years of all but Kit, also spent quite a bit of time underground, gathering with their sleeping bags in group members' parents' basements, during non-camp months, especially when Kit, who was teaching in the region, managed to spend a weekend in Evansville. Favored basements were Pepper's, with its wood-burning fireplace, and Clay's, with its ping pong table and sleeper sofa. Kit's grandmother's basement in Terre Haute also hosted at least one such gathering; Sandy's and Freddie's basements hosted several of them as well.

Sleeping was not a major part of the overnight gatherings. Teasing, jokes, reading aloud – Edgar Allen Poe stories, *Tadger Tales*, or Kahlil Gibran – were popular activities, but above all, Eagle Feather members sang camp songs – songs took precedence, always. Kit, Pepper, and Smeady were hardly ever without their guitars; Kit, who had learned to play the guitar at a Girl Scout camp in Southern California in 1962, had inspired Pepper and Smeady to learn the instrument as well. The honored guest at all such gatherings was Camp Koch, invoked with every breath. Some members drifted away as Juniors and Seniors, while others ran out of time to get together when part-time jobs became part of their lives, so that by 1965, the high school graduation year of most Eagle Feather members, the group's membership had settled down to Sandy, Pepper, Freddie, Smeady, Clay, and Kit. Other friends of these

members came to certain individual events and participated in the activities, but these six remained consistently in contact over the years.

II. Nine Types of Memory and its Expression

Memory is a problem, something that requires curing or adjusting, to the vast majority of current researchers. PTSD, Alzheimer's, Parkinson's, even normal aging have become the center of more than half of all recent memory-related research. In a research journal of Columbia University it is clear that therapy and impairment are the most important considerations (*Columbia University Record* , April 5, 1996, Vol. 21, No. 22.)

Of the few research projects that might also pertain to normal, healthy memory functions, there is 1) the study by Barkey, et al., looking into the effect of violent images, and the emotions evoked by those images, on PTSD sufferers, and 2) research by Heuer and Reisberg into the effect of vivid emotions on remembered events. There is even 3) an experiment into olfactory sensations and their effect on memory or retention of information (Reuters, March 12, 2007).

For folklorists memory is part of the process of transmission, the movement of folk art from one person to another. McDowell expresses it well in Brian Sutton-Smith's

anthology on children's folklore. The process has several components, as follows: a child acts as sender/performer, transmitting the folkloric material – in riddle, song, game, or other genre – to another child, who receives and processes it mentally, recodes it, and performs it in turn, and thereby passes its content, in a more or less tailored or customized form, to another recipient (McDowell 1995: 49-62).

The workings of human memory, its expression in the arts and discourse, and the resulting world view became the focus of Jean-Paul Sartre associate and “anthropological” philosopher Paul Ricoeur. For Ricoeur “... there is no self-understanding that is not mediated by signs, symbols, and texts; ... self-understanding coincides with interpretation ... (Ricoeur 2006:6ff). In his 2006 book *Memory, History, Forgetting* Ricoeur begins with a who-what dichotomy: **of what** is the memory and **whose** memory is it (Ricoeur: 2006:4)? He subdivides the what-memory into recall/recollection and passive memory, the former the object of a search and retrieval process in the mind's **conscious** storage cabinets, and the latter the sort of memory that springs up, seemingly from nowhere, as the result of a sensory stimulus, perhaps an unnoticed one, and an associational process that takes place **unconsciously**. Marcel Proust's novel, *In Remembrance of Lost Times* (1924)1981: 48), famously demonstrated that the taste of a cookie, called a *madeleine*, evoked enough of the protagonist's memories to fill many volumes. Ricoeur: “To remember is to have a memory (i.e. passive memory) or to set off in search of a memory (recollection or recall)” (2004:4-6).

This study will present nine forms of memory or memory functions: 1) intentional, search-based recall; 2) passive memory that just “pops up,” perhaps in association to an apparently unrelated sensory stimulus -- these first two kinds are the same as Ricoeur’s two kinds; 3) mentoring, common to mentors and mentees, as at Camp Koch or in apprenticeship/career settings; 4) fear-based memory plus internal replay/replication/intensification; 5) commemorative memory, externally or cooperatively imposed (“This is our traditional family Thanksgiving celebration”); 6) archival memory typical of oral historians in non-literate or marginally literate communities; 7) the performer’s adaptive memory; 8) redemptive memory of God’s promise to the devout, to combat the Faustian sin, the sin of despair, the only unforgiveable sin; and 9) the bike-riding memory, which opens a door that can never close again, in mind and body, that is forever – once a song leader, always a song leader, or a clarinet player, or a speaker of some particularly well-learned and internalized foreign language. Details may fade, but the memory is kinetic as well as conscious.

As a side note of some significance when it comes to the bike-riding form of memory, I note that four of the six Clan members were proficient players of more than one musical instrument each; a fifth was a gifted singer and, like the majority of Clan members, had exceptional musical talent. The only one without marked talent in music

took over as de facto leader in most instances, the group's Arthur, not its Merlin, one of her talents being that of mediating among musicians.

The third form of memory listed above, a form that finds a home at Girl Scout unit-based summer camp – Plato called it *nannying*, Roman orators thought of it as a form of *imitation*, but modern English parlance uses the word *mentoring*. Smeady (June 20, 2011) described the process as follows: “1960 was a watershed year for me, too. It was my first Blue Wells summer. My tent-mate was Penny, later to become my troop leader; my Unit Leader was Sounder. I found out I had gotten the skills to survive on my own, live in primitive conditions, make a decent living space on the land, obtain water, cook, and preserve perishable foods, without depending on the trappings of conventional society. I could make my own way... The relationship with Sounder was the watershed. Other than with my grandmother, it was the most positive mentoring experience I had had. Sounder trusted me, had faith in my abilities, followed her instincts about when to step in to help and when to hold back and let me do it. There was a way she had of listening to me, respecting what I said, that helped me trust in my own opinions. It was another form of self-sufficiency to find out that I had good ideas. Thoughts got validated as much as skills. ...”

“Being around Penny was also empowering. She was interested in philosophy, advanced mathematics, other things she was pondering that went far beyond the

everyday notions people talk about. She let me in on her thought processes, on things like the number theory at the cutting edge of mathematical thinking. I'd never known anyone who thought like that, or about those things."

"We were so lucky to get her as a troop leader later that same year, the year we fired Mrs. Logan [as troop leader]. In Blue Wells we had a lot of control over our time, and after we worked hard in hot weather, clearing areas near the unit – we were among the first Camp Koch campers to stay there on land added to the camp – we entertained ourselves in the evenings by singing and by exploring the area around us. It was so much fun; we could easily see the improvements we had made ourselves. At the end of the day we would climb up above the waterfall to the shallow pools and big boulders and we would bathe there in the shallow pools, all of us. And we would lie on smooth rocks in the sun with our hair spread out on the rocks. It felt primeval. We lay there talking, unselfconsciously nude in the forest. In other areas of my life I had serious body image problems. It was so hot and we were so dirty. It was like a group of naiads. I had no idea I was gorgeous. It was so innocent. We were normal teenaged girls, that is, extremely wary and self-conscious, but not there. It was safe and innocent and natural."

"What we were allowed to do there, I realize now, was to create our own culture. Souder had a light touch. She was alert to nuances. She was involved in our process,

but did not direct it. We had the sense of a lot of space to try things out, to take risks; she made us feel safe, not abandoned -- on our own with benefits. The effect of all this on my life was huge; I felt I was truly alive only at camp. I spent the rest of the year waiting to get back there. Camp, the only place that seemed really real, fortified me to handle difficulties in the outside world, and bonded me closely with camp friends. They gave me back-up in the non-camp world. Now my life had a direction; it didn't have one before. I became a participant in determining my direction. I carried the experience of the culture within me. It let me know there was another world, and I was totally committed to living in that world."

The above narrative, with its Labovian coda in the last four sentences, displays the profound reorientation of its narrator's world view (Labov 1971: see web site).

As the narrative goes along its form mirrors the storyteller's changing reference points. The camp world, which started out as the "other," becomes the narrator's true home as her sentences grow shorter and simpler, to reflect the wonders and simplicity she found there, perhaps. Other elements of the camp-based world view are belonging, comradeship, singing as a form of expressing wonder, tackling challenges as a form of fun, hard physical work, pragmatism, the camp counselor -- here the counselor called Sounder -- as the magical helper who uplifts the campers, and the feeling of being at one with Nature, a situation in which the campers celebrate peace

and rest. They drift with and within the sheltering stream of water, feeling the sun's rays, absorbing Nature's power, and relaxing totally, breathing it in, as Kit described. Like Kit, they, too, had found a safe place where they could breathe, really breathe. Access to this world view comes from the mentoring process, and spreads to others by virtue of the same process. Former mentees become mentors in turn.

One notes at this point that mentoring is another form of memory, along with memory of place, that results in a kind of doubled learning, in which the mentor delves into her own memories to provide guidance to the camper, who then enshrines the experience in memories of her own, including memories of the place where the experience occurred. But the experience goes farther than that. The imitation effect of Phillip Simmons's forge is a guide to how major transformations occur. As soon as Smeady learned there was an Eagle Feather Clan, she joined it, one evening in Pepper's parents' basement, in front of the fireplace, after the group had scorched the popcorn over the wood fire and sung many songs. By one account, not Smeady's, she had to kiss Pepper's muddied toe to seal her membership.

Mentoring given or mentoring received – both make positive memories. Fear also leaves deep memory tracks and replays them again and again to one's detriment, adding to one's suffering, say the neurologists of the book *Buddha's Brain*, (2009:33-34) as follows: "Because of all the ways your brain changes its structure [as the result of

experiences, especially bad ones], your experience **matters** beyond its momentary, subjective impact. It makes enduring physical changes in the physical tissue of your brain which affect your well-being, functioning, and relationships. Based on science, this is a fundamental reason for being kind to yourself, cultivating wholesome experiences, and taking them in.”

Fear-based memory, with infinite replay, is the fourth category of memory, also relevant to the Camp Koch experience. Fear, the attendant paralysis, and sometimes rage reveal themselves in Clay’s Ugly Duckling and Laundry Bag Murder stories, fear of the unknown, and fear of the end of business as usual, and of the collapse of walls Clay had set up to shut out a threatening, hostile world.

Kit, on June 11, 2011, talked about fears and the memory of fears: Her worse, most persistent fear had to do with the 1949 springtime Brownie Scout Father-Daughter picnic at Deming Park in Terre Haute. Things were normal until the tornado came. Her gaze following her father’s finger pointing at the sky, the seven-year-old Kit saw eerily swirling, almost lazily, and completely silently, doors, trees, boards, and other objects large and small “like stuff in a river at flood stage.” ... Daddy pointed to the sky, where tree trunks and boards and people’s doors were flying by in the air in front of us, like stuff in a river at flood stage. Squatting near a picnic table, clutching her father with one arm and a leg of the sturdy picnic table with the other, she wondered

why there was no sound. The silence was the worst part of the fearful experience, something that replayed in Kit's memory for years. She worried about being responsible for children in a thick forest of hardwood trees, in Indiana's tornado country, but there was a kind of fear conversion in her attitude. Kit reports being fearful of the fear experience itself, because she was determined to remain protective of the children in her care. Perhaps she recovered somewhat from her fear of tornados by becoming afraid of becoming fearful, and of communicating that fear to the campers in those thick hardwood forests that had become her true home. For Kit it was the irresistibility, the overwhelming power of the tornado that was the most terrifying part of the experience, combined with its silence; "maybe if I had been able to hear those huge trees breaking, it wouldn't have been so – it got blocked out, the way my brain interpreted it. ... There was no way to fight it."

On the other hand, ... "It seems odd that I was afraid of my fear showing maybe even more than I was afraid of the actual thing, the tornado." In Kit's case her desire to protect children in her care, at camp and in the rest of her life, allowed her to turn aside from fear to pragmatism, even though the fear never left her.

One of the more memorable quotes from Frank Herbert's blockbuster science fiction novel, *Dune*, is the statement, used as an emergency calming tool by several of

the major characters – “Fear is the mind-killer” (Herbert 1965: 8). Herbert was expressing more truth, and on more levels, than his readers may have known.

In this instance the connection between fear and memory, in which fears repeat themselves over and over, causes fear of something specific to transform into fear of fear itself, or, as in Kit’s case, fear of failing in performance of her duty to protect children in her charge. The question of memory’s accuracy or inaccuracy has to surface here. To what extent is it a complicating factor when memories occur as images or texts? According to Ricoeur, empiricism – pragmatics -- combines with rationalism, which looks for proofs, to link human memory with human imagination, which moves memory images in the direction of inaccuracy. The connection is the process of association, which has already come up in connection with passive memory, the memory that just pops up, seemingly from nowhere, in response to a sensory perception, more often than not. Cognitive and pragmatic features, affecting the intellect and the body, may clash at such a point, as well, thus devaluing memory’s accuracy and memory’s authority with it (Ricoeur 2006 4-5).

Aristotle is famous for having said that memory is of the past (Ricoeur 2006: 3); being of the past may mean that memory is about something in the past or that it is a reconstruction of something from the past. Something in what Ricoeur calls “the living experience of memory” may blur the memory-imagination perplexity even more,

because memory often takes the form of images, like the uncanny silent swirling of people's doors and entire trees above a grade-schooler's head just before the tornado hit. There is also Plato's perception that memory is not necessarily of the past, but instead concentrates on "the presence of the absent." The subject matter of memory is at issue here. Is it, as Proust would phrase it, the past recaptured? Is it something absent brought into consideration in a kind of eternal present, as Plato would have it? Is it merely an image, something the mind dreams up without context?

Ricoeur sees history, or the writing of history, as incapable of mediating between memory-images and the other images the mind retains, so as to guarantee that memory is accurately "of the past" or "the presence of the absent" (Ricoeur 2006: 7). Thus, in the end, Ricoeur finds that there is nothing better able to do memory's task than memory, although its image-making tendencies may warp its accuracy. Other memory-related features, more public ones, such as commemoration and celebration, bring additional complications into the picture. "Each time we pronounce the phrase '... in memory of ...' we are inscribing the names of those we remember in the great book of co-memory which in its turn is inscribed in comprehensive time." Note the first person **plural** pronoun Ricoeur uses here; he is not referring to an individual's memory, but rather to a community's memory.

To add to the four categories of memory listed so far, 1) memory as conscious recall of something learned intentionally, 2) memory as the passive linking of a current sensory event with a past event, 3) memory as a process of imitation or mentoring, and 4) fear-based memory with infinite replay, we must add 5) the memory function of the oral historian, whose profession it is to preserve the events and personalities of his community, and of its religion, in mental archives, in order to be able and willing to reproduce it or perform it upon request. This is first cousin to the function folklorists refer to as *transmission*, but its resemblance to the search-plus-retrieval function of memory places it in a category of its own.

Before moving on to 5) the archivist or transmission functions of memory, it seems appropriate to describe the social function of Ricoeur's deliberations on memory. The word *commemoration* may be the key (Ricoeur 79-80). How does one know which events to commemorate? Society has its own biases, and leans toward the public rather than the private, the socially significant, or the seemingly significant. Like newspaper editors, communities and groups focus on such events as violence, deaths, a struggle, explorations and novelties pertaining to things and people we love and those we love to hate. In this kind of memory, memory as public celebration, imagination is undesirable, and leads to melancholia, as the brain replays sad images over and over. What, then, is the most appropriate tool, skill, or art to use to remain faithful to past events, to conform to past or distant reality, and to become reconciled to that reality, in order not

to face grieving processes without end? In this study's context that tool, skill, or art is storytelling. Any form of folk art, and especially singing, would handle such a function easily, and does.

Human beings package memory's content, its images, in narrative, like framing a landscape, then hanging it in a museum, and returning from time to time to look at it, not as part of oneself, but as a separate object. Memory is of the past, Ricoeur says, concurring with Aristotle rather than Plato. Narrative enshrines memories in the past, settles them there in stories of the past. For microcosmic aspects, such as the "work" of mourning and the juxtaposition of mourning, if taken to extremes, and melancholia, he uses Freudian-seeming terms and concepts, centering on the pathological, as if the process of memory were a disease compelling unreasoning repetition (Ricoeur 2006:80).

6) Archival functions of memory come to mind when folklorists study oral cultures, cultures in which certain individuals take on the task of archiving, not to preserve subject matter written on paper, stored in vaults, or entered into computer memories, but rather to preserve subject matter stored internally, in the human memory. Folklorist John McDowell sat at the feet of Taita Mariano Chicunque, an elderly man, a respected tribal official of the Kamsa people of Colombia. Elder Chicunque had absorbed and stored in memory, as a child, the complete narratives of his people's myths, by listening to his predecessors tell the stories, and remembering

them well enough to retell them, never repeating a story, day after day, for five straight days, in fact (McDowell 1994: 11).

Folklorist Henry Glassie's informant Hugh Nolan accepted the position of historian in his home village of Ballymenone, in Northern Ireland. A farmer by trade, he saw that keeping track of history was his real job, and the one he did best; his knowledge of local history settled neighborhood quarrels about land boundaries or other matters, and maintained the local version of history for the benefit of the community (Glassie 1982:9, 93).

This study's informant Kit has a very detailed memory of certain camp-related processes – building a one-match fire as in this study's chapter two, for example. Kit has conscious access at will, in fact, to a great many developmental memories, including memories of things she experienced as a toddler, younger than age two. This may be, like perfect pitch, an inborn capacity not everyone has.

Kit and other Eagle Feather members are practitioners of 7) the performer's memory. A singer, musician, sculptor, storyteller, or riddler unites the remembered art work -- riddle, ballad, epic song, or woodcarving -- rendering it truly, but in his (or her) own performance style, with the performer's own art and techniques added, adapted to the expected, imagined, or actual audience, perhaps beforehand, or perhaps in the emerging moment of recreating the song or story. The Mexican ballad singers and

composers of Mexico's Costa Chica display this form of memory, celebrating local outlaw-heroes, villains, and other spectacular figures (McDowell 2000: 50).

As McDowell details, following Albert Lord, Linda Degh, and others, performance is adaptation, subject to emerging contingencies, such as the audience's expectations, its mood, and its appreciation of tradition. "... ballads are composed, performed, and savored by human beings who are connected in specific ways to the tradition, to the events narrated, and to other persons active in the ballad process. The ballad text, like other documentary records of aural and verbal performances, is an artifact, a partial reconstruction of a complex web of human action and intent" (McDowell 2000: 50).

Regarding partial reconstructions by tale or song performers one can refer to Hasan El-Shamy's depiction of a narrator of lesser skill, whose stories are simply incomplete or lack important components (El-Shamy 1999: 42).

The skilled performer, whether storyteller or musician, actor or quilter, adapts peripheral matters, not the art work's core, its soul, as the performance develops; something new and unexpected always emerges. Memory is the performer's base, but she must improvise to delight her audience with her art, so that the presentation will linger in people's memories (Degh 1969: 152, 166). Storytellers without the insight to

preserve the core, from changes the details or embellishments undergo, will fail at this kind of improvisation, a term used advisedly here, as it also applies to musicians.

Degh cites, among others, the example of the illiterate Hungarian storyteller Tobias Kern, who was justly renowned for his faithfulness to the texts he narrated. The nearly one hundred tales in Kern's repertoire, however, bore little resemblance, twenty years later, to the supposedly identical tales he had told before, and which he was renowned for preserving and respecting, down through the years. According to Degh it was the consensus judgment of folklorists and the community at large that Kern had not changed anything essential, however, and the changes he had made were genuine improvements on the texts he received from predecessors. Degh does not regard this as pandering, but rather, as displaying an artistic conscience (Degh 1969: 166-167). In my opinion it is this seventh form of memory – memory in performance with improvisation, requiring artistic insight and conscience -- that comes closest to Ricoeur's commemoration function. Performers, in this seventh form of memory, shape their art to bring it vividly to the attention of audiences, real or imagined. Communities perform commemorations, mingling history's images with memory's images in people's minds, so that the precious content, the essential core, can survive.

There is an eighth form of memory, closely related to the seventh. It is the special use of the word *memory* to combat human misery and religious self- ostracism,

the Faustian error, also known as the unforgiveable sin of despair, well known to Christian theologians and to the Elizabethan playwright Christopher Marlowe. His tragedy, *Dr. Faustus*, based on a Central European legend, is the story of an eminent professor who sells his soul to the devil for twenty years of experiencing his heart's desire in all things. God can forgive his people every other sin, or so the narrative goes, except despair, which impels the sinner never to repent so as to ask for that forgiveness. No matter how heinous the crime nor how deep the shame, the despairing sinner seeking salvation must allow pragmatism to conquer pride, but finds that, in the end, he cannot – MY sin is so great that it is unforgiveable, he thinks – and for that reason he fails to step forward in humility to ask for a forgiveness that would surely be his if he did.

On-line and other Bible concordances list 17 instances in the Old Testament and 13 instances in the New Testament in which God or a direct surrogate, such as an angel or a human prophet quoting God, delivers the following message to His people – “Fear not!” This is not to say that the Hebrews or the Christians were especially cowardly people, but rather to say that the commandment not to fear was a way of clearing the path so that the formerly fearful could become active, could pursue some particular task, even if the task, as in the case of the Babylonian captivity of the Hebrew nation, was to wait and to continue to preserve traditions in the hope of eventual release. Waiting and preserving are perhaps the most difficult tasks of all.

The following list of relevant Bible passages may help in understanding this. Contextual information is from the *New International Bible*. Old Testament locations include Genesis 15:1; 21:17; 26:24; 46:3, Exodus 20:20, Deuteronomy 1:21; 20:3; 31:6-8, Joshua 8:1; 19:25, Judges 6:23, Isaiah 25:4; 41:103; 43:1; 44:22; 54:4; Jeremiah 46: 27-28; Daniel 10:12; Joel 2:21; Zachariah 10:13; Matthew 1:20; 10:16-20; 26-30; Luke 1:13; 2:9-14; 5:10; 8:50; 12:4-10, 12:32; John 12:15; Acts 27:24; Revelation 1-17.

Context of “Fear not” injunctions from God or God-surrogate: Old Testament: All the commands not to fear are related to nation-building, that nation being the Nation of Israel. To take up this huge task leaders had to weld a folk together out of the various groups that wandered about following their flocks in Canaan, that went down to Egypt to avoid a famine, that escaped Egypt after a long period of slavery there, and that had to fight to reclaim ancestral lands. Then that same folk had to endure exile and slavery in Babylon and upon their return, forge a new nation again. Every injunction not to fear is coupled with an urging to get on with the task of nation-building, not for the sake of the individuals then alive who hear the command, but for posterity, for the future. It’s impossible to eat the future when you or your children are hungry, or to gain power from it in some way. To reach the promised future you have to undertake gigantic tasks, win many battles, suffer, and die. The enemies are two, and they are related – they are hopelessness and despair. Hopeless people have nothing to fight for, or to labor for; despairing people think they know that all that effort will be in vain.

Nation-building, perhaps in the form of culture-building, is a vast project that requires dedication and endless hard work; fear is a great distraction. It has a paralytic effect, or causes the fearful person to flee from anything challenging.

All of those Old Testament figures who received the command from God, to banish fear and move ahead, did so. One only diverged from his or her predecessors a bit; that person was Gideon. In addition to following the nation-building tasks set before him, Gideon built an altar to the God who had spoken to him, telling him not to fear, and that altar was an altar to a God of peace. In spite of wars and strife, Gideon saw his God as peaceful. For him God was peace.

New Testament: Contexts include the following: Matthew 1:20 and Luke 1:13 diverge from the other New Testament “fear not” commands, in that they direct two men to leave off worrying about becoming fathers to two miraculous boys, one the Son of God, the other his prophet, John (the Baptist). It’s a matter of standing up to social opprobrium, in other words social warfare, not the kind with swords and shields.

All the other “fear not” commands in the New Testament relate to the business of angels, or of prophets. These are God’s messengers, designated to reveal holy truths, hardly ever welcome ones, to God’s people. Starting one’s announcement with “fear not!” might not be the most reassuring way to persuade someone to undertake angelic chores. The individuals receiving this message were the recipients of miraculous

healings, their parents or siblings, and the disciples or other followers of Jesus. Jesus makes the “fear not” statements, not to assure the recipients that they will be physically safe and not lose their lives, as God did in the Old Testament, but to assure them that God will uphold them in their martyrdom for His sake. They have a mission, and that mission will almost surely kill them, but God will save their souls. Souls are more important than bodies, so fear not!

Fear is paralytic; it also makes the fearful people forget God’s promises; that’s why, in the Old Testament’s “fear not” injunctions God’s promises to the people of Israel are restated again and again. Memory connects with faith, loyalty, duty, and above all, with power here, and forgetting with despair, paralysis, passivity, and eventual disappearance.

The 13th century Flemish Beguine Hadewijch, who lived two hundred years or so before the not-quite-fictional, despairing Dr. Faustus, was a poet and leader of a community of lay religious women, healers and helpers of the poor, ill, and other lost people in that relatively new phenomenon, the northern European city. She left behind not a shred of autobiography, but many volumes of poems, letters, and vision narratives. She emphasized a particular kind of memory, this study’s Type 8, perhaps the most important memory Christians can have, the memory of God’s promise of redemption and bliss in Heaven. This particular kind of memory is the strongest

weapon one can bring to bear against despair. The authors of *Buddha's Brain* might term it the ultimate enemy of fear, panic, and other self-destructive emotional waves that damage the brain physically and the individual psychically. Hadewijch's poems, translated from archaic Flemish, use the word *memory* to mean *hope of salvation and union with God after death*. An excerpt of one of them follows. The word *love* here stands for God, as in John 3:16: "God is love." It was normal for female mystics to use feminine pronouns for the noun *love*; their sensibilities and the grammar of their languages both demanded it.

Hadewijch: *Poems in Couplets*, about memory, excerpt:

*... And, continually, whatever you do,
Remain always in one mind;
So shall your memory become valiant
And read its judgments in God,
And contemplate God with fidelity.*

(Hadewijch, *The Complete Works*, 1980, 327-328)

The ninth form of memory, the bike-riding form, is similar to the mentoring-triggered memory as in type 3 above. Some say it sits in their bones, or their unconscious minds. The subconscious aspects of this form of memory outweigh by far the conscious aspects; they are kinetic as well as thought-based. A form of memory that replays with enhancements in most of one's actions, its designation *bike-riding* comes

from the American vernacular simile “It’s like riding a bike – you never forget.” In this way it works out to be practical memory, a memory so internalized that it shows up in attitudes, decisions, and actions for the rest of one’s life. It sinks deeply into one’s self-concept, one’s identity. It is Robert Frost’s path taken, as in the poem “Stopping at Night ...”

By this reasoning a song leader is a song leader forever, a guitar player remains a guitar player even if her fingertips have grown soft, and – it seems – a camper is always a camper, even in the city. Kit in the dog park is still the resourceful, protective, low-key guardian she was as a unit leader at Camp Koch, Camp Cedar Point, and elsewhere. Sandy is a camping outfitter and Master Naturalist Senior Grade. Smeady is a psychotherapist, working on saving other women as Camp Koch saved her, the modern equivalent of shaman or spirit-guide. Amy manages a library, using leadership skills acquired at camp. Pepper and Freddie excel in careers where there are still too few women, and they do so based on skills and attitudes learned in their summer camp childhoods. Prophet is an award-winning science teacher and one of the leading lights of a group that stages periodic Round-up Reunions, uniting former Girl Scouts from everywhere in the United States. Chatty is retired from working long, demanding hours as a registered nurse; she now volunteers for the Boy Scouts. Clay works in a field – teaching English abroad – rich with implications for international understanding and cooperation, one of Girl Scouting’s ideological components. Kit, who now directs a

women's chorus, taught physical education for many years, at first for girls, then co-ed, and later in life, elementary school music, using the folklore-based (Carl) Orff system. For a year or two she took care of napping babies a few hours a day in a Christian pre-school; when they began to fret, she sang them back to sleep.

Informants for this study have shown the ninth form of memory by incorporating their camp-based identities, attitudes, and skills into their entire lives. All are pragmatists, all use camp-based memories to steer their course in life, whether consciously or somewhere underground.

III. Forgetting -- the Brain's Grace and Survival-Enhancer

Sandy: "I can't describe the Woodhaven summer, my Woodhaven experience; I have no memory of it at all." [Sandy later amended this statement to mean that she could not remember the details of the Woodhaven summer, details that she particularly missed, and that too many experiences had merged together in her memory.]

Clay: "I remember the songs, engraved on my mind, but mostly the fear and violence of Woodhaven, mostly my reaction to learning I had formed an attachment to the camp, and I cared about it. I was very afraid that shields were coming down that I

had carefully built up for all the twelve years of my life. Knowing how flawed and inadequate I was, I was afraid of commitment, exposure, and change.”

“It’s funny – I can remember the first summer of Blue Wells, with the horrible Badger, although I can’t remember some things, the work crews and how we organized ourselves, for one thing. The blissfully happy, productive second summer in Blue Wells, with Captain, the supremely capable and cheerful Captain, as unit leader, I remember hardly at all.”

Kit: “There are incidents that stand out in Woodhaven. The first summer hasn’t blended in much with the others. It was so new. The summers in Pioneer at Camp Cedar Point blend together now, too.”

Clay: “All those basement gatherings when we were in high school, sadly, are mostly merged together. Only a little bit remains of the ones we held in Pepper’s basement, or at Kit’s grandmother’s house, but so little. And we were so happy then. All the details seem lost. I should have kept a diary. Smeady remembers sunbathing above the Well, and I do, too, in a way. It was connected to fear for me. I was scared to try to climb up there – I might fall and lose status, because of my lack of physical coordination. I didn’t want to become a figure of fun, like Evie. So I stayed below and missed the experience, every day, told myself I didn’t want or need it. It was like the

fear I felt, at first, in swimming situations. I always thought I was clumsy, probably a self-fulfilling prophecy.”

Analysis of the above narratives, and Prophet’s, reveals that forgetting affects primarily positive, tranquil experiences – Sandy forgot Woodhaven, Clay forgot most of the joy and fun of Woodhaven, except for some songs, Kit found that experiences in Woodhaven, after the first summer there, and in Pioneer at Camp Cedar Point, merged into one another, to form a somewhat blurry whole. Clay remembered the Badger summer at Blue Wells and forgot the good summer with Captain as unit leader. Some parts she remembers are of fear – fear that kept her from joining the others in their blissful afternoon sunbathing sessions on the cliff above the Well. Clay has forgotten a number of aspects of the Badger summer that went well – the organization of work teams that was so effortless-seeming, so natural. Smeady remembered the sunbathing sessions as a participant, perhaps because she was contrasting them in her mind with negative experiences, related to fears of various kinds. She went on to state that camp is for her a “fearless nirvana.” Prophet, in describing Blue Wells before PennPenny’s departure, the “good” Blue Wells, so to speak, is laconic. She goes into detail, however, in describing the actions undertaken out of fear, fear that the camp administration would identify the Blue Wells campers by their pranks, not by their accomplishments.

The Badger and Dapper summers at Blue Wells were times of group coalescence in resistance to a common enemy – the Blue Wells unit leader. Prophet’s “Rain Tromp into Camp” represents authority accepted, a command carried out, and simultaneously, defied.

The authors of *Buddha’s Brain* would understand, because survival instincts, existing from birth in the human brain, play and replay scenarios of fear, while toning down pleasant experiences. According to this theory fear will always leave deeper memory tracks; even the most profound pleasure or delight may leave few if any traces. We need fear to survive. Sadly, though, fear is destructive of longer-term health, as well as the enjoyment of life all humans seek. The Americans have an expression for it: “No news is good news.”

As a result the best experiences may be the most evanescent ones, difficult or impossible to recapture, while the traumatic ones hang around long after they should have faded, in comparison. Nirvana is to some extent a place where individual experiences, indeed individuals themselves, merge into a blissful unity. They experience everything, or a form of nothing which encompasses joy. This is the opposite of the brain’s survival strategy which separates the individual from everything which is not-me, and causes fear of the non-self.

IV. Sandy on Blue Wells as an Idea, as a Culture

Sandy's statement on July 13, 2013: "How do you build the idea and the carrying out of the idea that is Blue Wells? Kids have to have three summers at Camp Koch before that, with the right experiences at camp. They must be mature enough to find comfort in the environment and motivation within themselves. They must be aware of, and appreciative of, camp's challenges; a series of successes with smaller challenges will have built their confidence. The appropriate age: 12 - 18 years old. Skills don't count for much without knowledge; each camper must 1) know that she can take care of herself - bathe, potty, brush teeth, other hygiene, 2) know that she and other team members can deal with needs for water, food, storage, 3) know there is a teamwork approach to campfire and stove functions, meal planning, and sanitation, with a chore system that is fair and seems fair; campers must know that teamwork is the only way anybody would expect things to get done. They must consider themselves part of a community. Their prior camping and other relevant experiences may be analogous, rather than identical. The primary factor is attitudinal, the embedded idea that 'I can learn to do what I need to do to take care of myself.' Home and family environment may be the basic key here."

"Activities are not orders, even when necessary. They seem to happen by themselves - games, group activities, fun, song sessions. Campers are never alone while undertaking chores, even the most routine. This effect becomes so ingrained that after camp, at home, campers will feel lonely. Camp chores were not dreary, not chore-

like, because of the companionship factor, and because everybody did them on a truly equitable basis.”

“When I was a kid your chores were your chores and you did them. My mom was allergic to detergents and most cleaning products. From age 4 I stood on a stool and did dishes. I thought it was fun. When I got older and [younger brother] Randy wasn’t doing them, I wasn’t so thrilled, but that was a different matter.”

“What kinds of kids were/would be Blue Wells kids? In those days they had to be in Girl Scouts, which left out most African-American girls. Their troops did not encourage them to attend Camp Koch. A few white girls from low-income families went to camp, due to camperships [a form of financial aid]. A very few kids came from really wealthy families. Non-Girl Scouts can go to Camp Koch now, but in our day everything ran to capacity and there were waiting lists. Not any more, though. Those were 14-day sessions. That has changed, too. It costs over a hundred bucks to attend a three-day session now.”

“Packing lists for camp – most former Blue Wells campers can reconstruct them from memory – 4 towels, because towels do not dry quickly in Southern Indiana summer humidity, and you needed one for waterfront and one for showering. Also included were 14 sets of underwear, all with the owner’s name written in laundry pen or onto fabric tape or onto iron-on labels. Then came a flashlight with D batteries, extra

batteries, clothesline, clothespins, 4 pairs of shorts, 2 pairs of long pants, Girl Scout camp uniform, 2 pairs of study shoes with laces, insect repellent, and 14 pairs of socks. There were and are today many sad cases of homeless socks, some with name labels still on them, claimed by no one. It was optional but most people brought a Girl Scout Handbook, so unit or waterfront counselors could sign off on badge requirements fulfilled at camp. Sanitary supplies were on the packing list for those who used them. A bottle of shampoo and, in a soap dish with a lid, soap.... Sleeping bag or three blankets with a sheet, pillow, pajamas, swim suit, toothbrush and paste, shampoo, comb, hairbrush, hand mirror, jacket, raincoat or (later) poncho, rain boots (that almost never seemed to fit in the hand luggage we brought with us), a hat and/or bandana, and (optional) canteen, camera and film, stationery and pen and stamps for writing home, or a small notebook.”

“Some of us in the last ten years or so have gotten together at camp the first weekend in June. This year’s new approach in the Girl Scout Office means we can’t do that this year, and maybe never again, so we have to think of some other way to get together. It isn’t the landscape of the camp that brings us together, anyway. It’s the shared culture, even if we do not know each other, attended camp in different generations. Every year to make people aware of this, to bring them together across these lines, I had to do something stupid – nose flutes one year, and now they’re a tradition, along with those glow ribbons you can bend around – it’s fun to sing songs

with hand motions in the dark, if you have one of those wound around a wrist. Campfires bring out an atmosphere of performance, of ceremony.”

V. Group Formation in the Camp Koch Culture

Dual Interview: Sandy and Clay, July 21, 2012, by phone:

Interviewer: “The subject of cliques, in-groups, and out-groups among Camp Koch campers has come up. Both of you say you’d like to get experiences and opinions on the record. So let’s get started.”

Sandy: “I’m aware of campers who arrived knowing each other. Pepper and I arrived at age ten having known each other since we were five years old. Any outdoor skills I brought with me to camp that first year Pepper’s mother must have taught me in our Girl Scout or Brownie troop. But I didn’t have any idea what residential camp was like until I got there. Fortunately for me, and for any other campers around us – tent-mates and so on – Pepper arrived accustomed to the extremely dark nights in the woods, the insects, and the latrines, and because she took these things in stride, we did, too. We looked to her for leadership, but that wasn’t a clique. It was because she knew what she was doing, and she was our friend, so we followed her lead.”

Clay: "I didn't meet Sandy and Pepper until Camp Reunion at Christmas Break in 1960. I was in Woodhaven the summer of 1960 with another camper who also became a Clan member, Freddie. I had arrived that summer not knowing any other camper in my unit, but, fortunately for me, Nolly was my tent-mate. She was happy, blissfully happy at camp, and had a generous spirit. I had experienced a kind of rebirth in water at the camp the summers of 1958 and 1959, although I was still so withdrawn from the other campers and their concerns that I was a complete outsider. Like a ghost, I hardly inhabited the same universe with them. If there had been insider groups or cliques among the other campers I wouldn't have had the slightest idea of it."

Sandy: "We thought you were rather normal at that camp reunion."

Clay: "I was scared but determined. I opted into the group that had gathered around Kit, including you and Pepper and the others, and tried to keep up with you and act like you as much as I could. And all of you – about eight or ten of you back then – accepted me completely, just like you accepted each other. So if the Clan was a clique that was for insiders only, including me certainly did not fit. There might have been insider jokes or things like that, but they were not a barrier. Pretty soon they were my jokes, too. I even learned to get along with Freddie, although cautiously. You and Pepper set the tone, as I remember it, followed closely by Honi, Greta Winters, Pammie Sellers, and of course Freddie and me. And Kit, of course, our fearless leader, the one

who found the 'eagle' feather. But what I want to say is this – all I had to do to get in was opt in. I remember Pepper dreamed up some initiation ceremony for Smeady – who was never in Woodhaven -- in Pepper's basement the time we burned the popcorn in the fireplace. Kit's friend Wally was there then, too. And Kit, of course. We tried to get together whenever Kit was in town, in Evansville. She lived at first in Terre Haute, then in Vincennes. I remember feeling warmed more by the Clan's total acceptance of me than by the hearth fire in that basement. I already belonged to the group. I didn't need to be initiated. By this time it was a serious question which was more important to me – isolation or the wilderness. I had changed fast."

Sandy: "Remember Evie, that sweet clumsy girl in Blue Wells, who kept falling into the well? She never moved to spend time with us, but others who did, old friends and tent-mates or not, like Nolly in CIT, or Amy for that matter, we took it for granted that they were part of the group. It was an opting in situation all the way, as I remember it. We never turned our backs on fellow campers, fellow Senior Scouts. Some parents took issue with their daughters running around with us, so we spent time with them when we could, and didn't worry about it."

Clay: "Pepper and I went to the same high school, but we never socialized with each other at school, come to think of it. We were even both in marching band. I had my own circle of school friends by then. You and I got together for lunch now and then,

our freshman year, before you switched over to Harrison [a new high school]. And I found out my mother knew Pepper's parents, long after Pepper and I started hanging around together. She knew Smeady's mother and grandmother, too."

Interviewer: "Were the family's social standing or the father's occupation, things like that, important?"

Sandy: "Never. I was in sophomore year [in high school] before I realized some of us came from families with quite a bit of education and money. And others not so much."

Clay: "We might have taken notice of whose mother worked days, I suppose. But at the start of things it was more important to know which families had basements they could lend us for our overnights. We didn't call them sleepovers then, and they weren't exactly slumber parties. Mostly we sat around and sang, more so after Kit learned to play the guitar. And I remember that we read Edgar Allen Poe stories out loud to try to scare ourselves. Or Kahlil Gibran. There was little or no talk of boyfriends; we had them in our lives, of course, but they were not part of the picture when we were together."

VI. Reconstructing a Culture Fifty Years Later

In the 1970s folklorist Henry Glassie went to Northern Ireland, started collecting stories and songs in Ballymenone, and discovered that two of his elderly informants had participated in the village's Christmas mumming in their youth, more than forty years before. The mumming culture was a separate genre, a drama with violin and piping and singing, similar in a way to Christmas caroling in Victorian times, in which masked and costumed mummers went from house to house performing their play in rhyme, a play in which a hero dueled with a villain, and a doctor resurrected a dead man, and one of the actors asked in rhyme for money for the performance. They played in people's kitchens, and shaped their drama to fit the audience. Money collected went to fund a community Christmas party. The social purpose behind this bit of folklore was to include neighbors of both confessions, Catholic and Protestant, in the same activity. Scholarship regarding mumming, even folklore scholarship, condescended to the comical entertainments at Christmas or other holidays as an immature and disorganized form of art. Glassie's informants reconstructed their mummers' play, including rhymes and music and a survey of audience reactions, from memory, in several sessions with him (Glassie 1975: 20-49, 59-62).

Glassie's thought: "The play separates itself from the ebb and flow of time and the normal course of events. It does not require detailed analysis. Repetition is the key."

The above comment applies to the Camp Koch culture as well. Every summer campers separated themselves from home and family to go to the same place, where there was indeed considerable repetition from one day to another, from one summer to another – campfires, tents, counselors, woodland paths, swimming, Dining Hall customs, songs, flag ceremony, and so on. Camp Koch and its culture are separate from the community culture or home culture of its campers or its staff; going to camp is a decision parents, campers, and staff members make. It isn't a play, but using Drummond's definition it is a cultural production.

Like members of a mumming team, members of the camp community contribute to, participate in, fine-tune, and maintain their cultural production's operations and functions. Just as mumming teams throughout Ireland and Scotland performed similar plays and sang many of the same songs, Girl Scouts at Camp Koch sang many of the same songs and attended campfires similar to the campfires at other Girl Scout camps (Glassie 1975: 71).

No specific institution has an interest in preserving the cultural production known as Camp Koch – even Girl Scouts as a national organization has moved away from camping as a primary emphasis, or so a consensus of informants sees it. Have its members, as Glassie phrases it, adjusted, balanced, and renewed Camp Koch to fit its times and places (Glassie 1975:75)? Individual counselors, including but not limited to

Kit, Smeady, Pepper, Sandy, and Prophet, have spread Camp Koch's song repertoire, customs, and rituals to other camps, and brought similar things from afar to Camp Koch. The Eagle Feather members' identities and those of the Antique Buddies were and are inextricably linked to Camp Koch, and they like it that way. In the midst of the biggest turmoil in women's lives in the 20th century, and the much-discussed anomie of the 1960s and 1970s they felt a sense of belonging there that never went away. Smeady: "I really lived only there (at Camp Koch)."

Memory, as its nine manifestations above show, is a complicated matter; simplification may exclude details about something vital. Glassie considers a tradition good and wholesome to the extent it avoids extremes; it should retain a meaningful core and its own integrity/faithfulness to predecessors, while not moving into compulsory microscopic adherence to previous performances or variations (Glassie 1957: 77). Camp culture, like Ballymenone's mumming, has no difficulty in demonstrating that it has remained essentially the same over the decades, but new traditions have come to join seamlessly with the old. An example might be the song hat Smeady as song leader brought to the Dining Hall from a Girl Scout camp elsewhere. Campers could request a song by name, during the after-dinner singing, or request the hat and pull a song on a slip of paper from there.

Glassie calls the Ballymenone mumming a “flower in the graveyard” of poverty, constant work, cruel weather, and violence in the years of the Troubles in Northern Ireland. The Ballymenone informants and other community members fought off bitter despair by staying in each other’s company, by chat and fireside get-togethers, and by the storyteller’s or the singer’s art.

By that measure campfires and other get-togethers at Camp Koch were the “flower in the graveyard” of the chaotic 1960s and 1970s, when societal stresses tore at the daily lives and identities of campers and counselors. Navigating without a compass, the Camp Koch groups had to leap higher and farther to satisfy expectations, and never look back. They passed the time and stayed together by creating and enjoying art. Like the villagers of Ballymenone they inhabited a “world of troubles,” but did not retreat. Instead their love of the camp culture gave them something to hold onto. The unit campfire, like the ceili of a few friends and neighbors in Ballymenone, is the everyday pleasure that drives off nightmares; the all-camp ceremonial fires are better, the pleasure multiplied by the presence of a larger community (Glassie 1975: 105). In joking or serious songs, skits, and stories, half-grown children keep the outer world out of their world. Returning there for refuge seemed like the right thing to do; living up to the camp’s standards became second nature.

The counselors leading the youngest, newest campers know their charges need specific forms of play, and they teach this content, even if they themselves dislike songs such as “Magalena Hagalena.” In nostalgic or romantic songs celebrating the camp, exploration, love, or the wilderness – closely related concepts in the campers’ eyes -- they look to the future and to eternal things, not to the comforts of childhood they must leave behind (Glassie 1975: 121). In this respect nothing can replace the memory of Camp Koch in those years, not even Camp Koch itself.

Informants assure me that the death of Round-up, a national event high-school-age Girl Scouts had to compete for to attend – and it was quite an honor – was the beginning of the end of the camp culture they knew and loved. Most nature-lovers and Girl Scouts in general lost the impetus to acquire advanced camp craft skills. Children and adolescents became less diligent, because they had less to aspire to. Today’s Americans have an understandable preference for air conditioning, hot showers, television, summer team sports for girls, and exercise done at the gym near home. Prior generations of campers, those who carry the camp culture in their souls as well as in their bike-riding memory, may be looking back with dismay to see so few of today’s children and adolescents benefiting from its sheltering, challenging, inspiring characteristics.

Some signs of a come-back have appeared in recent years. Prophet, one of the informants, has been involved from the beginning stages in a group seeking to revive the Girl Scout Round-up, not for today's girls, but for the women who remember attending Round-up when it was a national event; they had to compete against many others in camp craft and other skills to win the right to attend it. She says many of the former Round-uppers attend Round-up Reunion events – there have been several over the past ten years or so. This is commemoration, in Ricoeur's sense of the word, a very active, ritualistic form of memory, a form that exists in political and social expression as well. See the appendix of this study for more discussion of Round-up Reunion.

Chapter Seven: Steering by Songs

All things must perish	Himmel und Erde
From under the sky;	Muessen vergehn.
Music alone shall live,	Aber die Musika,
Music alone shall live,	Aber die Musika,
Music alone shall live,	Aber die Musika

Never to die.

Bleibet bestehn.

As sung at Camp Koch 1958-1960

German-language, presumed prior
version, traditional

Why Does Music Matter at Camp and How Does It Matter?

With chapter 7's memory discussion this study moves away from description, function, and chronology and into topics, crucial topics for understanding Camp Koch's culture and its effect on the Eagle Feather members. Their Senior Girl Scout troop recorded an album of camp songs; the troop advisor described the process. More and more assertive, the Eagle Feather Clan formed the nucleus of a set of high-achieving Girl Scouts who transformed a pre-existing troop, rejected their old troop leader, and set up a culture in the new troop that reflected the camp's culture. Songs were at the center of much of this movement.

This particular chapter will begin with the song "Music Alone Shall Live" and will end with "The Ash Grove," that is, the Girl Scout lyrics of that old Welsh song. Songs in general, whatever their origin or genre, have three primary components, all involving sound; they are 1) words or lyrics, 2) melody (and sometimes harmony), and

3) rhythm. Songs also exist in time, that is, they occupy the time it takes to perform them or listen to them, whereas visual art, for example, is something one can see, or at least get an impression from, in a brief moment. Reading a work of narrative literature from beginning to end, or listening to a storyteller or bard tell or sing a story, is a process that can consume hours, days, weeks, or months – and sometimes a lifetime.

In at least one sense, however, songs are not over when the last word or note fades into silence, because of the human faculty of memory. Songs people have learned by heart, including songs they love or need, as well as songs that stick because of a catchy tune or rhythm, are songs that can replay more or less automatically in one's conscious memory. "Magalena Hagalena," as noted in Chapter Two of this study, is known to be "sticky" or to replay itself stubbornly in one's consciousness, perhaps as if one were mumbling under one's breath, or saying a prayer over and over. Some call the song an "earworm," meaning that it burrows into one's inner hearing or memory of sound, and repeats itself there for a long time. This remembered and re-remembered song, repeated in one's semi-consciousness under and over other thoughts or concerns, perhaps hundreds of times in a day, and many more times in a summer or over one's lifetime, has an impact. In the instance of "Magalena Hagalena", it may well be the message that campers must be tough and strong, must re-discover the strength to meet challenges, engraving itself onto one's thoughts, onto one's attitude toward life. For this reason it seems appropriate to delve into the lyrics of camp songs, and to seek to

distill from those songs the messages campers might have obtained from them, in the process of replaying them mentally, perhaps thousands or millions of times in their lives.

Clay: "No one ever tried to tell us what a song might mean, or what its words might mean, except a few times when someone in authority was trying to explain why she wanted to ban a particular song. We figured out each song's meaning for ourselves, and did not really discuss it even among ourselves. So all those repetitions of songs, and that huge number of songs we sang, all of them were individual, really. I was singing to myself, or to or with others, but the song meant what I thought it meant."

Kit, listening to Clay's comment, nodded agreement. "When leading songs at camp I used to say briefly what the song was about, especially when leading 'Dem Bones,' but not what the song might mean."

Prophet: "My favorite camp songs were 'Birthright' and 'Ho, Young Rider.' I carry them with me wherever I go. They are just always there."

The Camp Koch lyrics of "Music Alone Shall Live", for example, display differences in logic and meaning – and thus in its message -- from its probable German predecessor, also provided. For one thing, the Camp Koch lyrics do not include the sky in the list of things that will perish. As a result the triple line "Music alone shall live" is illogical, unless one conceives of the sky as being under itself. If everything **under** the

sky disappears, it follows that the sky **does not** disappear. As a result two elements must remain, the sky **and** music, rather than only music, as the lyrics state. The Camp Koch version thus reveals an internal contradiction in terms, sometimes referred to as paradoxical or self-contradictory concepts. This may be due to the translation effect. An alternate translation from German to English follows in the course of this discussion. A number of scholars, including Stewart (1978: 25-35), quoted in Chapter Two of this study, maintain that paradox, irony, or contradictions in terms, sometimes called nonsense, along with other framing or reframing devices in discourse, can lead to creative thinking, even cognitive breakthroughs. It is a way startling or impossible-seeming themes seem to move one's thoughts out of ordinary tracks, and into places that are off the beaten trail, away from the everyday lifeworld, as Stewart puts it, in this study's Chapter 2.

The German-language version of "Music Alone Shall Live" displays a different form of paradox from the English-language version. In it both heaven and earth pass away, leaving only the element of music. This sequence of events is possible only if music belongs neither to the earth nor to the heavens. The English-language version may present music as a force, rather than an object, or a thing, but the German-language version classifies music as belonging nowhere in the cosmos, nowhere at all. It belongs neither to earth nor to the heavens, or so the syntax presents it. It remains, however, as the only surviving entity after everything else has passed away.

A statement that God is music or music is God -- this is the only way out of this apparent paradox, because God, as Creator of both the earth and the heavens, in short the entire cosmos, is above his Creation, and separate from it, rather than being a part of it and therefore subject to it. This echoes a conundrum or aphorism – “God is nothing” -- that originated with late Roman Empire mystics, identified with the neo-Platonist Christian thinker Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite (Stoermer-Caysa 1998: 44). Yet we know that music, consisting of the auditory phenomena of sound and silence, is earthly, accessible to humans during their earthly lives via one or more of the body’s sensory organs. Further discussion of paradox will take place in Chapter Nine of this study.

An alternate translation into English of the German-language song lyrics at the beginning of this chapter –

Heaven and earth	“Himmel” means both <u>sky</u> and <u>heaven</u> .
Must dwindle and fail.	<u>Vergehn</u> indicates a gradual passing away.
Only music	Music is not of heaven, not of earth;
Only music	heaven and earth no longer exist.
Only music	There is only one entity that is not limited to
Will thrive and prevail	God’s Creation, neither to heaven nor earth.

That entity is God, the Creator of both. A logical translation of the German-language lyrics is that music is God. The German verb *bestehn* is stronger than the English verb *to live*. The English verbs *to thrive* and *to prevail* are a more accurate translation.

Music and the Human Brain

One would not normally think of a neurologist as an expert on music, but Oliver Sacks, the author of the story that became the 1990 movie *The Awakenings*, has written about music in *Musicophilia: Tales of Music and the Brain*, from his role as a scientist and as a music-lover. He begins by citing some differences between scientific and other forms of knowing, stating that before the 1980's there was no intersection of the neurologist's scientific research with music (Sacks 2008: xiv). Sacks characterizes music as a system humans perceive in a very lasting and powerful way, as in the

following:

“ Listening to music is not just auditory and emotional, it is motoric as well. We keep time to music, even if we are not consciously attending to it, and our faces and bodies mirror the ‘narrative’ of the melody and the thoughts and feelings it provokes. ... music is played in the mind. The imagining of music, even in relatively nonmusical people, tends to be ... faithful [even] ...to pitch and tempo. Underlying this is the extraordinary tenacity of musical memory... (Sacks2008: xii)

Quoting Irving J. Massey (2006: 42-50) Sacks reports that the music we dream differs in no respect whatever from music as we perceive it when awake. It is as if music were a constant, like breathing or – even more impersonally – like sunrise and sunset, completely separate from human intentions and plans, yet intrinsically involved in them, not because music needs us, of course, but rather because we need it (Sacks 2008: 310).

Sacks (2008: 328), working his way through the traumatic loss of a loved one, found, paradoxically, that the more determinedly he turned to music for surcease of pain, for consolation, the more the music he heard fell flat, even music he had loved for

decades and knew very well. His conclusion – “The power of music ... must steal on one unawares, come spontaneously as a blessing or a grace.”

Amid mention of many neurological and cognitive malfunctions music can address, and the ones that include musical symptoms, Sacks returns to music’s undeniably alien nature, seeing it as something apart from humans that humans have an intrinsic need for. “Music, alone among the arts, is both completely abstract and profoundly emotional. ... it has a unique power to express inner states or feelings. Music can pierce the heart directly; it needs no mediation. One does not need to know anything about Dido and Aeneas to be moved by her lament for him. ... And, there is, finally, a deep and mysterious paradox here, for while such music makes one experience pain and grief more intensely, it brings solace and consolation at the same time” (Sacks 2008: 320-330). Aristotle’s notion of purging emotions, using fear and pity, in order to cleanse the human soul, in the process of identifying with a tragic hero on the stage, is not out of place at this point in the discussion.

Elements of Camp Koch in Song

Earth: “Birthright” “We who were born in
country places ...”

Air: “Cloud Ships;”

Fire: “The Embers of Campfire;”

Water: “Little Drop of Dew” “like a gem

you are..." and "Peace of the River" "Peace,

I ask of thee, O river...";

Friendship: "Each Campfire Lights Anew"

"...the flame of friendship true...";

Friendship: "Linger," "I wanna linger..."

Exploration: "Barges," "What Lies Over the Hill?"

Time/Memory: "Witchcraft," "I'd make two wishes..."

Selected by Kit and Sandy

Living Camp Values in Song

I. Smeady's Tale of Song Leading, Shamanism, and Memory

"About traditions transferred, to and from Camp Koch, my home camp - singing was a huge part of how we expressed ourselves. It had a central role at Camp Koch, and at a Girl Scout camp where I worked in Wisconsin, less so at a camp where I worked in the South."

"Singing was fun, fun that knitted us all together. Like most enthusiastic Girl Scout campers and counselors I was rabid to learn new songs. Every time I met someone from somewhere else, I wanted to sit down with her and learn new songs, new words, get them recorded, memorized, and in the song book, (as opposed to a tape

recorder, which we never used) where I could jog my memory. I got a lot of songs and other traditions from Camp Northern Hills in Wisconsin.”

“The Song Bucket tradition came from a camp in the Ozarks. It was extremely popular at Camp Koch. I bought a bucket, used wood-burning tools to name it. It was big and heavy, suspended by a pulley, hanging in the Dining Hall, and it became part of a ritual; we hauled it down to pull a song from it. I put every song I knew on a separate slip of paper, and campers could choose the song bucket, instead of a specific song. We sang 3 songs after every meal. ... Lots of songs’ names were in there on slips of paper. ‘Song bucket,’ was what they said. We were constantly adding new ritual at camp. It seemed to belong there. New things settled in fairly easily with the campers, because people were safe, relaxed, and open. The Girl Scout ethic of exploring the world included singing new songs.”

“Being song leader was fun. I don’t remember how I got the job. At Camp Koch I was song leader for every year I counseled full time, and at Camp Northern Hills I was song leader from time to time. I volunteered, I guess. With Ellie [the Camp Director], at Camp Koch, I had history, so she and I both just assumed I’d do the job.”

“When I was up there I didn’t think about performing. It was about helping the girls to learn the words. I’d study song leaders at other camps and learn from them what impeded camper learning, then I’d apply my observations to teaching songs.

Sloppy hand motions were an example of doing this. Kids needed a clear idea of whether the melody was going to go up or down. Before anything else, everybody gets the words and music. I didn't think of it as performing except when I had to sing a solo – 'Moving On' for Closing Night, for example."

Smeady reported that in her college classes she learned about African work songs, a particular song for a specific kind of work. Songs were proprietary, the secrets of some guilds. She discovered if she sang an appropriate work song, while building something in her barn, the work went smoothly, but not so well if she sang something else or did not sing at all while working. At Camp Koch in session walking from one unit to another also included – many times and at various times of day – walking from a fading canopy of song into a growing canopy of song at the unit one was walking toward.

Smeady took the concept of *work* a step farther. "Our work at camp was building, as well, building girls into leaders. ... The song leader, is, in a sense, the equivalent of a tribal shaman. A shaman's authority is separate from the tribal hierarchy of chief, prince, etc. He is answerable to the spiritual source."

Smeady's job description for a Camp Koch song leader recognizes that that song leader is primarily a leader, pure and simple. Her duties connect her directly to the campers, bypassing the unit leaders. At Camp Koch only the song leader's discretion

and camp traditions guided her; she was one of the primary keepers of those traditions. Her authority while leading songs was complete. If an emergency required rapid response the song leader could keep campers under control, without panic, an authority that extended to everyone present. Smeady: "Campers from all over the camp knew me, especially those who were interested in singing, and I knew them, too, much more than other unit counselors did. It would draw kids to me and sometimes they'd talk."

Smeady, now a psychotherapist and author of self-help books and screenplays, has been receiving progress reports from former campers down through the decades. One told her that it was due to Smeady's encouragement at camp that she undertook to go to law school; she had just passed the bar exam. The new lawyer had received no such encouragement from anyone else.

Smeady: "Hated songs? Well, yes, mostly the songs the littler campers liked, and wanted to sing over and over again. 'Magalena Hagalena' comes to mind ..."

"To show how powerful the tradition of songs was, I tried to refrain from teaching the songs that other counselors and I had tired of, but campers always wanted to sing them anyway. We simply could not kill off a song, even if we hated it."

Smeady 12/14/2012

Sandy on traditions 12/15/2012: "If camp directors come and go, without much continuity, year after year, which was what happened between the summer Prophet was CD [Camp Director] and the summer Boots took it over, then traditions are hard to preserve. The viability of the camp as a whole suffers, too."

"When I was a camper I remembered all those hundreds of songs and liked them, because they were an important part of the entire experience. It wouldn't have been Camp Koch without them. I tended to get tired of sitting in the Dining Hall singing when I might have been outside, though. The singing I liked best was our singing in the unit, when gathering wood, cooking, or doing other chores. And around the campfire, of course."

Sandy explained that during her 30 or so years of involvement with Camp Koch, as camp director for two summers, and afterwards as the budget and fiscal officer for the Girl Scout council, there ceased to be a designated song leader for the Dining Hall. The unit that furnished the table hoppers for that day also provided a unit counselor to be the song leader, meaning that crowd control functions were in the hands of the same unit. Smeady's narrative connects song leading with spiritual channels, rather than secular ones; Sandy thought the physical safety and protection of the campers were in the song leader's hands, for crowd control; it helps with group cohesion and maintaining order, especially in an emergency, but also with organizing daily activities.

While leading songs the song leader leads the entire camp, or the entire assembled community present in the Dining Hall or other singing location.

Kit said that she practiced leading songs in Hilltop, her first summer at camp, because the other unit counselors in Hilltop did not want to do it, and she loved the job. She watched and imitated Cheery, who was de facto appointed song leader in the Dining Hall that year.

Pepper, now a church music director, suggested a number of songs and song categories for this research. In addition she provided a list of socialization, kid management, and world view transmission purposes served by singing at Camp Koch.

- 1) Singing was a bonding activity everyone could participate in;
- 2) Gathering campers to sing on the steps before a Dining Hall meal kept them together and usefully occupied before a meal, and less inclined to stray or wander. It served the same purpose as corralling them somewhere, but they liked it for its own sake;
- 3) Singing games, ones with hand motions, especially, tended to break the ice in a group with kids of diverse ages and religions, from different neighborhoods, with newcomers and old-timers, city kids and farm kids among them;

- 4) Counselors could use slower songs to calm down a group before trying to talk to them or beginning a quiet activity, or one that required everyone's attention;
- 5) Singing is a survival skill; everyone knows that the way to remember something is to set it to music, as in the Alphabet Song.

See this study's appendix for the tale of the hobby music teacher, an example of Camp Koch values continuing into one's entire lifetime.

Smeady and Kit both express affection and family-like support for the singers they have led. Career advice that stuck and expressions like "my kids" indicate this. For Clay's description of Kit's present-day song leading activities see this study's appendix.

The health benefits of singing – to the singer – are well known to include expanded lung function and reduced stress. Singing, by those who love this form of expression, raises the level of endorphins, elevating the mood. Singing has no known down side. In this century, however, after high school graduation, relatively few Americans include singing in their lives. A recent unscientific poll on a social networking website revealed that American adults sing less than 5% as frequently as campers at Camp Koch 1958-1970. Unless adults have joined singing groups, such as a community chorus, or – using the example of Evansville, Indiana – Philharmonic

Chorus, Germania Maennerchor, church choirs, madrigal or other singing groups – adult Americans sing mostly in the following locations and situations:

They sing in karaoke bars, church services, sports events, in the car, at lodge or club meetings, at children's parties, Christmas carols, in sing-along sessions at elder care facilities, and – growing ever scarcer – lullabies to their own children or grandchildren. In addition callers at square dancers or auctioneers may sing or chant; some adults also sing to their pets.

V. Music, Especially Harmony, Requires Community and Enhances Community Bonds

Making Music, a periodical for professional and part-time musicians, in its November/December issue of 2013 (p. 12), mentions research by Loesch and Arbuckle in the *Journal of Personality and Social Psychology* proffering the theory that human societies, at all levels of sophistication, in modern and prehistoric times, now use and have been using music to reinforce social bonding. The idea is that music creates or reinforces a sense of belonging. The researchers' surveys revealed that people feeling a need to belong tended to be more active in musical performance than others more satisfied with the status quo; if people felt left out or in danger of being isolated, they

needed music more. This reinforces previous research indicating that group singing or music performance increased empathy and cooperation in groups of children.

Prophet explained, in a November 2013 telephone conversation, how middle-aged former Girl Scouts felt about attending the week-long alumnae event called Round-up Reunion, celebrating now-extinct nation-wide camping events high school age Girl Scouts competed to attend. “They came from all over the United States, and they came for the harmony; they said it over and over, and nearly all of them said that. It wasn’t the singing, exactly, but the harmony. You can sing melody by yourself, all you want. For harmony you need other singers.”

Lullabies soothe just about everyone, and especially babies and animals, Kit maintains. She worked part-time for two years or so at a day care center, to take over at lunch time for the full-time caregiver who worked with the youngest children, aged 12 to 24 months. After the babies’ lunch it was naptime. They napped on cots raised slightly off the floor. Unfortunately nearby rooms were full of older youngsters, who took naps later, and who often resisted going to sleep; frequently there was noise that interfered with the babies’ naptime. Kit created a peaceful zone for her charges by singing softly to them, rhythmic songs, camp songs, usually, and patting the most fretful little ones gently on the back in time to the song.

“Before I started working there they used a CD of children’s songs to try to screen the napping babies from noisier areas nearby, so they could take naps and really sleep. It worked sometimes, but not well. ... I used to sit down on the floor near the most restless ones, and pat them until I was sure they would not fret. I kept singing sometimes, after they were asleep, because I like to sing. It took an average of three rhythmic camp songs for a restless baby to fall asleep. Sometimes I would see one of them watching me and waiting for her turn to be sung to and patted, and she would stay awake until she got her turn. Once in a while one of the babies would stay awake, but still seemed to be resting quietly and not bothering the others. I could give you a list of the songs that worked best.”

For extensive folkloristic research on lullabies see the work of Julia Lebentritt.

Occasions for Group Singing at Camp Koch 1958-1970

“We sang all the time,” informants repeated over and over. Two of them collaborated to provide a list of occasions for group singing in a typical day or session at Camp Koch. Before colors there was singing on the steps where units gathered after their downhill trek to breakfast. At morning colors there was singing, at least one patriotic song, and in the Dining Hall everybody sang grace before each meal.

“After breakfast we would sing about five songs and, at least sometimes, sing two or three songs on the way back up the hill,” said Clay. “Small groups of campers might well sing while doing the housekeeping tasks called kapers. Hiking down the hill to waterfront – campers sang. Waiting their turn to enter the bathhouse before or after swimming or canoeing– campers sang. After swimming, in Ox Hollow while waiting and gathering campers to go back up to the unit – campers sang. As soon as campers gathered in a group with one or more counselors nearby, we sang.”

Kit: “I found the practice of group singing especially useful on arrival day. The buses would come in and park on the dam, below the lake. As campers stepped off the buses an administrator checked their names off a list. We unit leaders were standing there waiting for our complete set of new campers to get off the bus. When they had them checked off they sent them to us, the unit staff. We would start up the back road. Along that road there would be the business manager’s place and the nurse, so we would get to one of those stations – the Trading Post or the Infirmary – for check-in procedures, and we would be sitting outside waiting, so we would sing.”

“When more than one unit was together, formally or informally, the result was always merged song, not two different songs at the same time, not one unit singing and one unit listening. We all sang together when we were in the same place waiting...”

“ ... We sang when we were hiking, far or near, uphill or down, and we sang on the ferry crossing over into Kentucky, after we hiked the three miles into Cannelton. Before riding the ferry we would eat our bag lunch in the gazebo in Cannelton and sing there. Singing on the ferry was always great fun; they never cared how many round trips we made – and they did not charge us for round trips – and we sang the entire time we were on the ferry. And of course, riding the ferry, we would always sing ‘Peace of the River.’”

“We would sing for Opening Night, Closing Night, Scouts’ Own, Protestant church services, and at boat lunches we sang on the lake. At any and all all-camp events, we sang. Campers on the way to the bus to go home on Change Day sang all the way. One of the Camp Directors during this time period had a saying: ‘A singing camp is a happy camp.’”

Singing Saves Lives at the Animal Shelter: Kit 12/18/2012

“There were a couple of puppies in the shelter where I volunteered, a few years ago -- cute little things, and some family had adopted both of them. As happens sometimes, the puppies grew a bit and the family put them out in the back yard, gave them food and water, and practically no attention. It wasn’t enough. Without people

contact they were very timid. Timid dogs don't get adopted. I assigned myself, after my regular volunteer duties at that shelter, to try to socialize them."

"They were cute, not very big. They would retreat to their kennel, though, if people came through. People who might adopt them did not even see them. I started with them when I took them out, trying to make as much contact with them as I could, and sometimes I would sit down with them in the play yard, and I would pet them, talk to them, and sing to them. They seemed to respond to this well enough that sometimes if I had a few free minutes I would go into their enclosure – kennel – and sit down on the concrete floor, back against the partition, and I would sing softly, sing lullaby-type camp songs. And they got so they would come nearer and eventually climb into my lap while I was singing. They decided it was kind of nice to be loved. One of them, I know, got adopted. I never knew for sure about the other one. I figured that was more than they had had a chance for, being so timid. So music saved a life then, and maybe two. "

The above narrative equates singing with love, and love with physical survival. It equates timidity with non-viability, non-survival. It assumes that prospective pet owners will choose a pet that shows affection and is outgoing, a pet that opts in, in other words. The coda, in Labov's terms, starting with "One of them ..." indicates that this is the summary of the narrative's most important point.

V. Prophet's Song List: Walking in Gravel

Song leaders I remember include Smeady, who taught 'Life of the Voyager' and 'Wimoway.' She also introduced the song bucket at Camp Koch. Jolly, when she was camp director and I was a counselor, often led songs. [Jolly also composed the "Camp Koch Song."] Webby liked to lead silly songs. And Penny, my troop leader, taught me 'Have Fun' and 'Ho Young Writer, Apple-Cheeked One.' Those last two songs seemed to state my philosophy of life, in brief. Have fun, friends, love, faith, and for adventure, head for the mountains! I learned the song 'Walk, Shepherdess, Walk' from my babysitter, who was a counselor at Camp Koch. Her camp name was Bell, a seemingly insignificant word from that song, which many people knew was her favorite camp song. I particularly treasure the song 'I Know a Place,' because for me Camp Koch was that place, and as a sort of secret, I wanted those of us who belonged there to keep it secret in our hearts, a place where no one goes. I remember one time when I was walking from Hilltop to Frontier alone – I must have been a counselor, because campers never go anywhere in camp alone. Anyway, I was sort of singing or replaying 'I Know a Place' in my head, as I went on crunching in gravel to the beat of the song. Now I think of it whenever I walk in gravel. It became part of me."

VI. Lists of Camp Songs in Types: The Types of Camp Songs*

Girl Scout/Girl Guide Songs, Table Graces, Songs of Other Nations,
Silly/Funny/Nonsense Songs, Spirituals/Appalachian Songs, Patriotic/Flag Ceremony
Songs, Lullabies, Canons/Rounds, Storytelling Songs, Native American Songs, Heart
Songs of Wonder, Nostalgia, Exploration, and Courage

The 200 or so songs listed below belonged to Camp Koch's repertoire during the time period of this study, 1958 – 1970. Other Girl Scout camps have other repertoires; their major song categories may differ as well. Singing at Camp Koch was spontaneous and camper-initiated, as well as pre-arranged and song leader-led in expected settings, at expected occasions, such as the Dining Hall after meals, the Dining Hall steps before meals, unit or all-camp campfires large and small, and Scouts' Own and Opening and Closing Night ceremonies. The learning process was by rote, without song sheets, in song leader-mediated oral transmission. Campers learned songs by hearing them, repeating the words, and singing along; some older girls, especially those in CIT (Counselor-in-Training) units, wrote the already-memorized song lyrics by hand into miniature three-hole binders or notebooks. Campers and counselors used the notebooks as memory aids, especially when meeting Girl Scouts from other camps, for exchanging camp songs.

Category 1: Girl Scout/Girl Guide Songs

The following categories, and especially category 1, are not limited to songs that appear in official Girl Scout or Girl Guide songbooks, of which there have been many.

Our Chalet

Make New Friends

Girl Scouts Together

Green Trees

The Golden Sun

Hymn of Scouting

Where Go the Boats

There We Would Be

Follow Winding Paths

Day of Girl Scouting

When E'er You Make a Promise

Category 2: Table Graces

The Blue Grace

The Wayfarer's Grace

God Has Created a New Day

Hark to the Chimes

Jubilate Deo* (Latin)

Gelobet* (German)

Allelu

Johnny Appleseed

We Thank Thee, O Lord, for Morning Light

Scottish Grace

Alleluia (round)

Morning/Noontime/Evening Is Here

For Health and Strength

Back of the Bread

Category 3: Other-Country Songs

Camp Koch campers sang most other-country songs in English. An asterisk marks those they sang in other languages.

Above a Plain (Slovak)

All Through the Night (Welsh)

The Ash Grove (Welsh/British)

Cloud Ships (Swabian/German)

Skye Boat Song (Scots)

Donkey Riding (Canadian)

Ho, Young Rider, Apple-Cheeked One (Slovak)

The Happy Wanderer (German)

Hola Hi, Hola Ho (German/Swiss)

The Keeper (British)

Music Alone Shall Live (German)

Tan Cuj (Czech)

Linstead Market (Jamaican)

Wimoway (South African)

The Silver Moon Is Shining (Czech)

Rosen fra Fun* (Danish)

Jamaica Farewell (Jamaican)

French Cathedrals* (French)

Malayla* (African)

Tabu* (United States/Hawaiian)

Kookaburra (Australian)

Shalom, Chaverim* (Israeli/Hebrew)

Dona, Dona (Yiddish)

Category 4: Silly, Funny, Nonsense Songs

Some songs have nonsense syllable refrains, or contain only nonsense syllables. Others tell funny stories or have surprising endings. All are cheerful and upbeat. All provide advice – in an indirect way -- about how to live up to Camp Koch's standards of cheerfulness, diligence, and helpfulness. All portray challenges as fun and the natural world as exciting; healing is there. Songs with nonsense syllable lyrics or refrains are marked with double asterisk.**

The Ants' Marching Song

In Frisco Bay

Magalena Hagalena**

Do Your Ears Hang Low?

Boom, Boom, Ain't It Great To Be Crazy?

A Ram Sam Sam**

Little Cabin in the Wood

Kookaburra

Down By the Station

Sarasponda**

Little Bunny Foofoo

Baby Bumble Bee

The Dwarves' Marching Song

Ten in a Bed

The Froggy, He Am a Queer Bird

The Noble Duke of York

Ack Goong Went the Little Green Frog

Dum Dum Dadah**

Throw It Out the Window

Lemmi Stick Song**

The Chinese National Anthem**

Greasy, Grimy Gopher Guts

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt

This Old Man

Heads, Shoulders, Knees and Toes

Boom-de-ah-dah

If You're Happy and You Know It

Oh, Mr. Johnny Rebeck

The Little Skunk's Hole

I've Got Sixpence

Little Johnny England

A Duck Can't Sit on a Limb

Bingo

Category 5: Spirituals/ Appalachian Songs

These songs often told stories, but also displayed a strong rhythmic side. They may have provided, as the jollier rounds did (category 8), common ground between younger campers, aged 8 to 11, who loved category 4 songs and older campers, who tended to dislike category 4 and to prefer categories 7, 8, 9, and especially 11. Three asterisks*** indicate a song banned in the Dining Hall.

Kum Ba Yah

Jacob's Ladder

Dem Bones

Lonesome Valley

Green Grow the Rushes, Ho!

Swing Low, Sweet Chariot

Wayfaring Stranger

All Night, All Day

Oh, Lord, I Want Two Wings

Michael, Row the Boat Ashore

Oh, Rocka My Soul in the Bosom of Abraham

If I had a Hammer

Oh, Won't You Sit Down?

Wade in the Water

Mountain Dew***

Two Wings

I'll Fly Away

Category 6: Patriotic/Flag Ceremony Songs

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Taps

Daylight Taps

This Land Is Your Land

America

America the Beautiful

God Bless America

Category 7: Lullabies

Lullaby

Louisiana Lullaby

Slumber

Baby's Boat

Bed Is Too Small

Braves

Cattlemen's Lullaby (Desert silvery blue ...)

Been Ridin'

Category 8: Rounds/Canons

Dona Nobis Pacem*

Sandy's Mill

Let Us Sing Together

Rose, Rose

Chairs to Mend

Rosen fra Fun*

Man's Life's a Vapor

French Cathedrals*

Fare Thee Well

Rise Up, O Flame

Johnny, Johnny – Well! Well!

Lovely Evening

Canoe Song (My Paddle's Keen and Bright...)

Hey, Ho, Nobody Home

The Little Bells

The Wind in the Willows

The Hills in Their Glorious Height

Frog Round

The Lame Crane

Music Alone Shall Live

O! Clo'

White Coral Bells

Category 9: Storytelling Songs

This category includes, but is not limited to, traditional ballads. Because these songs have many verses younger campers sometimes have difficulty learning them. Songs banned from the Dining Hall at Camp Koch bear a triple asterisk***. Campers sang some of them in the units.

The Mermaid

In Frisco Bay

White Wings

Ship Titanic***

Green Canoe***

Gypsy Rover

Sloop John B.

Golden Vanity

My Lover and I***

Streets of Laredo

Land of the Silver Birch

Mandy

Tree in the Wind (Camp Cedar Point)

Category 10: Native American Songs

Girl Scouts sang these songs in the original languages to some extent, but it would be against Girl Scout ideology to identify them as foreign. Native Americans are Americans, after all.

Sun Worshippers' Song

Navaho Happy Song

Category 11: Heart Songs (meaning songs of love, wonder, exploration, courage, and nostalgia). This category is large in part because older campers – aged 11 to 18 or older --learned and remembered more songs than younger ones, and tended to forget, or wish to forget, songs such as “Magalena Hagalena” which they themselves had loved when they were younger.

What Lies Over the Hill?

Peace of the River

Dona Nobis Pacem

Dona, Dona

Picture (a spot)

Been Ridin'

Braves

Shenandoah

Cloud Ships

Walk, Shepherdess, Walk

Each Campfire Lights Anew

Wisdom

The Embers of Campfire

Linger

The Wood Child

Boom-de-ah-da

Goin' to Leave Old Texas Now

Camp Koch Song (Hey, Ho...)

Let There Be Peace on Earth

Kum Ba Yah

No Man Is an Island

Barges

Witchcraft/Wishcraft

Little Drop of Dew

Mandy

My Lover and I***

Riders in the Sky

Flicker

I Know a Place

I Know Where I'm Going

You Are My Sunshine

Red River Valley

I See the Moon

The Ash Grove

Swinging Along (the Open Road)

Tell Me Why

Land of the Silver Birch

Other Song Categories: Informants have mentioned two – songs for marching and songs for dancing or other major kinetic activity. These songs existed at Camp Koch during the time frame of this study, but I have not included them in this study. Most of them are already listed in other categories. However, it is important that the informants' classification ideas also enter into the description of the song corpus of the camp.

Song-related Associations and Interpretations

Pepper's Thoughts in 2012:

"I'm not sure I remember any campers suddenly bursting into song. I think it was more likely the counselors who perceived a need to corral, control, quiet or pull together a group for some reason."

“About harmony: Harmony adds depth and color to songs, particularly to those which invoke a mood. It increases the impact simply because it makes the song more pleasant to hear. Singing in unison is easier, but it doesn’t have the emotion needed to set the mood for campfire, ritual or good-bye type songs. Most people cannot sing harmony when in a group. Usually they will sing whatever the person next to them is singing, particularly if that person has a strong voice. One reason why rounds are so popular is that you add harmony without having to learn anything new and people can do it easily as long as someone else is singing with them.”

“Adding a descant is a more difficult way of adding harmony. Usually the rhythm and words are different from the melody and this adds another dimension to the song. I think that it was usual for the older campers to add the harmony or descant to a song. The younger campers did not have the song memory that the older ones had which enabled them to depart from the crowd, and add something to the song.”

“Usually the ‘happy’, upbeat and ‘silly’ songs were sung in unison. It made the words or story more important than the melody.”

“When I think of singing at camp, my first memory is always of the steps outside the Dining Hall. Then other memories creep in, like campfires in the evening at Blue Wells. I always think of Woodhaven when I think of ‘Barges’. ‘The Ants’ Marching Song’ reminds me of our hikes to Cannelton. ‘Rise Up. O Flame:’ I remember the

amphitheater and the flaming arrow when I hear 'Rise Up, O Flame' and particularly the time when the flame didn't rise. "

Sandy: Camp song associations: January 13, 2013

"Rosen fra Fun:" I always think of singing competitions between groups of camp insiders. This song helped a lot at our Kochie reunions to help open camp in recent years. The pre-1980 alumnae would always out-sing the post-1980 alumnae. Your team had to take a word the other team had sung in the previous camp song and follow with another camp song using that same word. Unless the younger group remembered the song "Rose, Rose," we older Kochies won every time with this round. Besides, the younger ones had to use their songbooks – the little notebooks they had put together – to remember song titles and words, and we did not have to waste precious game time leafing through song books. These songs are imprinted in our memories. Our filing system was faster with no pages to turn.

"Gypsy Rover"

Camp Koch in first year CIT

"Have Fun," "Partners"

Kit, who taught them to us

"I Know a Place," "Been Ridin'"

Tex, who taught them to us

“Barges,” “Peace of the River”

The Ohio River near Camp Koch; also a song I sang whenever I needed to remember “starboard” and “port.”

“Rise Up, O Flame”

Learning to build a campfire

“Witchcraft,” “Wisdom”

Learned in Hilltop my first year at Camp Koch.

“Walk, Shepherdess, Walk”

Smeady taught me the song first night in Blue Wells, first year, with rain running down the middle of our tent on the ground, and making a puddle in my cot.

The Silver Moon Is Shining

Penny in Troop 141

Where Does the Wind Come From?

Penny in Troop 141

Kit in 2012: Songs and Song Associations

“Peace of the River:” I remember this song because it is connected in my mind with the last night of pre-camp before my first summer in Woodhaven, in 1960. It became very important to me because I was very nervous about the next day. I would

start as a unit leader for the first time that next day. And I sat up there [on Inspiration Point], and I kept asking the river for 'strength to lead and faith to follow.'"

"'Cloud Ships' - I loved the harmony of 'Cloud Ships,' loved singing the alto part, so much so that any time I heard it at camp I looked for the group singing it, so I could join them."

"'Rosen Fra Fun' I associate with the Dining Hall at Cedar Point (established Girl Scout camp in Southern Illinois), where I was song leader. ... after the last group of campers arrived home a mother who was also a troop leader phoned the Scout Office in town. She had called because her daughter arrived home with this new song, and she wanted her mom to learn it and to teach it to the Girl Scout troop. The song's name, she said, was 'Rolls and Frog Food.'" [Researcher's note: Approximate pronunciation of the Danish words is "Rosen frah foon." For an account of a camp song that led to a rather ugly prank - and the prankster was the camp director - see this study's appendix.]

"'Have Fun' -- It always seemed to me that it was a map for a good life. Have fun, friends, love, faith. It's easy to sing but has harmony, because it's a canon."

"'The Wood Child' always seemed to me to be about my inner me. I always liked spring, with things growing and greening up. First verse - 'I seek the green trail.' I saw myself as a seeker, listening to birds. Then I found the green trail. It took me all those years, but I found it. The third verse is about grass and trees talking and singing.

Somehow that all goes together to make it a home. I have never lived anywhere that was so much my home as that little tent in the woods. 'For I am the wood child' -- even before I went to camp the woods seemed to be a better place to be."

... "I really liked singing 'Kum Ba Yah' in the Dining Hall, or around the campfire, or at Scouts' Own. If I hear it now I see a campfire. If I hear people putting it down it annoys me greatly. It felt good, the harmony is beautiful, and the words are meaningful."

"'Dem Bones' - I started leading 'Dem Bones' the Hilltop summer [of 1958], but only in the unit, never at events involving other units, never in the Dining Hall, because Cheery [at that time the Dining Hall song leader] had been doing it all this time, her specialty song, one that kids asked for, even. The following summer I started doing it in the Dining Hall and in other places, because Cheery had moved to another Girl Scout camp, with Selma, when she left."

Clay on singing at Camp Koch, by phone, December 6, 2011

"My favorite songs are the calm songs, mostly. I was twelve when my baby sister was born. She could sing the jolly camp songs I taught her - not the heart songs, because she wouldn't have liked them -- before she started school. In general I like folk music, some jazz, and classical music. I'm still very ordinary as a singer."

“All-time favorite camp songs? I don’t remember the ones from before Woodhaven [summer of 1960] very well, with maybe a couple of exceptions – spirituals – ‘Why Don’t You Sit Down?’ and ‘Dem Bones’ from singing in the Dining Hall those years. They are the jump-for-joy kind of spiritual. The pre-1960 song leader had the camp name Cheery, something like that, and it suited her. She really acted it out, the Adam and Eve story in ‘Dem Bones.’ When she left Kit inherited the song leader job, so then we thought of it the way Kit led it. Her eyes flashed. And there were gestures We really got into it.”

“I sang [the camp song] ‘Wee Baby Moon’ to my son when he was a baby.”

“The way we learned a new song – in our speaking voices we repeated the words out loud, after the counselor, followed her somewhat hesitantly as she sang the tune, then sang it ourselves with some confidence once we had heard it all the way through. Repetition did the rest. The first time to sing a new song was usually pretty lame, so the counselor needed to be a strong singer to keep us on track. Introducing a new song to the whole camp must have been difficult. Some counselors did it. Tex introduced ‘Been Ridin’ and ‘His World and Mine’ [‘I Know a Place’]. Kit introduced ‘Have Fun.’ Whenever we sang one of those songs we thought of the one who taught it to us. Jolly wrote ‘The Camp Koch Song,’ so it reminds me of her. Sometimes when we

started singing one of these songs, I would see an image of the person who introduced it. Kit also taught us 'The Gypsy Rover.' "

"Remembering camp songs and making lists of them – it was something we did in our outside-camp get-togethers. And of course we sang them. By then all of us in the Clan had little three-hole binders where we had written the songs – words only, of course. It became a kind of competition, like Scrabble among us. We sang them as we listed them, sometimes."

"'Magalena Hagalena' had hand gestures, too, but we sang it only in the Dining Hall, although the younger campers sang it just about everywhere."

"Freddie taught us 'Linstead Market,' and I associate 'What Lies Over the Hill' with Sandy somehow."

"'Cloud Ships,' we called Kit with that one, the dreadful first summer in Blue Wells. She showed up often enough, when we sang it in Main Camp, to make it worth our while to try. Two other favorites of mine were 'Holla Hi' and 'The Happy Wanderer.' Both of them with a strong rhythm. Great harmony, too. And I associate the song 'Mandy,' and its really luscious harmony, with Smeady, who always sang harmony. 'Streets of Laredo' I associate with Pepper – she made a comic masterpiece of it."

“My favorite camp song of all – maybe it’s ‘The Wood Child.’ It is philosophical and seems so true. And of course ‘The Ash Grove,’ ‘Peace of the River,’ and ‘Barges’ are right up there, too. “

A university professor and former Girl Scout shared the following on November 3, 2014: “As I looked over the songs [in chapter 8] I realized I knew all the songs and still remember [the melodies of all but one of them.] ... Since I went to Girl Scout camp in Virginia [during the same time period] this says something [significant] about the shared corpus of songs, doesn’t it?”

It also says something about the staying power of those songs, surviving many decades as interior furniture of the mind, defying time’s ravages and power in that sense.

Making the Troop 141 Album in 1964: *Songs We Sing*

Penny, the troop adviser of Girl Scout Troop 141 at the time of making the album of camp songs, emphasized the involvement and support of the troop members’ parents. They had supported the girls coming together in a troop from a number of different troops, and they had been equally supportive of the idea of making the album as a fund-raising project. As a music student at what was then Evansville College, and is not the University of Evansville, a Methodist school, Penny knew technicians who had worked with various musical organizations, and located one of them to record the

troop members. Smeady returned from college to sing for the album. Pepper also returned to help sing. The troop members, according to Penny, loved to sing and sang all the time. In addition to a fund raising project the album became a memory aid, something to help them recall Camp Koch and their summers there. All summers at Camp Koch were full of songs. That album, created in 1964, has also served as a token of appreciation for major donors to the Girl Scout council's "I Love Camp Koch Club."

Penny helped coach the singers, but did not sing for the album. When she considered the troop members to be ready she left the room. The audio tech taught them how to start and stop at the same time. There were only two rehearsals before the recording session, but of course everyone knew the songs and had been singing them a capella for years. The key to sing them in was something the guitar players had to negotiate among themselves, as well as with the singers and the sole mandolin player, because at camp the song leader set the key, and everyone sang by memory and hardly ever with any accompaniment at all. Fewer than half of the songs used any accompaniment. Some harmony lines sung for the album were being improvised on the spot by the more talented singers. Penny took on the dreary work of obtaining legal authorization for the troop to record the songs. Permission to record "The Ash Grove" was unfortunately not available at that time. No one involved in making the recording had ever heard of any other Girl Scout troop doing anything similar. Penny saw her role as that of helping the troop members make their ideas and dreams work.

Sandy in January 2013 on Troop 141 and its culture: "When we joined Troop 141, all of us at about the same time, it was not the norm in any way. Penny was a leader of that troop at least a year before we got there. In later years Girl Scout troop leaders had to be at least 21 years old, like unit unit leaders at camp. Penny was probably a bit young to be a troop leader. Those of us who crossed over from the Mariner troop started it. Clay and Freddie came over from other established troops as well. Finally the entire Senior Planning Board of Raintree Council went over to Trailblazer Troop 141."

"We didn't think about somebody making this possible behind the scenes, but the mother of one of us happened to be next in line to become Council President. She would then be the direct supervisor of the Executive Director, who ran the show. In due course she became Raintree Council's president. At the time we hardly noticed if people accommodated us or not; we were happy, ready for more adventures, and very pleased with ourselves."

1) Replaying Songs in the Memory: Programming Oneself for the Future

Music, and especially song, is a powerful learning tool. Amy told the researcher that her librarian colleagues, when there were still card catalogues, would sometimes march toward them, when they first arrived at work, singing the alphabet song. Pepper made this same point, using the same example. Sandy said that singing the song “Barges” reminded her of the meaning of *starboard* and *port*. “Magalena Hagalena” conveys the message: “Here’s how you can live up to the challenges at Camp Koch, and you will have powerful help in doing it.” The message of “The Ash Grove,” as detailed below, is that one can seek refuge, healing, and relief from despair in Nature, and that beauty is the magic that accomplishes this.

Campers sang the listed 200 or so songs at camp, some of them every day, or more than once a day. When they were not singing them, they might well have been thinking about them, replaying in memory the catchy tune, words, or overall effect of the song, often with harmony, gestures, or clapping included. The messages some songs convey are rather obvious or explicit; table graces, lullabies, patriotic songs, or the beautiful, eloquent heart songs are in this category. What messages do the nonsense-syllable songs, like “Magalena Hagalena” convey, or the storytelling songs, or the songs with no recognizable words at all, like “A Ram Sam Sam?”

The following schematic supplies a list of song titles and their messages, as far as Kit can identify them. Sometimes messages derive from the lyrics, sometimes from the

gestures, sometimes from the setting in which campers sing them. Songs are from category 3, other-country songs; 4, nonsense-syllable or funny songs, and 9, storytelling songs.

Category 3: Songs of Other Nations (selected)

The Ash Grove	Seek curing and refuge in Nature.
Skye Boat Song	There's a safe place in Nature no matter how bad the situation.
All Through the Night	You are not alone. Someone is guarding you so you can sleep.
Ho, Young Rider	You are free to be where you want to be. Patriotism is important to you.
Cloud Ships	Adventure is waiting. Get out there! Don't be afraid to dream!
Donkey Riding	See the world! Hard work can be fun.
Hola Hi	Love is blind but age makes wise. I may love just whom I please.

The Happy Wanderer	I'll keep exploring all my life. Don't let me get so grown-up that I lose my love of Nature. Nature calls me and I will answer.
Tan Cuj	Enjoy life and live it to the fullest!
The Silver Moon Is Shining	A disappointed lover can find solace in Nature.
Linstead Market	Remain cheerful when events go against you.
Wimoway	Let's be in harmony with each other! (It's impossible to sing this song alone, or to imagine singing this song alone. Other people are necessary to create beauty.)
Rosen fra Fun	See "Wimoway."
French Cathedrals	See "Wimoway."
Malayla	See "Wimoway."
Kookaburra	Have fun! In Camp Koch parlance, tackle challenges! After the first verse Kookaburra becomes a comic trickster figure.
Shalom, Chaverim	Friendship is precious.

Dona, Dona

Don't be a victim! Protect yourself!

Category 4: Nonsense-syllable, Silly, or Funny Songs (selected)

The Ants' Marching Song

Catchy practice in counting and rhyming

In Frisco Bay

Be of good cheer, and don't take things or yourself too seriously.

Do Your Ears Hang Low?

Amusing practice in rapid enunciation

Boom-Boom, Ain't It Great...

Enjoy life! Be yourself!

Little Bunny Foo-Foo

Entertaining gestures, "bopping them on the head"

Ten in a Bed

Counting song, used to achieve control, or reassure oneself that one has control, order, and/or method

The Froggy, He Am ...:

Harmless-seeming animal used to urge people to get past appearances to the real reality

The Noble Duke of York

Commit yourself! Don't stop halfway because then you are basically nowhere!

Ack Goong Went the Little ... Harmless-seeming source of night sounds that might otherwise seem scary. Provides comfort in the camp environment.

Lemmi Stick Song: Visualizing a game, see “Wimoway.”

John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt: Series of complicated syllables to pronounce, and – you have to get them right.

Category 9: Storytelling Songs (selected)

The Mermaid Lone survivor of a shipwreck with no survivors tells a story of challenging work at sea -- inherent paradox.

Green Canoe The “little bit more” of the lyrics is romantic love and security.

Ship Titanic Lyrics – “it was sad,” but the music is happy, creating paradox. It is sung in two parts, and enjoyable for that reason.

Gypsy Rover You should follow your heart.

My Lover and I Remembered, unrequited love, with lovely harmony

Sloop John B.	<p>The singer wants to go out for adventure, not to go home, although the lyrics are full of homesickness.</p> <p>Bad things happen, but they are everyone else's fault.</p> <p>Paradox here.</p>
Mandy	Narrator remembers tragic love and death. Harmony.

2) "The Ash Grove" -- An Indispensable Song at Camp Koch

First published in 1802 as a harp melody, without lyrics, then a few years later with words, "The Ash Grove's" Welsh lyrics typically depict a romantic love story, while its English lyrics lament the tragic loss of love, described at <http://www.gurman.org/ashgrove/>. Some consider "The Ash Grove" to have begun its long life, with many versions and words in at least two languages, as a dance tune, pure and simple, similar to the minuet. Like its Welsh-origin companion, "Greensleeves," "The Ash Grove" exists as a hymn in addition to its numerous other incarnations.

The Ash Grove:* Lyrics

Close Reading

Down yonder green valley

Yonder means close by; the place where I rove

Where streamlets meander,

is near at hand, not far away at all. It's a green

Where twilight is fading,	place, with water, two of the basic requirements
I pensively rove.	for sustaining life. Roving is like roaming, not
	walking to a specific place for a specific reason.
Or at the bright noontide	Whether twilight is fading or the noon sun is
In solitude wander	is blazing, there is shelter in the grove, dark
Amid the dark shades of	shade, so that it is separate from the outside
The lonely ash grove.	world, and better, a world of its own. It is a
	a world for one person, perhaps.
'Tis there where the blackbird	The "I" who wanders/roves there is alone.
Is cheerfully singing,	The rover is pensive, i.e. solemn, but the
Each warbler enchants with	blackbird sings happily, exerting a magical
His notes from a tree.	influence from a perch in/on a tree. The word
	"each" indicates that there are several birds,
Ah, then, little think I	all of them singing cheerfully. Joy is in this dark
Of sorrow or sadness.	wood, infectious joy. It's fitting, then, that the

The ash grove, entrancing, singer is spellbound by the beauty, not pensive,
Spells beauty for me. and the quality that achieves this transformation
is beauty.

The melody has a steady, coiled, constant flow resembling in some respects the melody of “Greensleeves,” another Welsh song that has endured for centuries. Singers at Camp Koch know a harmony line for this version of “The Ash Grove,” a descant. The melody remains the same for the first, second, and fourth sets of four lines, but changes for the third set, the break. The singing birds effect a change of mood; a change that moves the narrator from sadness to ecstasy. The word *spells* may mean *that defines*, as in *that spells*, or it may mean spells as in *magical spells*, thus paralleling the word *enchants* from the third set of lines, where the “I” of the song experiences beauty and loses his or her sadness or pensiveness.

It’s significant that the grove is dark throughout the song, either because of the time of day -- almost twilight -- or because it seems dark in the glaring brightness of high noon. The birds that effect the change from pensiveness to joy are also dark – they are black. Darkness is cheerful, is one conclusion. Darkness shelters a person from sadness or over-thinking, i.e. pensiveness. “Don’t think, just feel the darkness and its beauty, its magic” is one inference that a singer could draw from these lyrics. Thinking

means pensiveness, the lyrics would have it, which leads to a person needing a cure from “sorrow or sadness.” The cure is, of course, magic or beauty, which the song treats as basically the same thing.

The process of entering the ash grove, in other words, relieves the first-person narrator of dark or sad thoughts, because the ash grove’s dark beauty and dark singers create a magic that overwhelms the “I” of the song with beauty, beauty that counteracts despair. In the fourth set of lines it becomes explicit that the ash grove is itself a source of magic, is itself entrancing. The place conquers sorrow through its intrinsic magic. Thus it seems logical that the place, the grove of ash trees itself, functions as a magical healer. If the place is the healer, the larger conclusion might be that Nature itself in some of its manifestations heals people’s sadness or sorrow.

Magic, art, or beauty as cures for despair – such remedies appear in many works of literary, visual or musical art. This fits in with the camp culture’s theme of healing, peace, and protection in the wilderness.

*Sing Together: A Girl Scout Songbook, New York: Girl Scouts of the United States of America, p. 36.

THE ASH GROVE

(Girl Scout Version

Down yonder green valley, where streamlets meander

Where twilight is fading, I pensively roam [rove]

For [Or] at the bright noontide in solitude wander

Amidst the dark shades of the lonely ash grove

'Tis there where the blackbird is cheerfully singing

Each warbler enchants with his notes from a tree

O [And] [Ah] then little think I of sorrow or sadness

The ash grove enchanting [entrancing] spells beauty

for me

[The ash grove, the ash grove spells...]

Chapter 8: Ritual and the Spirit

"It's all right," John announced, emerging from his hiding-place. "I say, Peter, can you really fly?"

Instead of troubling to answer him Peter flew around the room, taking the mantelpiece on the way....

"I say, how do you do it?" asked John, rubbing his knee. He was quite a practical boy.

"You just think lovely wonderful thoughts," Peter explained, "and they lift you up in the air."

"You're so nippy at it," John said, "couldn't you do it very slowly once?"

Peter did it both slowly and quickly. "I've got it now, Wendy!" cried John, but soon he found he had not. ...

*Peter had been trifling with them, for **no one can fly unless the fairy dust has been blown on him.***

*Fortunately, ... **one of his hands was messy with it, and he blew some on each of them,** with the most superb results.*

"Now just wiggle your shoulders this way," he said, "and let go."

They were all on their beds, and gallant Michael let go first. He did not quite mean to let go, but he did it, and immediately he was borne across the room.

"I flew!" he screamed while still in mid-air.

John let go and met Wendy near the bathroom.

"Oh, lovely!" ...

"Look at me!" ...

They were not nearly so elegant as Peter, they could not help kicking a little, but their heads were bobbing against the ceiling, and there is almost nothing so delicious as that....

Up and down they went, and round and round. Heavenly was Wendy's word.

"Pirates," cried John, seizing his Sunday hat, "let us go at once."

J.M. Barrie, Peter Pan and Wendy, (1911) EBook of Peter Pan, <http://www.gutenberg.org>

Kit remembers a poem she used at Scouts Owns several times during her nineteen summers at Girl Scout established camp; it contains the following quote –
“‘With my finger I push aside the leaf of grass and touch the heart of God.’ It said it all for me.”

I. Rituals Within Rituals: The Encapsulation Effect

Ritual as practiced at Camp Koch 1958-1970 was, for those who made the choice to respond to it on an opting-in, inner level, a waking dream imbued with cognition, belief, kinetics, pragmatics, ambience, narrative, and wonderful thoughts. Ritual pranking required careful planning and subtle, sly tactics. It was a way of life unusual or remarkable only to outsiders. The campers and other inhabitants had, after all, already drawn a border between the regular world and the camp, and crossed it, when they arrived there. For them ritual was above all pragmatic – it was a recipe for achieving certain results. It was a social process, anything but solitary, anything but

mysterious; the results were social as well. Many opted in for a time and for a specific purpose; others became, in Clay's term, "lifers." The "lifers" say the camp's culture healed them or refreshed them or empowered them. Some say they learned to live, really live, only there.

Ritual-steeped day followed day in a place that conveyed a sense of timelessness and separateness. In the words of camp researcher Smith in this study's introduction, the world at camp seemed not less real, but more intensely real. Time, that cosmic factor, faded in and out, according to the statements of campers and counselors. Days seemed not so much a collection of separate rituals as a blended passage-way through various levels of ritual, beginning with the rituals involved in arriving at camp at the beginning of the session and ending with the aching farewells of Closing Night ceremony and the rituals of the physical departure the next day. Arrival and departure constitute a frame, a frame of ritual containing many encapsulated rituals in a complex system. Causality was sometimes as elusive as time. The place and its attendant super-reality effect tended to become more or less vivid, depending on whether a full community of campers and counselors was in residence or not. The camp's particular universe faded or grew more vivid in response to the inhabitants, as well as to the particular there/then. The effect included causality as well as overall ambience.

Every time campers sang “Rise Up, O Flame,” for example, they waited for the one match they had used to start the fire, and not go out; every time they sang “Johnny Appleseed” or that other rain song they waited for raindrops. The pragmatics did not become humdrum by means of repetition. Perhaps this was because the practices actually worked quite a lot of the time. Their effectiveness created satisfaction and pride, both of which served to draw the practitioners farther into the special world they had entered. And so they accustomed themselves to that world more and more. That made it less exciting for some, but more so for others, because discovery is always more exciting than something that is always there in the accustomed surroundings, no matter how wonderful those surroundings may be. Excitement, however, draws the initiate-camper or counselor ever farther into the new realms thus revealed.

The first ritual – in the sense of repeated ceremony – most Camp Koch campers experienced was their arrival at the camp and the attendant formalities. This fits the definition of “ritual of incorporation,” or initiation. It is not, however, the only such ritual of incorporation at the camp. This account will include a number of successive layers of initiation or incorporation that move the initiate-campers ever more deeply into the secrets, in the end open secrets, governed by ritual language and the separate dimension of song. Anyone can learn the songs and the ceremonies; that is why this study considers them open. Those who have undergone the experience conveyed by

the songs and ceremonies, however, are able to access the new worlds, new dimensions, which that series of rituals of incorporation opens up.

The rituals, including the repeated, internalized songs, are an invitation; the only true inhabitants of the new world thus opened up are those who wish to enter. This choice is an internal choice, individual, and deeply felt, like a religious conversion. Thus every ceremony, every ritual, every song at camp functions on several levels; the inmost level sets up a separate world. Those who choose to enter that world, those who opt in, never leave that world, according to their own statements. They take the culture, the inmost ritual world of the camp with them, wherever they go, whatever they do, for the rest of their lives (Bell 1997: 157).

Campers, when they arrived on the buses, for example, responded to the color of their luggage tags, rather than their names. They came together with girls they did not know, and, in nearly all instances, following a leader they had just met. They did so 1) because they had sworn an oath, the Girl Scout Promise, 2) because their parents had arranged the stay at camp to help them make a transition to more demanding experiences, heightened expectations, and the attendant responsibilities, and 3) because they were looking for fun and enjoyment, good times in general, and in particular, something adventurous, something new to explore. Clay and Sandy provided the following description:

Having boarded the buses at the depot in Evansville, Indiana, the campers arrived at Camp Koch, just east of Cannelton, Indiana, with two pieces of checked luggage, one train case or other piece of hand luggage, some worries, and a good many expectations. The buses brought them to the base of the stadium-like oval lake and surrounding cliffs. The luggage tags' color stood for the unit where they would spend the session, different colors for different units in different years. At the point of arrival they might suspect that they were going to a certain unit, but they had no certainty about the matter. Their primary identity was a group identity, consisting of a color, not a name.

The Unit Leader, head counselor of their destined unit, waited for them with a clipboard, saying words like "Green tags, Frontier, over here." If the group was large there was usually another counselor with her, but not the AUL, or Assistant Unit Leader; she would be somewhere nearby but out of sight, staying with the departing campers who would board the buses, once those buses were empty, to return home. The first thing the arriving campers typically learned from their new leader was her name, not the name on her birth certificate, of course, but her camp name, chosen by her, most likely, to express the identity she had at camp (see Chapter 3 of this study). A good camp name would be Darby.

Darby calls the roll, then moves off with her campers into the next part of the arrival procedures, which might be checking in with the camp nurse or checking in with the camp Trading Post, depending on which has the shorter line. As the group climbs the hill it falls into the typical Camp Koch formation for paths – Darby is in the lead and another counselor trails the single-file formation, in order to make sure that campers feel protected and included, and in order to help if someone drops something, or stumbles, or has other difficulties. On rough, twisting, and sloping woodland paths single file is the only way to go; campers will adjust to a new way of walking. While waiting in line, for in-processing, the campers often sing getting-acquainted songs such as “Girl Scouts Together” or “Hello, Hello.” Getting-acquainted games include “Pass the Shoe” and others. It’s hard to pass a shoe, if you’re sweating your way single file up a slippery dirt path, though. Songs have to suffice.

At the infirmary, which was in the time frame of this study located in the Dining Hall’s walk-in basement, the camp nurse sees one incoming camper-immigrant at a time, taking her temperature, weighing her, inspecting her feet for athlete’s foot, and doing a quick check for obvious skin rashes or the then nearly nonexistent head lice. According to Sandy, head lice did not become a major problem until the 1990’s. In Sandy’s and Clay’s camper days few campers brought prescription medications with them. The nurse would handle mostly cuts, sprains, bruises, rashes, and abrasions that the unit first aid kit couldn’t handle. On Opening Day the camp nurse meets each

camper individually and starts a file on her, or adds information to any pre-existing file from a previous summer. The camper also meets the nurse, a process that can add a significant degree of trust if some emergency comes up.

If there's another unit already waiting outside the Infirmary, Frontier's unit leader, Darby, may escort her campers to the Trading Post, also near the Dining Hall, usually under the authority of the camp's Business Manager. Campers deposit a set amount of money to draw on to buy toothpaste or flashlight batteries, if they need them, or a bandana, a lanyard clip for their Girl Scout pocket knife, facial tissue, camera film, soap, shampoo, stationery, a camp memory book, postcards, postage stamps, pencils, camp patches, swimming caps of a specific color that indicates the recent swimming test they may have passed, or sanitary supplies, in case menarche occurs at camp.

Throughout the procedures campers remain with their unit counselors, and their counselors with them. When they go from the Dining Hall area to their unit they again form a single file line, with a counselor in front and another counselor trailing. If the group passes a piece of discarded paper litter Darby will remind them of the camp practice of picking up any such "paper weeds." The idea is that those who spend time and effort picking up such "weeds" will free themselves from any litterbug habits. If the campers arrive at the unit before their luggage does, Darby will show them which

foursome tent each set of tent-mates will live in, the closest path to the unit latrine, and the unit's usual assembly or evening campfire location. Campers will have time to meet their tent-mates. Other activities before or after the luggage arrives would include a review of safety and wellbeing procedures, such as 1) take a buddy with you wherever you go, especially to the latrine after dark, 2) wear sturdy shoes and socks whenever you are not in swimming or boating class, and not in bed, 3) do not run in camp under any circumstances, 4) stay lying down on your cot during Rest Hour, and 5) obey the Girl Scout Laws, among which is "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout" and "A Girl Scout obeys orders." If time permits Darby might discuss with her campers the table manners expected in the Dining Hall and a suitable attitude for flag ceremonies, for the Dining Hall, and for other situations.

These procedures resemble immigration processing on Ellis Island, a century or more before, or the arrival of Army draftees at boot camp in the contemporary world, although Darby wields charm, not threats or punishments. Campers, after locating their tents and cots, had to establish their identities in a new group of peers with benevolent authorities, including Darby, firmly in charge. A major difference, however, is that the separate sets of procedures and rules of behavior were something the campers and counselors expected; they were part of the complex of camp traditions in a camp that used the unit plan. It is clear in retrospect, as it was at the time for each camper, that individuals opted in on different levels, depending on their perceptions of

the culture that was reaching out to include them and welcome them, and their level of daring. How adventurous were they? How deeply did they wish to enter into this separate world of adventure and affiliation with and within the wild, or synthetically wild, place where they found themselves?

The procedures and rules resulted in rituals as well, embedded in the same tripartite structure noted by van Gennep and cited by Victor Turner in *The Ritual Process* (1969) 2009: 14). It begins, in the case of healing rituals, with the separation of the unwell woman from the everyday world, the second secludes her from usual companions and activities, and the third celebrates her healing and transformation in a dance of celebration, and finally with the birth and rearing of a child. Called Isoma, the three-part ritual works to heal an adult woman from some reproductive ailment or handicap, using a separation-to-incorporation ritual. It ends with a triumphant emergence from isolation, with its transformations, and continues in the successful birth and nurturing of a healthy child.

Previous discussion in this research has indicated the healing purposes of summer camp, aided and abetted by the campers' and counselors' departure from the city-world and its physical, emotional, and heart sicknesses, corresponding to the separation -- isolation effect of Isoma, phase one above.

At camp everything is abnormal. Everything is different. The camp in session, for the campers and in many cases for the counselors, corresponds to the seclusion phase of Isoma, phase two above. Transformations and instances of healing and growth at camp, great and small, have been the subject matter of every chapter of this study. The Camp Koch counterpart of Isoma's dance of celebration, phase three above, is more difficult to identify, not because celebrations at camp are scarce, but because they proliferate, planned or not.

The spontaneous celebrations, like the fits of elation and giggles in Woodhaven's rainy first excursion to Fox Ridge, may well be the most effective, the most transformational, in a good way. What is the ultimate reward of the wilderness experience, according to one informant? It is breathing, but not the common breathing of everyday life. Rather it is a form of breathing only possible under special circumstances, a form of breathing that indicates unity with divine forces in an environment that seems much more vividly real than other places on earth, other times. Bearing oneself and one's future as if bearing a child, and carrying on with life's tasks and responsibilities as if rearing a child, healed of the ailments of city and life's ordinary miseries -- that kind of life is the celebratory dance that is the third phase of the Isoma-like series of encapsulated rituals at camp. In addition to instances of actual dancing at camp, there is also a dance of sound and voice and breath, a dance of body and spirit in

song – which is a dance of joy, trance, and delight – in achieving physical and spiritual union with divine forces in the wild.

The process begins and ends with buses and suitcases, another and quite physical form of encapsulation. Upon arrival and assignment to a particular tent, campers fetch their own luggage from a central point in their assigned unit, where the Jeep's crew – composed of waterfront counselors, usually -- has left it. A camper's luggage typically consisted of a hard-sided suitcase and a bedroll or blanket roll. Darby, a counselor, for a stay of eight weeks or more, brought a metal foot locker. Campers in the 1950s did not usually bring sleeping bags, which came into more general use around 1960.

Fetching one's own luggage often set up the first partnership transaction of the 14-day or 12-day session, because few campers could carry their own suitcases by themselves – tent-mates routinely helped each other, not because they had to, not because someone ordered them to, but because they rather fancied the idea of helping another Girl Scout and tent-mate. There was always the hope that this help would become reciprocal, thus forming a real partnership. It was not only the polite thing to do, but also the pragmatic thing to do.

Meanwhile, out of the sight of the arriving campers, the departing campers from Frontier board the buses, after following Chip, the Assistant Unit Leader, down from

the unit, still singing, more often than not, and leave camp, because their session has ended. Typically their parents collect them at the bus depot in Evansville. This practical set of procedures, repeated with variations over many years, quickly became expected ritual. It was not a real departure, only a physical relocation, for those who had chosen to enter the camp's alternate universe and stay in it.

In the Camp Koch of 1958-1970 parents did not visit Camp Koch at all while it was in session. There were no provisions for them to bring campers to the camp at the start of a session, or pick them up there afterwards, although in later decades this became the rule. Instead, on the Sunday afternoon after pre-camp training, and before the start of the first session that would include campers, counselors and other staff hosted an Open House to allow parents and families to visit, meet the camp director, and take a look at the camp in areas adjoining the lake and the Dining Hall. Kit reports that in her years at Camp Koch families could visit the units if they wanted to, on foot, and escorted by a counselor. Ladies often came to the Open House wearing their Sunday best, including high-heeled shoes. They were not inclined to visit the units, which were far away up there, accessible through woodland paths or a white gravel Jeep road that was very steep.

Counselors, arriving by car for pre-camp, parked out of sight somewhere. Clay says that in the six summers she spent at Camp Koch she never saw a private car

parked there, as far as she remembers, but only the Jeep, the camp ranger's legendary steed.

The first all-camp event newly arrived campers attend, other than lunch, is the flag ceremony just before the evening meal on their arrival day. A unit with older campers, where there would be some who had conducted a flag ceremony before, would take charge of a particular session's first one. Darby volunteered her unit, Frontier, for the duty, as often as not; some of her campers would be spending their third summer at Camp Koch. There would be time in the afternoon to practice a bit, choose the songs, and choose the flag bearer and guard of honor. (Hoppers in the dining hall also came from a unit whose campers were likely to have had experience acting as hoppers.) Clay remembers rehearsing every summer how to take the flag down and fold it into the proper triangular shape. Raising the flag is easier; for one thing you don't have to fold the flag properly, or at all. Everybody takes the flag ceremony very seriously.

At the ceremony, standing in a horseshoe-shaped oval configuration one person deep, and open on the side nearest the flagpole, the assembled camp population would recite the Pledge of Allegiance, standing at attention, left hand over heart, using the civilian salute. They might sing "America the Beautiful" or listen to a short patriotic poem or other reading, before the actual flag lowering begins. For details of the flag

ceremony ritual, unearthed promptly and completely from the capacious memories of Kit and Sandy, see the appendix of this study. For the researcher the fact that the two of them had this extremely detailed information on call, effortlessly, fifty years later, was the most important part of the process. Like the other informants for this study they are clearly lifers, campers who have opted in all the way, who bear within them the culture of the camp wherever they go, throughout life.

Sandy, by phone, January 26, 2013: "Dining Hall meals work a lot like choreography. You take off your cap or hat when you enter the Dining Hall, then find your place at a table, not necessarily with others from your unit, but perhaps. As you pass the serving dish around the table, counterclockwise, you take the dish with your right hand, reaching across your body, take it in your left hand, serve yourself with your right hand, and pass the serving dish along, also across your body, with your left hand, into the right hand of your neighbor on the right. Unit leaders often hold practice sessions on arrival day, so that campers are ready for this. "

This study's third chapter lists the various forms group meals took during the history of the summer camp movement. At Camp Koch there were long tables for six campers on each side bench, and chairs at the head and foot for counselors to occupy. When the campers entered, counselors had already chosen a table and were standing behind the chairs at the head or foot. Campers acting as hoppers occupied the bench

spots to the right of the head and to the right of the foot. At camp, unlike at home, people sang the table grace, rather than saying it. Campers who were not hoppers did not leave the table without permission from the head or the foot, not even to go to the latrine. Acting as a hopper, and there were two at each table, was a much-liked duty for that reason. Hoppers got a look into the kitchen, and sometimes managed to acquire second helpings for their tables. On the first day a unit with slightly older campers, some of whom might have handled hopper duty the previous summer, served as hoppers at meals. In this case Hilltop furnished the hoppers. Their UL, Hawk, reviewed the procedures with them before the meal. These procedures over time developed into a form of ritual. For the details of Dining Hall procedures and ceremonial, described by Kit and Sandy in minute detail, completely from memory and without consulting notes or refreshing their memories in any way, please see the appendix.

II. Water Carnivals and Rain Magic

Kit's description: "Water carnivals occurred usually on the last full day before campers went home. Normally it was things like relay races – swimming – maybe carrying an object in relay style. You wanted to get as many kids as possible into the

water, for recreational and for cooling off purposes. One type of swimming relay I remember because it was so similar to what you had to do to qualify for life guard – campers pulled on a full set of clothes, including long-sleeved shirts fully buttoned and long pants – with their swim suits underneath – and swam to the other side of the waterfront’s H-shaped dock, in the dark green water of the lake. Then they had to take the heavy, wet clothes off and pass them to the next member of the team, who had to put them on before swimming back to the other side, until all members of the team had completed their laps. Normally it would have been four to six members to a team.”

Sandy added: “There was one event where the kids from a unit propelled a counselor from that unit, lying on a rubber raft, from one side of the lake to the other, It was a form of relay, and usually many people got wet who were not on either team. The idea was to see which unit got a counselor there first.”

“Another event you saw at water carnival was campers in groups, unit by unit, trying to blow a balloon across the swimming area, dock to dock, without touching it. It was important to get as many kids as possible into the water.”

Kit described her participation in a water carnival, one summer, although counselors hardly ever took part. In a rare challenge match with the CIT unit (counselor-in-training) she and her assistant unit leader, Peeks, an inexperienced canoer, competed in a canoe race across the lake. The contest included rowing and

swimming as well, for a total of three lake crossings. Kit, speaking by phone with the researcher, remembered campers on the bridge and on the lakeside yelling and screaming and applauding for one or both teams.

Kit: "I think [Peeks and I] had never been together in a canoe before that. She hadn't had much experience in a canoe. So I had thought I should put her in the stern, because I was pretty sure I could match her in the bow without her having to do the J stroke. ... by doing a strong bow stroke in the bow. If you do a strong bow stroke in the stern you can end up going in circles. I did match her. We went straight as an arrow with us both doing the bow stroke. I really needed to pull, and I knew it, and I did. Ours was the first canoe back, and in the overall staff competition the staff came in first, second and third – maybe a bit of a comedown for some of the CITs. In the rowboat part I rowed. She sat in the stern and I sat amidships and rowed."

"I think – I did the swimming part of the relay in one breath, just went for it. It goes faster that way. I had a pretty good capacity at that time; I couldn't do it now."

"The only prizes were bragging rights. I don't remember anyone giving out ribbons or something like that for water carnival. It was just for fun. Unit campers were cheering for their fellow campers or for their own unit staff, depending on the event." She added that there were fourteen events that day that were limited to campers only, including kids from every unit. Only one included counselors.

And rain magic came to cool the afternoon. Southern Indiana summers can be blisteringly hot and breathtakingly humid at the same time; anyone familiar with the area knows how sultry and unpleasant the combination can become. Kit: “We [Woodhaven unit, mostly 13-year-olds] were up on the bridge watching water carnival one session, and we started singing the rain song, and – it was a bright scorching sunny day – but clouds started appearing in the sky, and it began to rain, a gentle drizzle, as I recall, just enough to cool us off a bit. The song was NOT ‘Johnny Appleseed,’ which some had been saying called the rain, but another rain song. We were sitting on the bridge – no shade – with the sun shining down, hotter than blazes. The song we used rather reminds me of the ‘Navaho Happy Song,’ and it did not have English words. I’ve tried but I’ve never been able to remember it. I never really believed that the song ‘Johnny Appleseed’ caused rain. But this other one, either it worked, or it was a heckuva coincidence. The kids cheered like mad when it started to rain. ‘We did it! We did it!’ I wish I could remember that song.” (Kit at Kit’s house 2/10/2013)

III. The Eagle Feather Clan’s Last Closing Night Ceremony as Campers

Freddie, by phone, November 12, 2012: “The advantage we had [in the Clan], we were a close-knit group. We loved to camp, preferred the woods to home, if home is a

house. We felt more at home at camp. Everyone was autonomous, could have managed fine all alone out there. Challenges were fun. Our skill level was high. “

Freddie: “I remember our last [all-camp ceremonial event]. We made our own Indian costumes out of canvas we painted. Pepper had climbed up inside the cave. She sent a flaming arrow down and directly into the fire bowl, to light the ceremonial fire. It wasn’t anything she could practice, and it worked. Straight up at an angle, down into the fire bowl, and lit the fire. She couldn’t believe she had done it.”

“While this was going on the rest of us were chanting ‘Wimoway.’ That was the last ceremony we held.”

“I believe there are special spots on the earth. Ghosts were around that night. I believe in past lives, holy spots on this planet. There was a great deal of Indian influence in that area. That ceremony was the biggest thing we tackled. We were directed. The timing on everything was perfect. Camp Koch is a special place. I got to go by for a visit five and a half years ago or so. I looked and my heart just cried. I wanted to be back there. Even though there was a great deal of activity it was a place of peace. I could go within me, even if hiking, singing, my essence among the trees, my very being. I don’t think you feel that way very often. I would be willing to do anything to get that peace back.”

Other informants commented that Freddie had referred to the ceremony as a Scouts' Own, but they remembered it as a Closing Night ceremony. All agreed that it was unforgettably impressive, and that Pepper made the difficult arrow shot under pressure with great accuracy and perfection.

In contrast to the usual practice among Boy Scouts, as Mechling and former Boy Scout David C. report in this study's chapter 6, Girl Scouts did not often use Native American customs, practices, or stories, and based very few of their rituals or ceremonies on what some might consider Native American models. The Indian costumes reported here were the only such costumes the informants remember from the relevant time period 1958-1970 at Camp Koch during regular summer sessions. Some informants said that the word "clan" in the designation "Eagle Feather Clan" meant something like a Scottish clan, not a Native American tribe. Kit added that only one established Girl Scout camp – and not one in Indiana – during her 19 summers as a camp counselor or administrator in seven states – used a Native American theme consistently and often in its Closing Night ritual, or in any of its other ceremonies.

IV. Remembering Scouts' Own Ceremonies at Camp Koch

On February 9, 2013, the researcher met Kit at a Chinese restaurant in northern Arizona. The topic was Scouts' Own at Camp Koch.

Kit: "Scouts' Own celebrates the bond between the girls and each other and the girls and nature, like confirmation, like marriage."

Researcher: "Celebrates?"

Kit: "The bond is already there. This is for the sake of the camp community. That's why it's like marriage, because a wedding involves the community."

Researcher: "But how?"

Kit: "If you have been to camp before it's more like an anniversary, or a reaffirmation of vows. People sometimes do that if they've been married for a certain number of years. But it's definitely like marriage. There are even vows, I think. It's not a form of reconciliation, either, because there has been no quarrel, no trouble."

A Girl Scout from New York State talked about camp as another world, as follows, on April 12, 2012, at the researcher's house. The informant attended Girl Scout Camp Runels, Pelham, New Hampshire, for five summers in the early 1970's.

"I went to summer camp every summer for two-week sessions when I was 8 to 12 years old, usually with my best friend. Once I went for a double session."

"Every two-week session about halfway in we would go for a long hike, out of the camp, into surrounding residential neighborhoods. I was struck by what a magical experience it was, because even after a week in camp the rhythms had been established.

So when we walked – and it was a special occasion – we took a big hike, a journey, and when we got out to the outer world, it was almost surrealistic. It was only a week since I'd seen cars, mailboxes, people mowing their lawns, but it just seemed so foreign to me. Maybe it was because we were a whole group of people together, venturing out like that. Eventually we'd go back to the campground, trees, and dirt paths. It was exciting to go on this long hike, but comforting to return to the woods again. There is something magical about being at a camp like that."

Magic is memorable. Something you do every day can lose its power to excite and to arouse wonder. When you leave and then return, as the informant explained above, and as the university professor, below, reported doing in memory-related semi-trance, the magic returns, too. Those who live in miracles over a long term may not experience them as miraculous; instead they are life.

Four of the six major informants for this study say that they barely remember anything about Scouts' Own ceremonies at Camp Koch, and certainly no details of any specific one. Closing Night ceremonies, on the other hand, feature acute nostalgia; it's powerfully present in every form of ritual included – wish boats setting out with tiny candles onto the lake, flames from Heaven descending on a wire to start the council fire, singing, processing on foot or in watercraft. Thus Closing Night finds its purpose in strong, wrenching emotions at the fleeting of precious time – suspended all summer in

the camp-related timelessness informants often mention -- and at the necessity to leave the camp, with equally strong resolutions to return. The researcher wondered if, precisely because of these emotions, and because the urge to return also tells a story, Closing Night ceremonies stick in the memory very strongly. Certainly the peaceful grounding and settling-into-the-wild message of Scouts' Own is designed to form the base of one's continuing life at the camp and in its culture, and remains tranquil. No one has to leave afterwards. Everyone is at home already.

A university department chairperson and former Girl Scout provided the following account (11/3/1013):

"...from fourth grade through sixth grade, during the winter, I used to sit from time to time [alone] in my closet in our family's home in Washington, D.C., looking over my camping equipment and dreaming about how the next two-week camp period [at Girl Scout established camp] would go the following summer. Those dreams meant a lot to me. They were, I think, a respite from family life in which my parents had many loud, vocal disagreements. I may have gone into a trance-like state while opening and closing my 'mess kit,' thinking of Camp May Flather, while sitting in the closet ..."

The above statement unites memories of camp experiences with a search for refuge from a world of cares and troubles outside the camp's parameters. It unites memories and dreams of camp and a trance-like state. It indicates that memories,

replaying in the mind and summoning up past experiences, can exert an influence on a person's mind a long time later, a sort of benevolent version of the well-known PTSD disorder that results from traumatic, painful combat experiences in wars or conflicts.

The more violent emotions of some Closing Nights – one of Kit's remembered camp director/bosses (of a Girl Scout camp in California) called them "mawkish and awkward" – may remain present in memory with sweet, sad, poignant clarity, like the funeral of a much-loved relative or a graduation ceremony when no one wants to leave school and move on.

Such formal rituals stand in opposition to the more informal, unacknowledged rituals such as those of campers' arrival at the camp, checking in and moving in, climbing paths, doing kapers, campfire singing, sliding on the slate piles, singing on the Singing Steps, pranking, and so on.

Camp inhabitants attended church services, Protestant or Catholic, in addition to Scouts' Own during this time period. Scouts' Own was never intended as a substitute for church services, although in more recent decades, according to Sandy and others, they have often substituted for Protestant or interdenominational services.

Rituals, whether in the hands of self-styled modern people or so-called primitives or non-literate people, share many elements and differ from each other, in essence, very little (Turner 1969: 3-4). A NASA count-down for launching a space craft

is as ritualized as any ceremonial circumcision in Africa or fraternity initiation in Indiana. They differ mainly in the sophistication of their art and technology, and the language or idiom used in the speeches, chants, or songs. All rituals are kinetic, that is, they involve bodily movements and the accompanying sounds; all rituals are re-enactments of more or less abstract models. This means that in them one can sense the past culture reaching into the future, even if the original rationale for the particular movements, words, or chants is no longer available to those performing the ritual. They would combine several categories of memory, including the bike-riding category as well as conceptual memory as cited in chapter 5 of this study.

Ritual is a form of performance, enacted for the benefit of those performing it, sometimes for entities in another sphere of existence, and always for others present, who constitute more than a passive audience. Those others present resemble in some ways the ancient Greek chorus in stage plays, acting as witnesses and commentators to support the major actors and to react to the proceedings. They resemble Ellen Basso's what-sayers, who are indispensable in telling a story Basso (1985: 15-18), or the interrogators of Oakdale's shaman (Oakdale 2005: 86-101) during his daring venture into the other world in search of a cure for the patient's soul.

Turner (Ibid.) names Freud, Levi-Strauss, Tylor, Durkheim, Robertson-Smith, Sir James Fraser, Herbert Spencer, Mauss, Levy-Bruehl, Hubert, Herz, van Gennep, Wundt,

and Max Weber as among those who have tried to interpret ritual's meaning, as if it were in need of an interpreter in order to be intelligible to their readership. He lists Franz Boas, Malinowski, Lowie, Radcliffe-Brown, Griaule, and Dieterlen, along with many successors, as those who labored to collect and to record rituals and their vernacular texts and accoutrements and proclaimed purposes and worldview components among the pre-literate people they studied.

For Turner it was a kind of labor or effort in vain, that of trying to explain religion or religious phenomena, as if those explanations would always end in explaining away any non-rational, preternatural aspects of these performances. Without entering deeply into the belief systems of the various communities using the rituals, Turner's plan was to look primarily at the functions of the rituals, and for him this meant social functions. In this camp culture research, focused on a narrowly defined time and place, the camp rituals' social and mythic aspects as described led directly to its worldview. Informants have provided important clues, particularly regarding the effect of the ritual in their lives and how their lives have gone on after having been affected by the camp's culture. Once affected by the rituals, however, they may not notice major changes in their lives, because these changes may be gradual and seem routine. Experiencing Camp Koch's territories as one's true home may be one aspect of such changes; informants often cite it as an effect of their summers at the camp; they may make a direct connection between the feeling of belonging and the

rituals, including ritualistic singing. One informant volunteered, however, that troop camping in the off-season on Camp Koch's premises was not the same as being there in a session of unit camping; some of the magic seemed, not exactly gone, but rather faded out or ghostly, rather than vivid.

V. Ritual Transformations, for Good and for Evil

According to Victor Turner (Turner 1969: 14-19) specific rites of such rituals as Isoma, a healing ritual, remain in the hands of certain experts, masters of ritual, also called adepts or doctors (Turner 1969: 22). One might locate a form of the adept in the person of the invisible but powerful "benevolent women" Smeady cites with such praise, those who set up the parameters and the culture of the camp.

Turner's second stage, the stage of seclusion and of transformations, those previously cited processes of becoming someone else, reveals itself in the camp's everyday activities, the most externally obvious of which would include passing from one skill level to another in camp craft or swimming or boating. The kinetics of skills involving physical coordination, with practice and repetition, become easy with repetition and seem nearly automatic, an easily identifiable instance of transformation. With time in the Camp Koch environment, campers increase in bodily strength, coordination, physical skills, and stamina. With their participation in repetitive mealtime rituals and routine chores called "kapers," their manners and cooperative

habits improve as well. Clay's parents always commented on her increased helpfulness around the house after returning from camp, and her greater concern for manners and politeness.

In some pre-literate societies there is a dark side to ritual, a side that no informant ever mentioned in connection with Camp Koch. In places where government is tribal, and enforcement of laws or ethics may be purely individual, hidden or disguised curses, or maladies, may serve as the only real methods of enforcement or retribution. To combat them or to implement them one might turn to revelation; naming the source is an important key. A certain tree's bark, for example, bears the reputation of causing hidden things to appear, because, according to the Ndembu, its tiny fruits when they fall onto the ground cause small prey animals to appear as if from nowhere. Hunting cults use the tree's substances to call game animals from their hiding places or lairs. Thus the tree operates as a symbol on two levels, based on perceptions of its role in bringing hidden game as well as human secrets to the surface (Turner 1969: 22, 26). Pragmatically speaking, such forms of revelation help defuse emotions of anger, blame, remorse, and shame by locating their sources in substances, not in the virtues or vices of individual human beings.

Symbols have a life-or-death function adhering to them, and not just in so-called non-literate societies. Research in medicine, neurology, and the social sciences, as the

decades since 1969 add up, locates increasingly more effective and more numerous roles for symbols with regard to health, sickness, and society. As early as 1969, though, Turner brought to the fore their psychological benefits. For us today it has become obvious that belief can cause real physical damage, and that hate and fear can destroy lives in a physical, quite final way. On the other hand, "the symbolic expression of group concern for an unfortunate individual's welfare, coupled with the mobilization of a battery of good things for her benefit, and the conjunction of the individual's fate with symbols of cosmic processes of life and death" -- brings beneficial results far more efficacious than what one would expect from unintelligible or random maneuvers (Turner 1969: 43). See also Mechling's account of Boy Scout troop camping and games in this study's chapter 6.

VI. Pranking as Unacknowledged Ritual: Corrective Action Undertaken from Within

The camp was a refuge in the 1960's, when rapid social changes in the worlds of school, family, church, and just about everywhere else burdened pre-adolescent and adolescent campers and their college-student counselors with confusing demands. Fear came from the outer margins of the camp, however, in the form of mysterious noise-

makers and night-time malicious spirits -- kobolds. Similar to gnomes or dwarves, kobolds are household spirits and petty mischief-makers or noisemakers; they may be invisible or exist only as audio phenomena, like poltergeists. They are related to the Greek and Roman household gods whose altars had a revered place in every home of those eras. Their imitators, and perhaps in some sense collaborators, were the nearly always unseen, sneaky pranksters.

Camp Koch's smallest campers knew what pranks were, but experienced them only in the mildest sense of the word, as in the boating beach prank described in this study's coda, set up by a counselor to demonstrate to them how important their boating classes were.

Younger campers, aged 8 to 10, were the ones most vulnerable to the odd night noises and the dark corners of the latrine where monsters or even cockroaches might be lingering; they were far too new to the camp to participate in pranking. Neither pranksters nor actual monsters had any real foothold where they were. Among older campers, aged 12 to 18, and among counselors and the camp's administrative staff, pranking was part of the camp culture's indirect, communal system of ritual self-correction.

Camp directors talked about “gracious living in the out-of-doors.” Good manners, governed by rules and strictly observed customs, prevailed there. There were, however, Dining Hall-related pranks.

Dining Hall and Other Pranks, and Stories about Pranks

Stories about successful and unsuccessful pranks, told and retold, became legends that were successful partly because they involved certain known personalities. Sandy: “Ask Prophet about the prank of the Princess and the Pea.” Prophet is the designated teller of this legend. It tells of a prank done on another known camp personality. The prank legends are pale shadows unless the listener knows the parties involved, or knows of them. Sometimes the pranked-upon manage to turn the tables on the prankster, or counter the prank with a witty response. According to Sandy a food fight would not be a prank, because no advance planning was involved.

The Rules of Pranking Revealed

Fear came from the outer margins of the camp, in the form of mysterious noisemakers and malicious nighttime spirits – the kobolds, known as Trompy-Tromps.

Other disturbances came from human pranksters. In the long transcript in this study's coda the waterfront counselor set up a mild prank to make the younger campers appreciate their boating lessons. She put a FOR SALE sign on the boating beach, then a SOLD sign. Pranking was a part of the camp's indirect, consensual system of self-correction. Steering camp inhabitants and their way of life by songs was subtle; steering by pranks could be sly or sweetly mischievous, because pranks usually targeted precise individuals or groups.

The boating beach prank, like many pranks at Camp Koch, had a message: *carpe diem*! It's a message coming heart-felt from one camper-generation to the next, because the younger you are, the more likely you are to experience time, even such a limited time as summer vacation, or a single two-week session at Camp Koch, as stretching out nearly endlessly before you. Older campers and counselors had had to deal with the opposite effect -- the summer and their experiences at Camp Koch ending all too soon.

The Dining Hall Jello prank, and the camp director's revenge prank, described in this study's appendix, and the other pranks mentioned or described in the coda or elsewhere in this study, are fully consistent with all the hundreds of session-hours recorded from Camp Koch informants. It's clear that pranks at the camp diverged in major ways from those observed by I. Sheldon Posen -- who described

summer camp pranks as rough, initiatory, and either sexual or scatological – or Richard S. Tallman’s findings – summer camp pranks have as their goal to have fun at the expense of a “victim” (see Tucker 2008: 38-39). Although informants knew from schoolyard or other contexts what snipe hunts or wedgies were, and might have heard of the initiatory “pink bellies” practices, none participated in, witnessed, or even heard of any kind of victimization of that kind, initiatory or not, pecking-order-defining or not, at Camp Koch. Some spent more than ten summers at the camp, because they returned as counselors after high school graduation. Several informants worked as camp counselors at a wide variety of Girl Scout camps in thirty or more states, but none ever heard of such doings at any camp where they were. Not ever. Not even once. They were emphatic about it, and outraged that such things happened at other camps or in other youth settings.

Pranks happened at Camp Koch, however. Informants explained that those pranks displayed different tactics and had different purposes from the pranking culture described in most of the previously mentioned summer camp research. The pranked-upon did not see themselves as victims, for one thing. The humor of the thing might have been rather unclear to them as they expressed their initial bafflement, however. No one ganged up on anyone. No one harmed anyone physically or ridiculed or “ranked” anyone. Pranks did not initiate anyone, but rather indicated respect and friendly feelings for the pranked-upon. Pranksters pranked their equals, or

even their superiors in the camp hierarchy, with few exceptions. Beginners at the camp did not experience pranks, but might have heard of one or two of them. Pranks at the camp, never spiteful, could be subtle, even artistic. The most frequent and most creative pranksters were counselors rather than campers.

In general you pranked someone you liked. In the disappearing chairs prank two counselors played a prank on the much-liked, much-admired camp director, their boss and friend. Pranking was fun. All challenges were “fun” in the camp’s vernacular.

You pranked people at your level or above. The boating beach prank in the following transcript and the camp director’s revenge for the missing jello as described in the appendix, represent rare exceptions to this rule. Their rarity makes them exceptionally effective, memorable. Pranking was a joke acted out, sometimes a play on words, sometimes encoding a serious message. Pranking required careful planning, so that its humor was apparent, but neither spiteful nor cruel. No actual damage to anyone or anything could occur. A mean trick was not a prank, and was in any event very unlikely to take place at the camp. Counselors reminded campers with the terse phrase “number four” that they should heed, always, the fourth Girl Scout Law: “A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout.”

If you pranked someone you expected a retaliation prank. You did not complain when it happened. Instead you expressed rueful admiration of the prankster's ingenuity, laughed, and started planning to get even. It would have occurred to no one to prank the pompous, humorless Girl Scout executive who was visiting the camp director on the day the chairs disappeared. The unexpected outsider witness was the tragic flaw in the pranksters' plans. Good pranks left the pranked-upon stumped and puzzled, but not humiliated.

The prank of the missing chairs conveyed a message. Closeness to pure, raw nature – somewhat tamed and shaped so as to allow the girls access -- would allow all the campers' best qualities to emerge; that was the theory at camp (Van Slyck 2006: 4, 20, 34, 81; Miller 9, 96). Chairs were an awkward reminder of another kind of life, a one-sided, sedentary life spent indoors.

In this instance the scene of the prank is the camp director's office, a place where the camp director sits alone in a structure, under a roof, behind four walls, and shuffles papers or signs checks, when she could be in the nearby forest, not alone, but with friends, enjoying life. Sitting on a chair alone in a structure is a totally un-camp-like activity. Thus the prank – removing the chairs – gently reinforces the camp's value system. The pranksters discovered afterwards that the prank had not caused anyone

harm, not even themselves, although they had to return the furniture, clean up the muddy footprints, and take down the banners they had hung from the ceiling.

Pranks at the camp, never spiteful, could be subtle and even artistic; the transcript that follows in this study's coda describes a very mild and subtle prank the waterfront director played on her own campers. It is worth noting that even the banners hung in the Camp Director's office, with humorous insults written on them, as part of the missing chairs prank, still contained no obscenities; the pranksters – two counselors -- did not cross that line, either.

Pranking as Corrective Action: The Prank of the Missing Chairs

Some pranks might carry the message: "Don't take your own self too seriously. You are just a newcomer in the wilderness, like the rest of us."

See the coda of this study for a discussion of some fine points of the pranking culture or ritual at Camp Koch during the indicated years.

The aftermath of a certain missing-chairs prank played upon the camp director by certain informants for this study, who were counselors at the time – the pranksters sheepishly restored the chairs to the office, took down the balloons and streamers, and

wiped up their muddy tracks, while wondering if their jobs were safe. They had also hung banners with some rude, but not obscene, comments. The Executive Director of Raintree Girl Scout Council, who was visiting that day, was customarily prissy and disapproving, and had never been known to have any sense of humor at all, but the camp director, whose office it was, was a kind, helpful type who had herself been known to play a prank or two. As things turned out, the only penalty the counselor-pranksters had to pay was that of restoring the office to its pre-prank condition.

The aftermath of a group of 13-year-old Girl Scouts – including some of this study's informants – firing their troop leader in 1962, was that, interestingly, the Girl Scout Council let it stand, its executive board citing principles of girl leadership. No one described the girls' action as a prank; they were quite serious. The Girl Scouts in question, along with other members of their existing troop, went over to another troop, whose leader, a college student, was also spending her summers as a counselor at Camp Koch. It might be said that with this coup d'état the camp culture conquered the troop culture in Evansville.

The resulting merged troop attracted a large group of enthusiastic Girl Scouts from various parts of Evansville, in addition to those in the two original troops, rather depleting some other troops. The new troop sent many of its members to international Girl Scouting events and to the national Round-up, a sign of excellence. That troop also

made an album of camp songs, called *Songs We Sing*. The members' parents supported the album project as a fund raiser, as did the Girl Scout council.

VII. Supernatural Pranksters: The Kobolds, Known as Trompy-Tromps

On November 14, 2012, Kit talked about fears at camp, as manifested by the sound-based presence of noisy spirit manifestations, dubbed kobolds by some, known at Camp Koch as Trompy-Tromps, on the camp's edges, trying to get in.

Kit: "Fears I encountered at camp had to do with potential camp invaders. Occasionally we would hear hounds and sometimes the sound of male voices mixed in with the hounds, but never with words. That was why another counselor was convinced that there were men coming down the Jeep road from Breezy [Corner, near the camp's back gate] one night. And I know that Dottie [Kit's assistant unit leader in Woodhaven] was convinced one time that she heard people coming up the cliff at Inspiration Point [located immediately south of Woodhaven unit, overlooking the Ohio River]."

"It was one of the few nights I had taken [time] off and left Dottie as sole counselor [in the unit]. The campers never knew about any of it. The next night after we got the kids to bed we put on long pants and long-sleeved shirts, I got my snake

stick [explained as a long walking staff with a Y-shaped formation at the top, useful for holding snakes down until campers can identify them], and we patrolled the unit. The next day I did a pretty thorough search of the unit area, but found no sign of anybody [from outside] having been there. I wasn't at all sure what I was going to do if I found intruders, but I had my snake stick – no walkie-talkie or anything like that – and I was going to protect my kids. We had been told in pre-camp [training] that sometimes sound changed in odd ways in the woods, and that's where I first heard the name Trompy-Tromps or "Things That Go Bump in the Night."

How unexpected is it, really, when the only major expressed fear or threat in the camp's protective environment is so explainable as a quirk of sound, something that gets distorted in the air or the woods? Were there really men and hounds anywhere around? There is no hunting season in Indiana during the summer. Fall months are the time for that. One other explanation is a manifestation of the Wild Hunt, a mostly-Celtic phenomenon, in which supernatural hunters on horseback swoop through the night skies eternally in search of elusive prey, perhaps people's souls, like the Norse Valkyries or the cowboy legend of the Ghost Riders. William Butler Yeats included it in his poetry collection *The Celtic Twilight* (1893, 1902). It would be a decidedly unsubtle variation if members of the Hunt started tromping around noisily on the ground.

The protectiveness of the camp's culture comes to expression again in Kit's comment that the campers never got to know about any of these kobolds, Trompy-Tromps, household spirits, or sonic quirks. Kit was serious about being willing to confront, if necessary – with the reliable, forked snake stick – any flesh-and-blood intruders she encountered. Sandy, who served in various administrative positions at the camp over the years, including camp director, reports having encountered or trailed occasional real, flesh-and-blood trespassers -- mostly middle-aged men -- during various sessions of Camp Koch, when campers were indeed present, but never found out about the after-dark incursions.

The two major entry points to the camp are the back gate's Jeep road coming in near Breezy Corner, up by Trailblazer, and the camp's front gate, on the highway that follows the Ohio's north bank, between Camp Koch's Lake Bilvador and the Ohio. When sessions changed, back in the days of four 12-day sessions each summer, campers entered and departed by chartered bus at the front gate – near the cliff that went up to Inspiration Point. Girl Scout troops, to go troop camping at Camp Koch on weekends in the off-season, enter by the back gate. Breezy Corner and the Dining Hall parking lot are the two moderately level areas in Main Camp; everything else is sloped; there are a good many sudden drop-offs, hidden cliffs, and the like.

If one considers the camp itself to be an ideal environment for its inhabitants, then the only way for threats to manifest there is in the form of an invasion. This is the vision of Camp Koch in session, in the summer, as a sort of Camelot, an evanescent idyll, tough but fragile at the same time. Its forested slopes are a combination of indigenous woods and new-growth groves covering the farmers' fields they have reclaimed, the very definition of what Van Slyke, the art historian, calls a manufactured wilderness. The woodlands of Camp Koch came to resemble Camelot's legendary greenwood, wild, wondrous and ever-changing.

VIII. Mysticism and the Wild

*Little drop of dew, of dew,
Like a gem you are.
I believe that you
Must have been a star.*

*When the day is light, is light
On the grass you lie.
Tell me, then, at night
Are you in the sky?*

Camp song

Where do the campers and counselors belong in the universe that contains their beloved Camp Koch's cliffs, deep woods, streams, lakes, and caves, but also the bauxite plant 30 miles away, satellites circling overhead at the dawn of the space age, and the highway down below with trucks passing by every day? The camp song "Little Drop of Dew;" follows the progress of a morning dewdrop that reappears in the evening heavens as a star. Or it might do so. Or perhaps it has done so. The song is a question, a question about cosmology. Where do things, animals, and people really belong in the created world?

Informants are unanimous that some rituals stick in the memory and others do not, but instead survive in lists of typical ingredients or elements, rather than as the entirety of an experience. Closing Night ceremonies at Camp Koch stick in the mind, informants say. Detailed descriptions are on tap in their memories; the previous chapter presented one or two examples. Not one informant, all of whom have bright, detailed memories of many happenings at the Camp Koch of 1958-1970, could present more than a list of *kinds* of things that a Scouts' Own *might feature*. Not a single Scouts' Own ceremony stuck out in anyone's mind. Freddie described something she remembered as being a Scouts' Own, but other informants unanimously say it was a

Closing Night. Kit says that a Closing Night is the same idea as Scouts' Own, but it is more emotional.

At the same time informants have stressed repeatedly how important the weekly Scouts' Own, nearly always on Sunday, was at Camp Koch in determining the ethos and general direction of the camp's culture, its spirit and world. Important but not memorable, or not memorable in any detailed, individual way – the odd juxtaposition became intriguing.

Looking at the three ceremonies – Opening Night, Closing Night, and Scouts' Own – it's clear that Opening and Closing Night ceremonies appealed to the emotions. They happened at night, under the stars, around a council fire, or major campfire. Often they took place near the lake or on cliffs overlooking the river. Scenery was dramatic, and after dark, probably mysterious as well. At Opening Night there was emotional intensity, because the campers and counselors anticipated the adventures they would experience; at closing night there was the additional intensity of nostalgia combined with the sweet sadness of farewells and the sense that precious time had fled all too soon. There was also a strong impulse to return to the camp the following summer; all informants expressed it repeatedly.

Was there an element, perhaps not of fear, but of the unknown, in Opening Night and Closing Night rituals? Suspense, uncertainty, or a strong desire to live up to

challenges, might have made the latter ceremonies more memorable. For opening Night -- would campers and counselors rise to the camp's challenges, or just get by? What memories would they take home with them to cherish until the following summer, when they returned? Closing Night might have added an element of apprehension as well. Returning home from camp might not cure the homesickness of some, as it turned out, because they expected that at home they would be homesick for camp. Such campers might not have been in the majority, but they tended to be direction-setters and leaders. Would they be able to live up to their Camp Koch experience in a back-home environment?

What was the story, the plot line, of the three rituals? The major theme of Opening Night was anticipating adventures to come and introducing the members of the camp community to one another; the idea was to brief everyone -- usually by presenting skits -- on the camp's mission and rules to live by. Closing Night featured an aching anticipation of nostalgia for the camp that many campers expected to have or were already experiencing even before they left. Anticipation and nostalgia are emotions that interact deeply with that invisible element in the universe known as time. Opening Night calls for activism, enthusiasm and joyous pursuit of the camp activities to come; Closing Night calls for firm resolve to return the following summer to engage in more adventures, meet more challenges -- known as *fun*. Chapter 7 of this study showed that tranquil, blissful experiences leave far fewer conscious traces than do

emotional extremes, whether joyful, fearful, or sorrowful. Tranquil bliss sinks in deeply, however, rather than simply disappearing, and transforms the person from within, as in Clay's miraculous floating story or her unexpected ability to make a salad. It may contribute to Chapter 7's bike-riding category of memory.

Looking at informants' statements in Chapter 7 it seems clear that at least one kind of forgetting affects primarily positive experiences, which tend to blur together into a cloudy whole, like the world view absorption process that is the result of mentoring, given or received, the third type of memory discussed in that chapter.

Where do the blissful memories go? Informant statements make it clear that they are still around somewhere, but may have moved from the conscious mind to another location, perhaps to the body's constituent fibers and cells, to merge with the ninth category of memory, the bike-riding, kinetic memory. This is the type of memory that shows up in the clarinet player's ability to hold the mouthpiece with the correct embouchure decades after the last time she actually played the clarinet.

Kit: "Camp is a place where I can breathe, really breathe." Breathing is a necessary, basic action of the human body that we normally do not notice. It is below or outside our normal consciousness. Some blissful memories, although they continue to be important, even vital, may not come to one's conscious attention, either, or only in exceptional circumstances.

Humans, upon occasion, need fear, conscious fear, or rage, to defend themselves or others, to take on challenges, or to escape danger. But how long will that impetus toward survival matter if we cannot at some point “breathe, really breathe”? No organism can thrive in a constant state of low-key anxiety, or in full-blown fight-or-flight mode. Down time does not mean slacking off, in this instance, because only the absence of fear, worry, and rage permits playful creativity and the ability to savor all the good things of life. Pleasant or blissful experiences are complete, in that sense; humans have no need to continue to try to cope with them or manage them or learn to live with them in the form of nightmares or nightmarish internal narratives. Bliss, once experienced, however, may settle into some people’s lives on the breathing level of consciousness, the bike-riding level, where its power may emerge only piecemeal, and not on command.

Opening Night’s apprehensions – will I measure up, will I have fun? And Closing Night’s concerns -- will I return, will I be able to keep up this outlook on life, will I see my camp friends again? All these concerns have to do with the phenomenon of time and its relative scarcity and fast pace when pleasant activities are involved.

Scouts’ Own looked neither forward nor back, neither pushed nor pulled the emotions. The strong impetus to fill some major lack or need was never a part of it.

Scouts' Own was about – not the immediate future, not next summer, and certainly not about the past – but about the present.

Informants agree that Scouts' Own was about belonging at camp, about being there. Its major themes were friendship and nature, the wonders of nature. Its poetic readings and songs were about the wilderness, about friendship, and about being. It set the tone for the camp, but indirectly. At Scouts' Own no one announced schedules. No one presented goals for the summer, awarded prizes for activities, or celebrated accomplishments in swimming, camp crafts, or other badge work.

At the same time Scouts' Own was not about a specific religion, not about meditation, not about the right way to live one's life. It was, however, about reverence. In the experience of this study's major informants neither the church services of organized religion nor the campfire songs of other solemn occasions were more devout, more earnestly meant, or more spiritual. Where the other two rituals – Opening Night and Closing Night – were about time anticipated and previous time fleeing all too soon, Scouts' Own had its relationship to time as well.

In the survey completed by many members of the Kochies, a Camp Koch alumnae organization, the results reported in Chapter 3 of this study indicate a somewhat unconventional view of time. A majority of respondents agreed with the statement that "time moves differently at Camp Koch." Some commented that the

camp seemed to function outside of time, or at a rhythm different from that of everyday life elsewhere. Scouts' Own, taking place in the present time, even the present moment, tended to unlock time from objective measurement, even as the afternoon shadows of the trees lengthened. Some informants reported experiences even outside of Scouts' Own in which time seemed to become still, moving a moment's duration into limitlessness. One learned that she could float in the lake effortlessly; another felt the presence of God at her elbow while climbing Camp Koch's paths. A third remarked that "... we were sent."

Beginning in this study's Chapter One occasions involving the spirit, the campers' and counselors' sense of what the world is for, have turned up from on various occasions, starting with the following comments in the Kochies' survey: "There is a peace that comes over me when I enter the gates of Camp Koch;" or another survey response: "Everything from the front gate to the back gate, and east and west, felt like holy ground;" or the timeless stillness Kit reported feeling at her first distant view riverwards from the Dining Hall. She knew there were other people somewhere around – other counselors also there for pre-camp training – but she perceived them only in the vaguest way, because within her something important was happening that did not touch them; it touched only her. In retrospect, in a conversation with the folklorist, she and Clay, although they had never thought about it, declared that singing love songs at the camp was really singing love songs about the camp and to the camp. Judging by

these and many similar statements one might think that any event, song, saying, or activity at Camp Koch in regular session would be a candidate for the kind of mental rehearsal and re-rehearsal, all under the surface of one's consciousness, that Prophet and others reported in chapter 8 of this study, where songs were the topic of discussion. Were rituals and narratives about rituals and memories of rituals fodder for the same kind of continuous rumination and self-programming as the camp songs, all under the surface, down deep where things really count and time moves differently than it does in the fleeting moments of the surface world? This speculation underlines statements in the Kochies' survey responses indicating that Camp Koch in session was another world entirely; troop camping there during the off-season seemed a pale shadow of its summer presence. Time moved differently when the camp was in full session; life was more vivid than it could be in the outside world, according to a number of comments from Kochies and from informants who gave extremely detailed descriptions in this study's preceding chapters.

Even during a summer when most of the Eagle Feather Clan was under the influence of a truly malevolent force, right there at the same camp they had grown to revere, it occurred to none of these campers to ask their parents to take them home early. None of them shirked a task or acted contrary to the camp's world view, even though their perceived adversary seemed to some of them the very embodiment of evil, and seemed to all of them a nearly unbearable irritant. It was precisely during that

summer of conflict that Blue Wells campers climbed to the top of the Well – it has a high cliff and waterfall – to bathe, rest, and tell stories or jokes, or sing songs, in a state of perfect happiness they all can revisit even fifty years later. If blissful memories become part of something else, if they sink into one's personality or one's subconscious, was it only the opposition the sunbathers felt, their defiance of an interloper, and nothing more, that made these good memories specific and vivid? Clay said that Sandy saw, in that very opposition, the Eagle Feather members coming together in solidarity. In this way adversity became a part of the spirit of the separate world they shared there, its very opposition to the campers a cog in the wheel of fate.

IX. Stories, Reality, and the Beyond

On November 6, 1990, prominent folklore scholar W.F.H. Nicolaisen presented the Katharine Briggs Memorial Lecture entitled "The Past as Place: Names, Stories, and the Remembered Self." In it he stressed the relatively equal status of time and place in folktales (fairy tales), a genre known throughout the world down through history and in the present day for its esthetic appeal, for its striking evildoers, some of them supernatural, and for its shining heroes and heroines. This study's Chapter 3 presents Folklorist Vladimir Propp's outline of the plot structure of a folktale, comparing Camp Koch's campers, under the unit system, to folktale heroes. By 1990 scholars had agreed

that folktales did not belong to the flow of history and existed apart from time, or included their own internal time or narrated time. Many folktales begin with the well-known phrase “once upon a time.” Those who enjoy folktales do not expect them to obey the rules of everyday time; they would be disappointed if they did. No one says “once upon a place,” but Nicolaisen set out in the lecture to describe the folktale’s special use of space or place.

Locations in folktales are often at the edge of the known world, or in scarcely explored places, or places just off the map, he maintained. Designations of latitude and longitude have as little relevance to folktale places as calendars have to folktale time. Where do the events of the folktale happen? The answer may be “beyond the beyond.” Folktales are not novels; they are shorter and more economical. They are stingy with descriptions. Episodes of the folktale may contain journeys from one end of the earth to another, or to places not of the earth at all; they are not only sequences of “then” but sequences of “there.” Locations are mysterious or hard to find. Yet they may seem familiar; Nicolaisen maintains that they are versions of the home region, such as the locations in Irish folktales of places that seem characteristic of Ireland, or even the home county within Ireland. A folktale hero may be lost in time, but the element of the tale that demonstrates this has to do with place, the hero’s wandering from place to place.

Nicolaisen goes on to state that personal experience stories by adults regarding their own childhood experiences indicate that their sense of personal identity comes from place, and especially from place-related stories they heard as children (Nicolaisen, W.F.H., "The Past as Place: Names, Stories, and the Remembered Self," *Folklore*, vol. 102:I, 1991, 1 – 13, the Katharine Briggs Memorial Lecture of November 6, 1990).

This lecture by a prominent folklorist reveals, among many other things, the following: 1) that place and time can be interchangeable and/or equally important in wonder tales or folktales, and 2) that adults trace their very identity, their sense of self, to stories of past happenings in places they can describe or name. It also implies that stories heard or learned in childhood tend to stick in the memory better than stories one encounters later in life.

The Rich Bounty of Camp Henry F. Koch for its Acolytes

The gifts campers received from the camp were treasures they shared generously, benefiting their families and friends, the larger society, and the world. Camp Koch's bounty consists of four types of gifts: 1) Gifts of the Human Body, 2) Gifts

of and for Self and Others, 3) Spiritual Gifts, and 4) Gifts of the Reality Playground, defined here as the interplay of multiple realities that entrances or embraces the inhabitants in experiences that seem other-worldly, and that are difficult or impossible to describe or explain.

The Reality Playground is an entry point for mysticism; in this researcher's opinion, based on informants' accounts, such mysticism is not limited to the physical, but exists in physical ways, exists in one's mental processes, but leads to physical things, things much bigger, more enlightening, and more lasting – things able to ennoble the person ruminating or repeating them mentally, to uplift that person, and to expand that person's horizons for the rest of her life (Newman 2003: 26, 29-30).

Mysticism, a form of seeking or uniting with divine forces timelessly, on a special plane of existence (Stoemer-Caysa 1998: 8-10), can take place in various forms and on various occasions, including the semi-conscious replay and mental re-rehearsal of songs, rituals, or stories -- including stories about rituals – all below or leaving only sparse traces in the conscious mind. It adds up to, in some instances, a form of ruminating or meditating repeatedly about something consciously, something in a song or story or remembered action or sequence of events, until that conscious content sinks in deeply at a root level, at a background level, at a semi-instinctive level, and without volition on any conscious level. It's more than the mnemonic device of singing the ABC

song when dealing with alphabetical filing, but it is similar. Like the ABC song this form of repetition is a pathway to something spiritual. Medieval scholar Barbara Newman found predictable path to mysticism, to a spiritual union with divine forces; devout Christians in the European High Middle Ages, as some still do today, intoned or repeated Bible verses over and over, using a kind of sonic route to the divine destination or encounter (Newman 2003: 30). Prophet remarked in this study's chapter 8 that a certain song – "Ho, Young Rider, Apple-Cheeked One" -- stayed with her and surfaced rhythmically when she was walking in gravel. She said it summed up for her all the important things in life. It is with her today, quite a few years later.

These definitions – of mysticism as a form of spirituality well known for millennia, of mysticism as a form of merger or alliance with divine powers – an activity nearly always subject to repression, whose practitioners down through history suffered persecution and had to pass on their knowledge only by oral transmission – will become important in retrospect, because this study will point out its presence in various narratives already included here.

Nature is surely a divine power. In the European Middle Ages there was a Goddess Natura, a form of the One God worshipped by Christians of those centuries, a form of the Biblical God who represented for them the entity contemporary Americans refer to as Mother Nature (Newman 2003: 135 ff). For a schematic detailing the

categories of Camp Koch's bounty, its treasures liberally distributed among the campers and counselors and other inhabitants, see the appendix of this study.

Categories #1, the human body, and #3, the Reality Playground, come together in the discussion that follows, because of the physical as well as mental and metaphysical characteristics of trance states. Mysticism, the search for union with God or godlike entities or forces during one's human lifetime, a search that countless mystics have pursued with greater or lesser success throughout history, reveals itself in a large variety of reported experiences.

About the relative credibility or reliability of personal experience narratives there is a certain degree of consensus among medievalists, who sometimes do research having to do with the methods and practices of mystics. While unorthodox and certainly unusual – sometimes even startling – the perceived experiences of mystics may stem from the human mind's entry into the Reality Playground via repeated words – in the Middle Ages often Bible verses and at Camp Koch often the words of songs, words that describe the camp's rituals, or words recounting camp-based personal experience narratives, including stories told to oneself of previous trance or trance-like states. Repetition, excitement, and the kind of intensely emotional group trance state sociologist Emile Durkheim refers to as effervescence (Durkheim 1915: 226) fit easily into this category as well.

Is the mystic experience a form of light trance state, the sort of high emotion and exuberance brought on by such things as crucial moments at sports events or musical performances, when fans seem almost out of themselves with joy or suspense? It is a common thing, mystics say, for blissful experiences to leave the personal, individual self out of the equation. On the other hand, only a form of self-aggrandizement or uppityness – some might call it defiance -- can bolster a would-be mystic's confidence enough for her to attempt the mystic union experience in the first place.

Durkheim reported that what he termed effervescence had the capacity to connect religion with a kind of delirium, an alternate state of consciousness; informants for this study report having believed that upon entering the camp they had entered an entirely different world than the one they usually saw around them. Another useful analogy that might be useful is Aristotle's fear and pity, mentioned in his *Poetics* (Book VI) as the technique that makes tragedy effective, the same fear and pity that make audience members feel with and for the afflicted hero of tragedy in a process called identification. They identify with the hero; they feel they have in a way united themselves with that other person, or become him. Brian Sturm's story listeners – described in a subsequent section of this study -- reported similar impressions and experiences during their story-listening trance experiences. Feeling as if one has become someone else, experiencing that person's trials and triumphs, and feeling as if

one were that person, emotionally -- this packs a terrific punch. It is not something one forgets lightly. Informants report that their similar or related experiences have remained indelibly with them for decades in memory. It is interesting to note that Aristotle considered the fear and pity experience to be a healing technique, to purge humans of negative psychic matter and free them to lead peaceful lives. In Book VI he remarks that "tragedy, in the form of action...effects the proper purgation of the emotions." Here it may be appropriate to mention once more the simultaneously adored and hated song "Magalena Hagalena" that figures in this study's chapter 2, and its possible effect on young campers trying to become strong in order to live up to challenges at camp, possibly for the first time.

The focus on the Reality Playground that follows here does not disparage the social, spiritual, or physical aspects of Camp Koch's gifts, but rather takes up what informants have come to think of as the undefinable or indescribable aspects, the magical center of the camp's inner life, and their own.

Trance states, as defined by folklorist Brian Sturm and the psychologists he cited in his groundbreaking essay, "The Storylistening Trance Experience" (Sturm 2000: 288), have physical aspects such as pupil dilation, slower blink and swallow rhythms, shallower and slower breathing, and lack of bodily movement. Other aspects reportedly include flattened cheeks and pale skin. Psychological aspects include,

according to at least one pre-eminent researcher, changes in how one perceives reality, a conscious movement into a realm where the images of the mind predominate, and changes in perception such that one becomes aware of one's own unawareness of certain things of the everyday world and one's heightened attention to and awareness of other things. Sturm provides findings of relevant scientists and researchers; in a trance state a person 1) accepts imaginary phenomena in place of what the senses perceive, 2) suspends reality testing, 3) focuses his or her attention, 4) intentionally divides normal consciousness into channels, 5) takes on a passive, open, child-like state of mind, 6) and forms a conscious allegiance to another reality. In hypnosis this can go so far as to allow for the entranced person to adopt a different identity, to consider that he or she has become someone else. People who have entered into trance states lose track of time, place, their own past, and other mainstays of everyday life. Some compare it to a waking dream, an experience essentially out of their control.

Informants for this present study have reported no physical effects such as Sturm mentioned in his study, but the otherworldliness he mentions is a primary feature of the Camp Koch experience of every informant and many if not all the respondents to the Kochie survey. Why else would an informant be able to describe in intense detail, not only the view from the Dining Hall toward the Ohio River 54 years later, but also the lakeside willow tree that has been gone for more than two decades? The informant was looking at pictures in her mind, not in a photo album, just as

informants in general do not use song sheets, but summon up the songs, melodies, harmonies, rhythms, and words, from somewhere deep inside, where important things do not get lost, but rather, preserved. It is not a big step to conclude that memories of rituals and of stories about rituals live there, too.

Instances of Trance-related Mysticism Reported at Camp

In this study's first chapter there is Camp Koch's inoculation effect, as reported by Kit, in the second the process of identification that draws campers away from their old, fragile selves and into new, tougher identities suitable to the higher, sharper, more demanding requirements of Camp Koch. In the third it's the process of creative confusion in which the campers adopt – through a mentoring form of memory – the college student culture of their counselors. In the fourth chapter it's a kind of call of the wild places that stimulates the creation of art and craft objects to make longer stays in those places comfortable and to recreate their atmosphere even in citified locations. In the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters it's a form of group solidarity that is both protective and uplifting. In the eighth chapter it is the otherworldly realm of music, mysterious and powerful, leading the way. Later on in the study there are additional experiences, equally hard to pin down or observe under controlled conditions, as a modern-day scientist would do, because they have become the fabric of being of those who harbor and embrace them; they have merged with the people so

thoroughly as to have become inseparable, difficult to delineate, and perhaps even more powerful because of this, and more transcendent. These experiences observably – to the members of these groups – transcend time and physical space, identity, and personal boundaries. Those who opt in become new, shining new, like the determined but confused Clay, who tossed someone else's life as starting on that day. Sandy, bearing the heavy responsibilities of Camp Director, found a ledge near the waterfront where she could escape for a bit while remaining alert and responsive to her job's demands; she does not remember what she did there, only what she did not do.

Narrative researcher Brian Sturm worried, in fact, that if a true trance state existed in people listening to stories, they might lack all memory of their story listening experience, and hence be unable to describe or characterize it. For the 22 people he interviewed for his study, however, this was not the case. Some even remembered losing track of memories. His subjects were people from various walks of life, adults and adolescents, who attended storytelling sessions, some taking place on their own, others taking place as part of festivals, in the Midwest in 1999. He transcribed the audio recordings he made of the informants' responses and grouped them into categories.

Sturm's work on the trance aspects of listening to stories was groundbreaking. It stood in opposition to many theories that creative arts, to be real art, had to be nonfunctional, i.e. useless, or that appreciation and consumption of

narrative and other arts was mostly passive. As for Sturm's findings, the following quote sums them up: "... people who listen to stories can undergo a profound change in their experience of reality. [For them] the normal waking state of consciousness alters dramatically as the story takes on a new dimension; listeners ... experience the story with remarkable immediacy, engaging in the story's plot and with the story's characters, and they may enter an altered state of consciousness" Story listeners, once they enter into the story experience in trance, tend to become active participants in various facets of the story listening experience, and may even enjoy the experience of vicarious participation, not because it is vicarious, but because it seems so real, i.e. seems to be happening to them.

Sturm, relying on the latest, most highly regarded research available, defines trance as 1) loss of one's ability to determine whether or not something is happening, 2) ... loss of voluntary bodily motion, 3) disassociation from the immediate physical environment, 4) reliving earlier life events, 5) lacking a sense of the sensory stimuli that are present and reacting to sensory stimuli that are not present in the objective world, and/or 6) time distortion as a result of cognitive disassociation from the same flow of time reported by a non-affected, non-entranced observer. With the possible exception of the last criterion, all the above are negative definitions. They define what the trance state lacks, not what it contains or offers.

Negative definitions often enter into attempts to explain something people do not understand how to approach in any other way. Mystic theorists, for example, provide the following negative definition, attributed to a 4th century Greek resident of Asia Minor and Neoplatonist of unknown identity, today called Pseudo-Dionysius the Areopagite; the word *pseudo* indicates that he assumed the identity of Dionysius as his pen name, to conceal his real identity. The definition, which functioned like a puzzle: “God is nothing.” There is a key to the puzzle and to the meaning of this statement, which does not insult or demean God at all. If God is the Creator of all **things**, of the entire cosmos, then it follows that, unless one wishes to contemplate the conceptual paradox of God creating Himself, then God is **not a thing**, not a **created thing**. What is the word used for **not-a-thing**? *Nothing*, in English we use the word *nothing*. A Creator God, who created all, cannot be a created thing, therefore, in that sense God is nothing, eternally separate from His Creation, separate because of being transcendent.

Examples of negative or apophatic discourse, according to Michael Sells (Sells 1994: 1-13) exist throughout this study’s quoted stories or other accounts – Sandy, for example, used them repeatedly in describing her rocky ledge hideout at the camp. There she could remain, while **never** losing track as camp director, **never** losing her vigilance regarding happenings in the camp.

Negative definitions became a characteristic of mystic texts, because the experiences themselves were difficult or impossible to describe (Ibid.). Trance states in particular are difficult to delineate in words. Parables work better. This does not mean that the phenomenon of mysticism does not exist, or that the word *mysticism* means fuzzy reasoning or sloppy logic or imprecision in some sense. Mysticism centers on one impulse, one action – to attempt a union with the divine, or with divine forces. In the Latin Middle Ages they called it the *unio mystica*. Its definition is specific. It has to do with reality and cosmology, with the composition of the universe. Many words used to describe complex phenomena are difficult to define using simple terms – black holes would be one. Mysticism is relatively easy to define.

Kit: “Some of us always mispronounced the sign at the front gate of Camp Koch, CAMP ENTRANCE, so as to accent the second syllable of the second word. That was the camp for us, a place that entranced us.” Certain songs of the camp created the impression that a different form of reality, although not a trance state, not exactly, prevailed there. Smith reminds readers in this study’s first chapter that the wilderness environment of camping makes for a hyper-reality, a heightened awareness, a reality that seems more real and more vivid than one’s ordinary, everyday reality.

Singing, like a trance state, involves both mental and physical processes; it may also set up a number of trance-like changes in consciousness. The repeated

melodies, harmonies, rhythms, and words form a kind of protective barrier against other, possibly contrary notions, such as self-pity, worry, and fear. In their place the process of singing a song may set up a form of self-programming to emphasize certain values expressed in the act of singing – such as group belonging and solidarity – and the song’s overall message as expressed in its lyrics, in certain other musical elements – major or minor key, for example -- and in the singers’ awareness of the song’s context, most notably the occasions when they had sung the song before.

Sturm’s story-listening informants reported their trance experiences in overwhelmingly positive terms. Some felt they had become part of the story they were hearing, or that the story was happening all around them, and that this was a good thing. Some reported feeling like an observer, others like a character in the story. The story took on a form of hyper-reality for some, a more vivid form of being, according to one informant who said, “It’s not flat, like TV, [instead the story’s events] are real.” Others said the storyteller made the story come alive. “It’s the actual living of the images,” said one. “It made you feel like you were really there,” was another response. Some reported that they had gone beyond the role of witness on the spot to take on the role of one of the characters in the story and interact with the other characters in the plot’s events. Time slowed. They lost track of where their bodies were, or what their bodies were doing in the room with the storyteller. Some were capable of identifying with a specific story character, while continuing to be aware of their own separate

identity. None described the experience as a loss of anything whatsoever; for them the trance-like condition or state of being was the reason for attending the storytelling sessions in the first place, i.e. an experience that attracted them. Some described it as more real than their everyday reality, more vivid, more appealing.

Most important for the research regarding Camp Koch, perhaps, is the presumption basic to all the descriptions Sturm's informants gave of their experiences; the story listeners he talked to – all older adolescents or adults, by the way -- preferred to live in the constructed world of the story characters. They attended storytelling events and festivals for that specific purpose. The trance experience was the highlight of their day, week, perhaps even year. They wanted to live only there, to experience the trance-like state as much as possible for as long as possible. In a sense, like Camp Koch's campers, they lived vividly, fully, only there, in the images that drew them ever farther in. At this point one might think of the missing link in the song "Magalena Hagalena," regarding what happened when the ten ton truck hit that cheerful and gigantic little girl. The singers had to supply that link, resolve the mystery, in their own minds, because the song's lyrics mention only the result of the encounter. They do not describe the collision, not at all.

Chapter 1: "We were in a time bubble ..." of sublime peace and content, on sacred ground at the camp. Perceptions were super-powered. An informant said that

after 24 hours at the camp she could “see” the source of the forest sounds around her, even in the most Stygian darkness, no matter whether the source was animal or atmospheric. Healing and protection, true safety, were there, as in the inoculation effect. These are instances of mysticism, of experiencing another world or another of the daily world’s dimensions.

Kit’s first view, from the Dining Hall overlook, toward the camp’s hills and the Ohio River to the south, included the kind of trance that slowed the passage of time and blurred and obscured the presence of other people, while revealing the vista in a memorable glow. For her the world stopped then, for a while, and, she reports, has never been quite the same world since then. From the Kochie Survey, as reported in chapter 1: “There is a peace that comes over me when I enter the gates of Camp Koch” and “Everything from the front gate to the back gate, and east and west, felt like sacred ground.” Also “at first I used a flashlight, then I learned to see in the dark” and “time moves differently at camp.” Those who had these and similar experiences did not label them as mystical.

Also in the first chapter comes the insight that singing love songs at the camp was really singing love songs to the camp or in praise of the camp, personifying the camp as an entity, a fellow being, known to at least one informant as the “Great Green Girl Scout Goddess.” No one identified this experience as mystical.

Camp Koch's inoculation effect, also reported by Smeady, also in Chapter 1, amounted to a theory that the camp changed some people forever, changed them into better versions of themselves, into the selves they admired or wished to become. The transformations, prominent in every member of the interlocking friendship groups of this study, have lasted for all the decades of their lives. Most of these informants are now moving into retirement age, or have already arrived there. No one labeled this effect as mystical.

The central fact of Chapter 2, omitted in the song "Magalena Hagalena," is the thing that happened when the ten-ton truck – a symbol of technology – hit Magalena. The result of the collision remains unspecified in the song, but the song's message is a sassy paean of joy at Magalena's survival, evidently completely unscathed. It works vicariously; this phenomenon might not show up under scientifically controlled observation, but everyone concurred that it exists. No one feels neutral about it. No one considered it to be a facet of mysticism.

Sandy, in the second chapter, talks about the separate way of life at camp, and its closeness to Nature. Another informant reports her mailbox dream and its daily transitions seemingly from one space-time continuum to another, truly a playground for multiple realities. Clay's Ugly Duckling story and Amy's broken arm story, along with Kit's tale of leadership on the hop, bring out the notion that Camp

Koch was the antidote to fear and anxiety. Clay went through a healing process, but forgot it somehow. Kit's remark – "At camp I could do anything; in that sense I didn't have limits" fits right in. Protection and healing were there; this group of campers, my informants, found them there. No one identified a specific cause for this phenomenon. No one identified it as mysticism.

In the third chapter Sandy, while discussing the topic of camp names, remarked that in her opinion people who had camp names at camp were real people with real names in the world outside of camp. This remark leaves unsaid – but at its base – the observation that camp reality is not the same as the regular reality outside its borders. Sandy also named the protective supernatural figure she considered to be in charge of the camp and its functions and its culture – the Great Green Girl Scout Goddess, a divine force or being. She did not label this belief as mysticism. For her it was simple fact.

In the fourth chapter of this study Lord Baden-Powell, founder of the Scouting movement, proclaims: "[At camp] you realize perhaps for the first time the enormous work of God." This fits well with Meister Eckhart, the 13th century mystic and theologian, who said, among many, many other things, "God creates the world right now, all at once, anew ... God creates in the innermost of the [individual human] soul." Individual human informants for this research, including Smeady and David C.

- who is a Boy Scout - said such things (in this study's Chapter Five) as "Camp Pahoka [the Boy Scout camp] was a refuge from all bad things," or "Being at camp renews the spirit. At camp you are safe, and this gives a cannon shot of energy" or "Camp allows a direct experience of God in nature." The emphasis on camp craft skills and creativeness rests on the proposition that being there, at the camp, and perhaps farther into its wilderness setting, for longer periods of time, is the reason for acquiring them, because it is a particularly desirable form of being, existing. A staffman [camp counselor] at Camp Keewaydin told Michael Eisner: "It's not a camp, it's a way of life." Kit, when asked if the camp experience was more like an occupation or a religion, said: "More than both put together, and bigger; it's a way of life." None of the informants or quoted individuals identified these notions as mysticism.

Mysticism exists whether or not someone defines it as such. It is an attempt to unite with God or with divine forces while one is still alive, temporarily or permanently, whether or not that attempt is successful (Stoermer-Caysa 1998:9). Mysticism is not new. Some of the most eloquent mystics in the High Middle Ages in Europe and the Near East used dialogues or imagined encounters to express their experiences. Using mythic figures to portray various sides of their deity's manifestation, they created these narrative or dramatic expressions in words as recruiting tools. If there were songs, only their lyrics remain. Mysticism has a huge drawing power for some people, as the storylistening trance does for those who

experience it. On the other hand, established authorities of the world in collaboration with the world's religious authorities, have often, down through history, considered mysticism to be dangerous precisely because of its power to attract followers. Mystics follow their own path. They do not necessarily adhere to church doctrine. Government and church authorities have arrested mystics, imprisoned them, tortured them, and burned them at the stake.

The Damascus-based 13th century cosmographer-mystic Zakariyya Al-Qazwini (Giese 1998: 9-17) divided humans into categories, upward from bestial humans to angel-like ones. Animal-like humans, he observed, typically are greedy for sensory pleasures such as eating, drinking, trivial entertainment or games, and sexual and other thrills; they fight with each other about animalistic concerns, such as precedence and power in a group or coveted objects. Angel-like humans, however, "... in their pure essence ... have access to the spiritual world; its joys and blessedness are dear to them."

Being in the wilderness, considered in this way, seems to involve a special form of being, something difficult to describe in words, something sublimely superior to a reality limited to objects in a materialistic world. One might consider the camp as the pathway upward and outward from Plato's allegorical cave, where prisoners sit confined and chained, trying to interpret chaotic, echoing sounds and flickering

shadows scurrying across the walls, fettered by the limitations of their five senses. When Woodhaven campers have set up camp in primitive conditions at Fox Ridge, according to Kit, one of their primary recreational activities was “exploring around the area.” They have fun by locating and visiting sites even more challenging than their chosen outpost – the joy of moving ever deeper into the forest seems to be the theme here.

Camp Koch and the no-win scenario: To save a space ship’s crew in distress, or to leave the ship to perish and take up the battle with powerful enemy forces that are closing in – this is the scenario of the Starship Academy training simulation *Kobayashi maru*, which figured in the Hollywood movie *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*. It is a true no-win scenario: the computer has the ability to cheat to force the test-taker into losing the battle, no matter which choice he or she makes. The scenario is not about winning; it is about the test-taker’s character.

The only way to win, as two exemplary characters in the Star Trek universe demonstrate, is to move the field of play to an alternate form of reality. One of the film’s heroes, a cadet at the time, created a winning scenario by reprogramming the computer. Another, as a seasoned professional, sacrificed neither his own vessel, nor the imperiled other ship, nor anyone else: he made crucial repairs to his own vessel’s power core at the cost of his life. The film’s dialogue refers to this action, besides being

heroic, as “winning” the *Kobayashi maru*. In a no-win scenario you cannot win unless you transcend the scenario’s basic assumptions, its conceptual parameters. It is for this reason, perhaps, that business schools have taken up the phrase in a higher education context (Okuda 1982: 161); they wish to encourage business students to be original thinkers, to devise unconventional tactics and solutions. Theologically and philosophically speaking, of course, there are ultimately no winners in the game of life, either; life is the ultimate *Kobayashi maru* in the sense that everybody dies at the end. The only way humans can win such a game is to transcend the reality of death, i.e. remove death as part of their consciousness and move on as living entities to another realm of existence, in another form of reality some may call the afterlife and others may call heaven. One pathway to such transcendence is a practice known as mysticism.

Camp Koch’s campers, those who experienced the camp as their ideal habitat, their home, faced lesser no-win scenarios nearly every day they spent in any non-camp environment. In their social world of 1958-1970 they did not fit in – they were competent, but not cute; kind and caring, but not flirtatious; some reported that they slid ghostlike through events that might have included them, in contexts they were constitutionally incapable of accepting, such as homecoming queen competitions. The shallow promises they would have to make to run for Student Council, in another example, stood in sharp contrast to the serious, lifelong promises and commitments they made as Girl Scouts and particularly at Camp Koch.

Basic elements of Camp Koch resembled the world they had come from, back with their parents, in school, and in the neighborhood, but they took shape in a new context, a context that liberated and empowered the girls, allowing contact with supernatural or divine forces every day. Camp Koch was for them not just a change of scene, but rather, an alternate universe. These informants felt they lived, really lived, only there. The difference between them and the story listeners in Sturm's research is that they struggled methodically, pragmatically, all their lives to bring as much as they could of the camp's world, the camp's bounty, and the camp's values into the reality they experienced outside its borders. Their biographies show that all were activists, but also true pragmatists in that they chose their battles, their challenges, carefully before undertaking them (Meyer/Paramount Pictures 1982; Okuda, Okuda, Drexler, and Mirek: "Kobayashi Maru" in *Star Trek Encyclopedia: A Reference Guide to the Future*. New York: Pocket Books, 1994: 161.)

Kit's feeling of being herself limitlessly at camp – an expansion of scale and dimension – brings to mind concepts found in C. S. Lewis's book *The Great Divorce*, in which heaven is macrocosmically bigger, sharper, and harder than the trivial realities on earth or in hell, also known as the Grey City (Lewis (1946) 1973:28). It's interesting, but not very surprising, that for Lewis heaven was a natural countryside and hell was a city. This is the late Victorian value system, the same one that initiated the summer

camp movement in the United States in the late 19th century, as Van Slyck described it (see this study's chapter 3).

Tiny violets growing in a meadow in heaven, according to C.S. Lewis in his 1946 book *The Great Divorce*, were as hard as diamonds. Grass growing there was impossible to bend, but green and lush looking. Raindrops went right through a person, causing a brief disturbance in the molecules of the body, but continuing right through to the ground. Heaven turned out to have plenty of challenges for its immigrants. Humans who had been there a while, and had made efforts to acculturate, became more solid, less susceptible to heaven's bigger, sharper, harder concreteness. As soon as the newly arrived human spirits had toughened themselves up to inhabit the area where they had arrived, their highest desire, their brightest joy, according to Lewis, was to move into the mountains, ever farther up and in, where additional challenges awaited them. This is a close parallel with the Fox Ridge experience of 13-year-old girls at Camp Koch, as Kit describes it. The informants' lives after Camp Koch exemplify this concept – bigger, sharper, harder – it relates directly to Camp Koch experiences. Clearly the concept of a challenge as “fun,” something to be tackled in sheer joy and for the thrill of accomplishment, is at the heart of their post-camp way of life. Some informants would dispute this use of the term “post-camp way of life;” they say in their hearts they still live at the camp, their spiritual home.

Smeady: “The important thing about camp crafts is the difference in yourself.” Sandy added: “Nothing works at camp by top-down authority. What works there happens through bonding.” Smith, the enthusiastic camp expert, remarked (see Chapter 1) that campers usually say that the forest is the true, vivid reality and the rest of the world seems like a fantasy. This was, in this study’s first chapter, Smith’s reaction to Michael Eisner’s comment assuming that summer camp had a different kind of reality; Eisner said that the camp experience was the fantasy, however. For camp researcher Smith it’s the interplay of realities that makes the difference, not speculation about the comparative realness of those realities.

Smith’s comment led the researcher to create the category “Reality Playground” some aspects of this study. The Roman historian Tacitus, as well as Plato, figure among the ancients who accepted the “Reality Playground” side of things; he wrote in his Latin classic *Germania* that the Germanic tribes going up against Roman armies thought it an evil act to confine their gods to mere buildings made by humans, and hence unfitting for the mystery and majesty of their presence. Instead the tribes planted groves, sacred groves of trees, a special-purpose home for their gods, better than any building, possibly because the forest does nothing to confine one’s spirit (Tacitus, in Ellis Davidson 1988: 16).

What the Reality Playground excludes seems just as important, if not more important, than what it includes. Fear, insecurity, panic, even worry or isolation seem not to thrive there. At Camp Koch such harmful things did not occur, did not seem to belong to the experience, at least not for the veterans of at least three summers, the ones Kit thought would have had the benefit of the inoculation effect. The Ugly Duckling story and its epilogue, in which the camper, who lost her fear of water, discovered she had a natural gift of buoyancy, reveals this side of it. Trusting the water, the camper discovered a transcendent power within herself. Fearful at the falling of psychic walls, a kind of solitary confinement she and her fears had constructed over her short lifetime, she committed a violent act, a proxy rejection, jettisoning someone else's laundry bag. After that her healing from something resembling Asperger's Syndrome began its slow but sure progress toward a future of living fully, without stinting.

Amy, in her broken arm story, leaves the listener with the impression that it was the camp itself that rescued, healed, comforted, and educated her. She never thought of asking her parents, when they visited the camp, to take her home. She was eleven years old. Amy told the researcher she often felt God's presence at her elbow when climbing the hills of Camp Koch. Kit, when she led a group of 13-year-old campers into unexplored territory at the camp, followed the ridge; she led them without a compass. When she marked a tree, so that the group could find its way back to Main Camp, she tied a strip of cloth around it, rather than blazing it with a hatchet stroke.

Harming the forest, or imposing on it in any way that would scar it, seemed unthinkable.

Informants say that in their first Blue Wells summer, the summer after their blissful and educational Woodhaven experience, in spite of the Blue Wells unit leader's malevolent, surly, ignorant attitude, they never even thought of asking their parents to take them home from camp. Instead they chose their own unit leader from among them, their fellow camper Sandy, although they did this pragmatically and by consensus, without taking a vote, and limited their contact with Badger to the bare minimum. Sandy compared the situation to that of a home invasion – you don't leave if some intruder invades your home – you let it be up to the trespasser to get out, if you can't force the person out. And if that doesn't happen, then you carry on with the things you have to do and ignore the intruder. As a result those sessions at Blue Wells were as blissful and productive as others had been, and as an added bonus, inspired the creation of the Eagle Feather Clan in solidarity against a common enemy – the intruder, Badger.

The changing flow of causality in the cosmos – one of the other effects of the Reality Playground – brought about some of the following: 1) when you sing a song for rain, you get rain, 2) when you sing a song to help the campfire burn, it burns, and 3) when you sing a song to summon a genie – in this case Kit – the genie shows up. Just as

the basics of breathing, the body's balance, and the walker's gait change in the camp's reality, so also do such things as laughing – Smeady: “Even now I laugh ... a different kind of laughing, only with camp friends; ... I want to go back and stay there. ... I felt truly alive only there... I spent the rest of the year trying to get back there.” Prophet's dream predicting Penny's auto accident and broken arm, although it occurred far from camp, belongs to the Reality Playground as well, because Prophet lived at the camp in her heart, all the time, and most likely still does so today. The informants clearly used their gatherings, and continue to use them, as mnemonic devices to renew the camp experiences, revisit them, re-experience them.

When a hypnotherapist asked a certain 55-year-old pre-surgery Eagle Feather member, under trance, to go to her safe place, she found herself instantly in the woods outside Blue Wells the summer of Badger, an odd choice for the sake of safety, unless Sandy and the other campers had actually succeeded in making Badger, their unit leader in name only, entirely irrelevant during the time they spent there. The Blue Wells campers subverted the camp's authority system by transforming it from within, in the process forcing that system to adhere more closely to the ideals and aims of the camp's planners than it could have done with Badger at the helm. What was the effect of the informant's unexpected visit to the woods outside Blue Wells in trance? It resulted in marvelous success in coping with major surgery, recovery, and a good many

other aspects of life and health afterwards. Transcendence, persistence, and pragmatic tactics are the hallmarks of this particular solution to a no-win scenario.

This study's eighth chapter provides examples of how songs other than "Magalena Hagalena" transformed reality, or opened the door to better, more fulfilling, and more vivid realities.

By now the divergent flow of time and space and causality and consciousness at the camp has become clear. The cosmos and its processes of causality flow differently at the camp. If you live in an environment of miracles, of course, you become accustomed to miracles as your daily fare; returning to less inspiring locations, such as home or school, can bring a shock. Freddie: "Camp was ... a place of peace. I could go within me, even if hiking, singing ... my essence among the trees. My very being ... I don't think you feel that way very often. I believe there are special spots on the earth, holy spots on this planet. ... We were directed [we surpassed ourselves]."

Kit: "The bond between the girls and each other and the girls and Nature – the ceremony of Scouts' Own celebrates it, but does not create it. It is already there ... If you have been to camp before, it's ... like a wedding anniversary, or a reaffirmation of vows. ... no one has to leave after Scouts' Own – it isn't like a Closing Night ceremony. Everyone is already at home. Nonchalance is a reason all those memories of peace and bliss end up blended together. If you live in miracles ... you live on a higher scale. ...

the true nature of the experience was impossible to express. To describe it to someone who had never experienced it – there were no words. To talk about it to someone who had experienced it, hardly any words were necessary.”

Regarding that particular area of the Reality Playground where things seem familiar, but exalted, vivid, true, and *bigger, sharper, and harder*:

“Before me green slopes made a wide amphitheater enclosing a frothy and pulsating lake into which, over many-coloured rocks a waterfall was pouring. Here once again I realised that something had happened to my senses so that they were now receiving impressions which would normally exceed their capacity. On earth, such a waterfall could not have been perceived at all, as a whole: it was too big. Its sound would have been a terror in the woods for twenty miles. Here, after the first shock, my sensibility “took” both. The noise, though gigantic, was like a giant’s laughter, like the revelry of a whole college of giants together laughing, dancing, singing, roaring at their high works. Near the place where the fall plunged into the lake there grew a tree. Wet with the spray, half-veiled in foam-bows, flashing with the bright, innumerable birds that flew among its branches, it rose in many shapes of billowing foliage, huge as a ... cloud. From every point apples of gold gleamed through the trees.” (Lewis (1946) 1973: 49)

The Niche below the Camp Director’s Tent

At Camp Koch everyone but the camp nurse and the camp ranger lives in a tent, including the Camp Director. Sandy, who served as Camp Director for two

summers, reported that she found a niche near her tent useful, because it enabled her to stay in contact with ongoing events, monitor the waterfront, the Staff House, and the Front Gate, and at the same time remain where she could rest to some degree from her perpetual attention to duty.

“The Camp Director’s tent sits on a bluff on the west shore of the lake, above and south of the Staff House. ... “It’s a little ledge underneath the bluff, the bluff that the tent stands on, so that to arrive there from the tent would be possible, but would require rappelling. I didn’t go that way. A little inlet in the lake used to be in front of it, now silted in. Access from below was muddy. Access from the Camp Director’s tent – above – was not really possible. To find it you go out the east door of the Staff House, then along the lake path, and around a curve. It’s not easily accessible from anywhere. It’s not even easy to see the way that would get you there.”

“I liked it because there was next to nowhere, any time, where I could walk away from what was going on. This was the only place. Constantly there were people with questions, issues. What I wanted was quiet time, but even if they thought I was out of communication, from that place I could see the Staff House, the swim dock, and the boating dock. I could kind of see the parking area by the Front Gate, or cars entering the camp and climbing the Dining Hall hill [over on the other side, the east side, of the lake]. I could keep my finger on the pulse of Main Camp – and even hear

major noises up in the units when it was quiet, especially in Woodhaven, which was close overhead. But I was out of the flow as far as others were concerned.”

“Depending on circumstances I used the ledge for alertness or rest, but most often for both. It didn’t lend its rocky self to cushy naps. Some people knew about it. As camp director you are on duty all the time. There is never a moment to do anything else. There was no way I could manage to take rest time on the ledge every day. Things got out of control, and that was it. I liked to be there in the afternoon, whenever I could get away. It was an escape place. What did I do to rest? I don’t remember specifically anything. Just being there was enough.”

“There was peace on one hand, control on the other. I could know that everything was going well around me while I wasn’t part of it. I could direct my attention to high risk factors – swim dock, Staff House, boat dock. Campers had swimming and boating sessions every day, unit by unit. [With four units in Main Camp and about 24 campers in each, swimming and boating instruction would have consumed the waterfront staff’s eight-hour day completely, from beginning to end.] If I was there I was still on the job but taking a mental break. I didn’t make a big deal out of being there; I had no intention of spying on waterfront staff. I was separate from activities, uninvolved. I could observe, but without being included. If it had been the

other side of the lake, I wouldn't have had the right perspective. Above all I was not abandoning duty, not losing track."

"What I did to rest there – it's hard to identify. I wasn't napping, wasn't making decisions, wasn't referring staff members to other staff members, wasn't tracking down staff, and wasn't locating missing objects or papers."

"I think most of all I could dump bad mind clutter. Is it okay to decide not to decide, or to delegate authority? I didn't need paper and pencil to do that kind of thing. Things I could hear – a telephone ringing in the Dining Hall or Infirmary -- I could make a guess as to who was phoning. And some sounds came through, things I could hear even when the sound was coming from Hilltop [the farthest Main Camp unit from the ledge]. Added to the camp sounds there was also barge traffic, road traffic, or the sound it made when somebody's boat hit the bridge [during boating practice on the lake]. I could also hear conversations at the Staff House or someone talking on the phone in the camp office."

"I felt truly above it all, keeping track of everything in Main Camp, hearing everything, and situated right below Woodhaven or Pioneer units. It was a protective perception, my way to rest and protect. We were always marginal on staff coverage – thin staffing to skeletal – so with even one person completely out of the loop, it was likely others had no back-up in case a kid got hurt and a staff member had to escort her

to the nurse or to the hospital. That left kids and staff in jeopardy. Not all day every day did we have that, but on some days no staff could leave camp. It was a mathematical calculation as well."

"Presence and awareness – I don't know what the rest of the brain was doing. It was a time of getting up early, working hard, and getting to bed late, day after day. So I needed rest. I averaged five hours of sleep a night, risking fog on the brain."

Wilderness mysticism is a topic of research, perhaps more now than at any time since the late 19th century. The ecology movement gave it some impetus, and the wilderness challenge/therapeutic approach, including such movements as Outward Bound and wilderness therapy for women, gave it more emphasis still. The basic assumption, however, has not changed since its inception in the early nineteenth century; it is that some unknown process is at work to make nearly any contact with true wilderness ennobling, enriching, and healing for the human body and mind. The following quote illustrates this:

"We can never have enough of nature. We must be refreshed by the sight of inexhaustible vigor, vast and titanic features, the sea-coast with its wrecks, the wilderness with its living and its decaying trees, the thundercloud rain which lasts three weeks and produces freshets. We need to witness our own limits transgressed,

and some life pasturing freely where we never wander” (Henry David Thoreau, born 1817, www.americanforests.com).

British university professor and novelist C.S. Lewis also saw the difficulty of understanding, analyzing, even perceiving something while still caught up in it (Lewis: (1947) 1960: 63). People who know no other language than English, for example, have no basis upon which to understand their language’s basic Englishness, its true characteristics. Linguists of today know more about the Latin of the Roman Empire than the speakers of that language did at the time. You have to get out of something to understand it supremely well. For this reason C.S. Lewis considers that it is precisely those people who accept the reality of a spiritual world who can best perceive Nature, a manifestation of a material world.

“You must go a little away from her, and then turn round and look back. Then at last the true landscape will become visible. You must have tested, however briefly, the pure water from beyond the world before you can be distinctly conscious of the hot, salty tang of Nature’s current. To treat her as [the one] God, or as Everything, is to lose the whole pith and pleasure of her. ... If we are immortal, and if [Nature] is doomed, as scientists tell us, to run down and die, we shall miss this half-shy, half-flamboyant creature, this ogress, this hoyden, this incorrigible fairy, this ... witch. But the theologians tell us that she, like us, is to be redeemed. ... She will be cured, but

cured in character, not tamed (Heaven forbid!) nor sterilized. We shall still be able to recognize our old enemy, friend, playfellow, and foster-mother, so perfected as to be, not less, but more herself. And that will be a merry meeting (Lewis (1946) 1960: 66-67)."

H.R. Ellis Davidson, a scholar of Germanic and Celtic myth, describes a continuation of certain lesser deities even after monotheistic Christianity had conquered Europe; they were land spirits, connected perhaps with the race of giants who were thought to have passed transcendent, civilizing knowledge to members of the human race as that race first rose to dominate the earth. Prometheus, who gave early humans the gift of fire, is today perhaps the best known of these larger-than-life beings, but there were many. The superbly time-resistant, weather-resistant walls the Romans left behind were called, by the new Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of Britain, "the old work of giants," *eald enta geweorc*, as the phrase appears in *Beowulf*. The cultural efficacy and superb technology of Roman builders, by then long gone, made that phrase true, literally true.

Whether gods or giants, supernatural beings existed in people's minds as givers of wisdom and counsel in good times and bad, long after Christianity became the law of the land. Gifts of healing, for example, seemed to exist in connection with specific places, usually far from settled areas, sometimes associated with spirits of the dead or with underworld entities, just beneath the surface of the ground or in some

land of the dead located nearby or far away. Few medieval written sources describe this trend, however.

A Germanic fertility goddess, Freya, and other similar figures found some continuity in the beliefs and practices of rural people and farmers, even centuries after the Germanic and Celtic pantheons had disappeared from established religion and Christianity had taken over completely. Trees were also objects of reverence, continuing into the Middle Ages, and perhaps even today; oaks were sacred to the lightning gods Thor and Zeus, for example. Belief in such entities, whether considered fairies or land spirits, died hard; it may remain in certain folk remedies and other practices connected with healing the land or its people (Ellis Davidson 1988: 13, 16, 32, 132, 172-175).

Macrocosm and microcosm, dewdrops and stars, features that transform the lives of the protagonists in Marlowe's and Goethe's versions of the Faust legend, recur on page 132 of Thomas Berry's, book *The Dream of the Earth*, a 1988 ideological handbook for environmental activists and mystics. The following description of stellar to molecular processes may call to mind the words to the camp song "Little Drop of Dew," earlier in this chapter.

"The story of the universe is the story of the emergence of a galactic system in which each new level of expression emerges through the urgency of self-transcendence. Hydrogen, in the presence of some millions of degrees of heat, emerges into

helium. After the stars take shape as oceans of fire in the heavens, they go through a sequence of transformations. Some eventually explode into the stardust out of which the solar system and the earth take shape. Earth gives unique expression of itself in its rocks and crystalline structures and in the variety and splendor of living forms, until humans appear as the moment in which the unfolding universe becomes conscious of itself. ... We bear the universe in our being as the universe bears us in its being. The two have a total presence to each other, and to that deeper mystery out of which the universe and ourselves have emerged."

X. Embodying Worldview: Mystics Seek a Living Union with God

Mystics use religious practices that depart from orthodoxy, but remain respectful to it. In times when religious authorities displays a vengeful attitude toward the slightest individualistic trait worshippers might show, mystics deliberately induced trance states, seeking to touch God or to merge with God. In the Middle Ages – the 13th century is the time when the mystic texts used here as examples appeared on the scene – the devout often used verses from holy texts, repeated out loud again and again, and sometimes chanted or sung, as part of their prayer lives. Music was more important in some parts of the world than in others.

Medievalist Barbara Newman, in her book *God and the Goddesses* (2003: 2-3, 24-26) takes a close look at the vision experiences reported by mystics, many of them

women. Were the visions real, or were they attention-getting devices, fictions calculated to impress others in an age in which women or non-clergy were permitted neither to preach nor to teach? She concludes that religious instruction of the day included such practices as repeating holy words out loud hour after hour, in order to absorb them fully, or visualizing regularly such holy events as Christ's birth or crucifixion. One would expect that such practices would fire devout believers' waking or dreaming imaginations. Clearly such visitations would bring with them a strong desire to hold the experience in one's memory, or to communicate it to others. Who is to say whether or not these experiences – definitely a part of the Reality Playground – are objectively true? In what area inside or outside Plato's allegorical cave would we place them?

Women in particular dictated their visions or wrote them down, as accounts of their own experiences. Is it objectively true, as some Kochies maintained, that time flows differently at Camp Koch when it is in session than in the outside world? Personal experience tells the Kochies that it is so.

Mystics ran great risks during the Middle Ages in communicating their experiences and visions; the extreme language they used, if misunderstood, could take them to trial and execution as heretics. Their efforts to unite with God in life met with

such overwhelming rewards, it seems, that they persisted in spite of the danger (Newman 2003: 2-3, 24-25, 30).

Medieval mystics found other mystics, and taught newcomers, by using mentoring. Their poignant texts describing visions and other experiences, often wildly popular, have in some cases survived to the present day in multiple handwritten copies. Having or copying such a text might well have resulted in a death sentence during the Middle Ages, but still many have survived the centuries. Mysticism was, however, clearly as life-enhancing as it was life-threatening.

Meister Eckhart, ca. 1247 – 1327, previously quoted in this study, a contemporary of the mystic poet/cosmologists Hadewych, Mechthild von Magdeburg, and Zakariyya Al Qazwini, gave hundreds of sermons and carried out many duties as a priest and church administrator; he was a member of the Dominican order who was also a mystic. In his old age accusations of heresy stemming from certain statements in his vernacular sermons brought him to trial; church authorities forced a confession from him and imprisoned him. He would have been executed had not old age and illness taken his life. Some decades afterward church authorities declared null and void the specious charges against him (McGinn: 1986: 243).

The informants for this study used songs, hand-crafted objects, and stories to shape and to evoke their world view, their chosen way of life, and to frame the

cultural production that was Camp Koch 1958-1970. From the mystics of the late Middle Ages, 1200 to 1300 approximately, only texts, written documents, remain to us; many show no evidence of the writer's identity. An important element of the sample texts provided here, in this study's appendix, is a kind of daring, defiance, perhaps even uppityness. They reflect the all-out, go-for-it mentality needed for human beings to dare to try for the mystic union with divine forces or personages. In the context of this study the thinking, the internal words, might go like this – "God, the One God, the God of Nature and the universe, is clearly here, in this somewhat constructed wilderness, and so am I. I'm a mere human. I'm going to try for it, work my way into this sublime experience, and enter into the God experience, just as if I merited it."

In a way it might not be surprising that some of the resident Girl Scouts might opt in to such an experience, leaving their old selves behind, not caring what they risked, for its own sake, because they lived, really lived, only there. Campers, if they manage to return for more than two summers, have confronted Camp Koch's challenges with their own form of defiance, their own uppityness. They may feel unworthy, may feel unable to confront the challenges Mother Nature has prepared for them there, may feel unable to live up to the camp's high standards. But they go out to Fox Ridge anyway, learn to swim anyway, master camp crafts anyway, and above all, sing anyway. By that time they already have become transformed, transcendent

versions of their former selves. They continue to opt in, because this has become a way of life.

The mystics' One God is mysterious, but not unknowable. In the texts found in the appendix the deity takes the form of Lady Love or the Angel Gabriel, while the human is an exemplary figure, a secular queen, a scholar, or the prophet Mohammed. Who dares to question, challenge, or reproach a god? Defiance of one's own normal human timidity is required. What is the result? We see in the dialogues an overwhelming manifestation of the divine personage's power, as well as an image of that power as embracing and respecting the human who entered into the experience.

Does mysticism consist of the tattered remnants of superseded religion, religion of the past, religion that has become mere myth, poetry, or meaningless trance states, no longer of use? The idea in this study is that polytheistic-seeming mythic figures – Lady Love or the Angel Gabriel in the dialogues could easily be stand-ins for the medieval goddess Natura or Magalena Hagalena – do not compete with a monotheistic God in a religious society, and do not threaten any pillar of secular society. Instead they emphasize high ideals and the kind of joyful ambition whereby one can “win” humankind's Kobayashi maru, the supreme test, the relentless fact of mortality itself. In this sense Natura, Magalena Hagalena, the Wood Child, or any related figures become a pathway to mystic union with the One God.

Texts quoted and compared in the appendix come from 13th century Islamic (Damascus) and Christian (central European) writers and mystics (Giese 1986: 14). Zakariyya's writing highlights cosmography, while in Mechthild's writing the poetic side is very strong. Ibn 'Arabi is a poet – certain of his phrases seem very reminiscent of one of Camp Koch's favorite poets – the Nietzsche-follower Kahlil Gibran. Exact contemporaries, exiles from home and family, although separate in location, culture, and religion, as well as education and social class – Mechthild and Zakariyya, two wordsmiths from radically different worlds, used paradox, vivid language, and polytheistic-seeming myth to enlighten others, revealing and celebrating the wonders of the cosmos.

Zakariyya Al-Qazwini (1203 – 1283), an acknowledged genius and scholar in two fields, medicine and law, composed an extremely well-known, often quoted, encyclopedia-like work in Arabic – *The Wonders of Heaven and Earth*, a cosmology, or account of the structure, origin, and end times of the physical world. It describes unusual or exotic natural phenomena, including earthquakes, planets, and so on. Zakariyya wrote that separation from his family at a young age led him to seek the wonders of God's creation (Giese 1986: 21). One might well speculate that God Himself became Zakariyya's home, just as certain adolescents experienced God's wonders at their Girl Scout camp. One of them became a master naturalist; two of them science teachers.

Mechthild von Magdeburg (ca. 1207 – ca. 1282), who never married, left her family as a young adult in an era when this practically never happened; she resisted entering a convent until her final illness required it. Women's views of any matters beyond the requirements of daily life often met with skepticism and disdain from society. If she met with official disapproval, she kept on writing anyway.

Both authors came under the influence of Plato's philosophy, and particularly Plato's view of reality. Neo-Platonism was a pillar of Islamic thought, especially Islamic mysticism, as well as Christian thought (Sells 1994: 180-205, 63-115). In Plato's allegory of the cave (*The Republic* Book VII, lines 514a – 534e, written ca. 380 B.C.) one finds a theory of reality oriented toward important things a human being's five senses cannot reveal, a sort of real reality that trumps mundane, readily perceptible reality. Like Plato, like Zakariyya, Mechthild uses vivid images and metaphoric personages to make her ideas vivid and memorable (Giese 1986:13). Sometimes God's greatness is just too great, too overwhelming; smaller figures, even though they are extremely imposing themselves, such as Lady Love or the Angel Gabriel, have to become stand-ins for the One God. Al-Qazwini's text looks for experiences of wonder in the Nature; wonder here includes overwhelming astonishment, awe, and even terror (Giese 1986: 27). Mechthild locates wonder and the other overwhelming qualities in the realm of human and divine love, which can overwhelm and terrify as well. It is a

simple, logical step to include Mother Nature, also known as Magalena Hagalena or the Great Green Girl Scout Goddess, in such company.

Seekers of insight, according to Zakariyya, must also be of good, upright character, and diligent in seeking out the real reality, that which exists beyond the senses. When this happens the inner eye of intellectual insight opens, and one sees wonders in all things. Magnetism in and of itself is not accessible to the five senses; it is invisible, just as the magnetic pull of Camp Koch's culture is invisible. Humans can observe only some of its effects. Bewilderment, awe, wonderment, and love as roads to divine knowledge – such things are cloudy, abstract, hard to grasp. They are so much clearer and more vivid when they occur seemingly of themselves in narratives about peaceful rivers, finding the soul's true home in the wilderness, or a little drop of dew. See the appendix for relevant texts in translation or paraphrase.

A One-Flash Experience of Déjà vu

Kit, July 21, 2013, at the folklorist's house in Evansville, Indiana: "At age seven I used to build tents out in the yard, sometimes from old blankets and stuff ... I had never gone camping before, and had never been around tents, only the circus tent, the Big Top. (A neighbor kid and I sometimes) ... pretended we were camping, but I was never permitted to sleep out there at night. It was too dangerous."

"I went to Girl Scout day camp when I was nine. But there again, we never spent the night. We didn't even have tents. It was in a city park. ... I suppose I had read about tents and seen them in movies. Until age 20, when I arrived at Camp Koch the summer of 1958, I had never been in a tent. I had never slept outdoors. My parents had a cabin on the river, but no tent. ... My parents thought sleeping out of doors in a tent would not be safe."

"Having arrived at Camp Koch in June of 1958, 20 years old, here I was living in a tent, which I loved from the beginning, even the smell of the canvas when the sun would shine on it."

"How I got there? My college roommate, when she graduated, went home, but I still had exams to take. She was a sorority sister, someone I had met when a freshman. I had even written to her at Camp Koch other summers when she was working there as a counselor. From her I had heard quite a bit about the camp and how wonderful it was. So before she left Terre Haute I asked her if they might have openings for staff members. I had had experience helping in day camps, she knew that, but of course she didn't know about job vacancies. She said she would get in touch with them and find out"

"I had never even seen a Girl Scout camp before, only day camp in the city park, and the places we went for troop camping; in one of them it was midwinter and we slept in the lodge. After I got to Camp Koch I recognized it, in a way; anyhow, before

the end of pre-camp training I made the statement that I was definitely coming back next summer. A counselor named Jolly said, 'You'd better wait until you've had some campers around you, because you may change your mind.' And sure enough I did change my mind after the campers arrived; I wanted to do it every summer, not just one more."

"As far as I could tell, with no experience, Hilltop, the unit where I became Assistant Unit Leader (AUL) had a perfect layout. The dirt road passed by one of the staff tents. The other one was near the path down through the woods to the Dining Hall. One monitored the road, the other the only other way into or out of the unit. The tents were in sort of an oval pattern, so that we had paths thorough the unit that would take you anywhere you wanted to go. Of eight tents total, six were for four campers each. At the midpoint of each end of the oval was a staff tent. It was pretty easy to monitor, and inside the unit the ground was relatively flat... Campers were either nine years old and spending their second summer at camp, or ten-year-old first-timers. Family and troop camping did not count. Only camping at Camp Koch counted."

"When I first met campers – in day camp I had worked with kids that age. They were good kids, fun to be with. I saw plenty of reasons to keep returning to camp. I remember noticing what a wide range of physical and developmental maturity we had with such a narrow age range. It went from very young and immature up to Pammie Sellers, who was very much more mature – bigger, stronger, more capable. The

following summer she was in Woodhaven, so we met again. [Pammie was in the Eagle Feather Clan in its first year, then left because of a busy schedule.]”

“The overnight – we were about halfway through the second week of a two-week session, having done short hikes in the camp and cook-outs in the unit. So the next step in our progression was to sleep out under the stars and cook out for breakfast. We had decided to do our overnight in the old CIT unit near Inspiration Point, because that way we would have latrines and running water. No tents were there, and there was a lovely view of the river and Kentucky on the other side. The next summer it would house a new unit, Woodhaven. It wasn’t too far to hike there from Hilltop. We were staying only one night, cooking only one meal.”

“So we had planned menus, turned in requisitions, had held sessions with the campers on how to construct a bedroll – very few people owned sleeping bags then – and had what to expect on the overnight. So here’s the big day. We picked up our pack-out items after supper at the Dining Hall before we went up the hill. We ... sent everybody to get their bedrolls – we might have rolled them up right after rest hour that afternoon, with reminders about what to put in and what to leave out. If we had anybody with a teddy bear I don’t remember it. The waterfront counselor went along, too.”

“And we were getting equipment out of our kitchen box, which included a metal pot that had to be big enough for about three gallons or so of hot cocoa, which we

would be making from powdered milk, and so on. So we're getting all the stuff together, kids are bringing bedrolls and we're starting to load up the people - 'who can carry this? Who can carry that? When you've got whatever you can carry, come out here in the road and make a double line for hiking.'"

"We were going to hike on the dirt road through Frontier unit - that year called New Unit - and on down to the point. And I've got my borrowed sleeping bag, borrowed from my ex-roommate..."

"I'm standing on the road, sort of at an angle to the unit, standing watching the kids as they come and get into line with all their stuff. It's dusk but still light enough to see well. I'm facing generally in the direction of my tent. There's not that much slope of the hill just there."

"This flash went through my mind - 'This is just exactly like that other time!' The catch was that there had never been another time. It was the first session of the first summer I had ever been to established camp. The flash felt - odd! Because it seemed so real, and yet I knew I had never done anything remotely like this."

"It lasted seconds - or 54 years, take your pick. It was so definite - this was just the same as - and by then my brain was telling me - 'As what? You've never done this before!'"

"I was excited, anyway, because this was something I'd wanted to do all these years, and had never gotten to, the first time for me, and I was 20 years old. It wasn't

scary. It was a little bit unsettling because it was so real and yet impossible. The flash was just **there**. It did not zip in, did not zip out. By the time I recognized it, it was gone. But it never went away. I had done this before and everything was just exactly like this, the color of the sky, trees all around me, exactly like this. That's what made it so weird. I don't dream about it. Down through the years I've told a few people about it. They would ask me questions like - 'Are you sure? Did you see it in a movie? Could you have dreamed it?'"

"It was exactly the same, which eliminates dreams and movies. Every detail was the same. The only thing I could ever figure out was - 'You're going to do this a lot.' I did go on many, many more overnights in my life, and three more times from that spot. It was never like that, it didn't hit me like that again. I was going to sleep out under the stars, and it was just exactly the same."

"And there's more I remember about that overnight, but it had nothing to do with that flash experience. The overnight sticks in my mind, too. It's a mixture of fun and excitement - I was as excited as the kids were, along with a little warning sounding somewhere inside - 'Don't take your job too seriously, because there are parts of it you can't control.'"

"Just as we had gotten kids settled down and drowsy a barge went by on the river and all the kids ran down to the point. Going to sleep was forgotten - this was important!"

"I suppose that night is part of what kept me coming back so many years. It was so exciting to be there sharing all of this. And, no, I can't name a single camper who was there."

"I don't think I ever doubted or questioned the experience. It was just there. I don't know if this was before or after the night I was lying in my cot, in my tent, thinking 'Wow, here I am doing something that is really worthwhile!' There was only one flash, ever. The flash said to me, 'This is exactly the same as ...' And I've never known 'as what?'"

Returning to the camp as an indication of belonging at the camp – the informants seem to have had no trouble making this connection. Returning is an interesting idea, and in the post-World War II period – one must remember, the parents of these campers had fought in that war, many of them, or had taken on arduous factory jobs building airplanes or landing craft for the war effort – the notion of returning was vivid and controversial. Soldiers returned with wounds and disabilities; some did not return at all. Nations returned to the normal activities of business and building or rebuilding after devoting all their energies to the war. The defeated nations and their inhabitants had to return, too, to what they could remember of normal life before war activities ended in disaster and defeat. Some managed it by steeping themselves in philosophy, disconnecting from the recent past.

One idea the defeated nations used on their come-back road was that what seems

to be linear time is really a mysterious and unknowable commodity, another realm, a place mostly of spirit, and above all a realm one cannot reasonably expect to explore to its very bottom. The word *metempsychosis* signifies a doctrine espoused by Plato, attributed to the legendary/ divine Orpheus, Greek god of song. It is the belief that human souls transmigrate after death and before the next life. By this reasoning much of what people think they have learned, they are really remembering from before birth. Metempsychosis is sometimes called the doctrine of eternal return.

On the other hand, members of the Eagle Feather Clan, the Antique Buddies, and their friends, fellow campers, associates, children, and grandchildren are still, are already, are constantly living in the camp's culture, which its inhabitants have exported generously to the rest of the world. It is just as real and as vitally important now as it ever was.

Birthright

We who are born in country places,
Far from the city and shifting faces,
We have a birthright no man can sell
And a secret joy no man can tell.

Up On the Mountain

Refrain: Up on the mountain,
Up on the mountain
That's where I long to be.
Up on the mountain

For we are kindred to lordly things,

Wild ducks' flight and the white owl's wings

To pike and salmon, to bull and horse,

Curlew's cry and the smell of gorse.

Pride of traces, swiftness of streams,

Magic of paths to shape our dreams,

No baser vision the spirit fills

Than to walk by right on the naked hills.

Lyrics adapted from the poem "Birthright" by Welsh poet

Eiled Lewis, 1900 – 1979: Music adapted from a two-part

song by Margaret Sutherland

<http://catalogue.nla.gov.au/Record/2250664>

Up on the mountain,

Where my love waits for me.

Long ago I left the mountain,

Sailed across the sea.

Left a girl I vowed I'd marry

If she'd wait for me.

(Refrain)

On my journeys many mountains

Sought to turn my head.

But my heart was on the mountain

With the girl I'd wed.

(Refrain)

Now my travels are behind me.

No more will I roam.

I'm returnin' to my loved one

And my mountain home.

(Refrain)

Values expressed in the songs are consistent with Camp Koch's worldview, a mixture of affinity for the wild and overlooked power and mystery of nature, a rejection of seemingly phony, insincere city culture, and an unselfconscious embracing of the elitism that comes from self-directedness, accomplishment, wonder, and their reward -- joy or bliss. Its in-group orientation is based, not on excluding others, but on inviting them in, or, in the mountain song, yearning to return. Women who as girls opted in to the camp's culture might also opt in to the Eagle Feather Clan or the Antique Buddies, or in the last twenty years, to the Kochies.

Two states of human activity or existence exist in the song "Birthright" -- dreaming and walking. The two activities do not seem to be mutually exclusive. Belonging is a right, say the lyrics, it's a secret, and it's a source of pride, as in the mountain song the wanderer's return is a form of faithfulness, keeping a trust, yet a joy at the same time. Kinship expressed in "Birthright" is to wild creatures, migrating creatures, and home-dwelling domestic animals -- all of them living their lives in accordance with their own attributes, according to nature. "Up On the Mountain" refers to a higher mode of existence the first-person narrator faithfully adheres to during a long life of wandering down below.

The singer or singers of "Birthright" are part of an in-group, expressed in the pronoun "we." They opted in. The song's lyrics include three of the five senses --

sight, sound, and smell. Two states of mind, dreaming and being alert or awake also figure in. The lone singer of “Up On the Mountain” has never swerved and will never swerve from his/her loyalty to that higher mode of existence, symbolized by love and marriage.

The overall purpose of the songs is exactly the same as the texts by the three mystics, Mechthild, Zakariyya, and Ibn ‘Arabi – it is for recruiting membership in a mystic fellowship, and for reminding those who are already active in this field, **that** they belong there and **why** they belong there. The songs’ complexity makes them a challenge to sing. They could clearly go on forever. The relentless rhythm and deep alto range of “Up on the Mountain” characterize it further.

Time and the attendant mortality seem to be the invisible elements those recruited by the songs are meant to defy. They were born for this. In fact, the camp song changed the tense of the verb in the first line of “Birthright,” from “were born” in Lewis’s poem, to “are born.” It is perhaps a statement that we are born anew every day, or at frequent intervals, due to our immersion in the wild, or in nature, or in the nature of the divine. This recalls Meister Eckhart’s comment to mind, that God creates the universe anew in each person, repeatedly, every day.

This study has looked at the effects of what people call progress; time seems to be an enemy and a friend at once. How can mere mortals build themselves up to deal with the hostile world of those gray city faces, shifting insincerely, and suffering? They

can be exporters of joy, of course, of pride, and of all the other elements in the camp's worldview and value system. They can be activists. They can opt in. They can live as relentless, pragmatic dreamers, carrying their version of Camp Koch, if they are fortunate enough to have one, in their hearts.

By doing so, they resemble the goddess Natura or the gently indomitable Magalena Hagalena, facets of the One God, who continuously creates or re-creates the cosmos and everything in it; they savor the wonder and delight of it all, day by day.

Coda: Sandy, Clay, and Smeady: A Transcript

Three informants met the folklorist in a barbecue restaurant in Mt. Vernon, Indiana, just west of Evansville, on February 7, 2011. Talk ranged far and wide; topics included the firing of Mrs. Logan, the adult leader of the troop Sandy and Smeady belonged to, and the recruiting of Penny, their new leader, for a new troop. It moved on to describe some rather mild pranks and practical jokes, a summer of monsoon rains, and the summer the Dining Hall went overboard with jello, olives, and other commodity foods. Many values of the camp's culture, as well as favorite stories and allusions, join forces here to display the system that functioned in the campers' worldviews and the camp during the years this study covers.

Smeady: She [Sandy] was sitting in her tent [in Blue Wells, Camp Koch's primitive unit, far from Main Camp] so that the water would miss her, and she had her sleeping bag on her cot, so it would be on the same side of the stream that was running through the tent, with her, and there we sat all night.

Sandy: I just want to add – guess where the water pooled?

Smeady: Where?

Sandy: Where would water BE that came down [like that]?

Smeady: In your cot.

Sandy: (laughing) Of course in my cot, underneath my bottom. Too bad for me cause I was the low spot.

Smeady: So we sat up all night and talked and talked and became fast friends.

Sandy: Yes, indeed. Words to “Walk, Shepherdess, Walk” [a beloved camp song] were I think one of the topics. And what else (shaking her head and smiling)? But at least that, I remember, was one of them.

[Sandy and Smeady had met on the bus to camp and had disliked each other on sight. Soon after that they had discovered that they were assigned as tent-mates, a close relationship in any unit of Camp Koch, but especially so in Blue Wells, the isolated primitive unit, where there were only two campers to a tent.]

Smeady: Hey, I’m totally no good at first impressions, totally wrong about that idea, whatever judgment I make about someone before I meet them. Then, I’m grateful for all the hardship.

Sandy: It made us stronger (pause) people.

Clay: What was it about Margaret Murray Montgomery [then Executive Director of the Girl Scout Council] that made her seem so unworthy?

Smeady: White shorts. She wore white shorts to camp.

Folklorist: Okay, what's wrong with white shorts?

Smeady: What's wrong with white, tailored shorts in a primitive camp?

Sandy: And sandals. Don't forget the sandals.

Smeady: And sandals, open-toed sandals when everybody has to wear socks. Everybody has to wear socks and shoes at all times. So she was defying a camp rule. She rode everywhere [inside the camp] in a Jeep, and if anybody has any non-wuss at all, she walks, and, um, this is a hilly camp. There are straight-up hills. She rode in a Jeep everywhere. We just couldn't respect a woman who was that namby-pamby.

Sandy: I have an aside story. It fast-forwards to another year, probably the following year. With a cohort in crime, no one who is here today, by the way, I stole the chairs out of the camp director's office and removed them to the back of a small trailer that was there for carting the campers' luggage to the units, a covered trailer, so you couldn't see what was in there ... and there were absolutely no chairs in the camp office. Now, absolutely unbeknownst to us, that was one of the days that Margaret Murray was coming, and (giggling and chuckling) she gets to the camp,

and the camp director invites her into the camp office, to sit down and take care of business ...

Smeady: And she, the pompous thing, is the Executive Director of the Council, the CEO, the one who oversees the camp.

Sandy: Right, Margaret Murray Montgomery hired the Camp Director and is supervising her and so forth, and she is a power figure based on her job responsibilities as well, and not only were there no chairs in the office, but I believe we left behind some other strange things, like streamers and balloons and other important things. [Giggling and chuckling by Sandy and Smeady. Clay said later that she had never heard this story before.] ... so when we were just about to get away with it, we thought, we got clobbered. Where were the chairs? Our shoes gave us away. That's why I remembered this prank, our muddy shoes betrayed us. We were supposed to be at Blue Wells. We had walked in to Main Camp, up the creek bank, not by the road. And our wet, muddy shoe prints in the office gave us away. We were muddy and sort of scratched up from head to toe.

Smeady: We were really not very good criminals.

Sandy: No, but we had a lot of fun.

Smeady: Who was your counselor?

Sandy: Um, I was a counselor.

Smeady: I see. Who was the camp director?

Sandy: Oh, Lakey.

Smeady: Ah, Lakey.

[Clay explained later that everyone approved of and looked up to Lakey.]

Sandy: She wasn't so happy with me.

Smeady: No...

Sandy: We'd been out there [in Blue Wells] and we didn't know there were going to be visitors in camp. We'd walked the creek bed all the way in ...

[Clay said later that hiking in on the road would have been a much tamer experience.]

Smeady: Were campers involved in this, too?

Sandy: Nope, no, not at all. We didn't involve any campers.

Smeady: And I just want to point out ...

Sandy: It could have been funny had it happened even two hours later ... It wasn't so funny when it did happen.

Smeady: That --- in the culture of the camp a good practical joke was worth a mile round trip. Or a two-mile round trip in this case. Most any effort was worth it for a good practical joke.

Sandy: Umhmmm, especially if you got a good hot shower when you were there (chuckling).

Smeady: Yeahhh, even better! So you have to have sort of a light approach.

Sandy: You had to not take yourself too seriously, would you say?

Smeady: You mean, for an authority figure to get our respect?

Sandy: Or ...

Folklorist: Or ... that's what you expected of yourselves, too? I mean, if somebody pranked you, you didn't get mad or ...

Sandy: I got even (laughing). But all within the no harm done limits.

Smeady: Right, never anything really harmful. Maybe a little loss of face, but ...

Sandy: I'm not even sure we did any of those.

Smeady: I got in trouble for smoking grape vines. But that's not a practical joke.

Clay: I heard a story about a counselor who got in trouble when a certain set of boxes of jello disappeared from the camp kitchen in a summer when it appeared far too often on the menu...

Sandy: At least once a day.

Clay: If not several times. The one who did it was not the one who did it.

Sandy: We've heard that story before. In fact, from generation to generation.

Folklorist: Really? The jello story?

Sandy: Actually there were whole sets of jello stories. A good number of summers, well, jello was a commodity, so ... [the camp got it from the Department of Agriculture at no cost] and it ... everybody was sick of jello. ... And anything, I mean, we got jello even with breakfast ... We had ... you'd get jello with some things you'd expect with it, like ...

Smeady: Fruit cocktail....

Sandy: Like fruit cocktail, but then with, I'm trying to think ...

Smeady: Shredded cabbage in it.

Sandy: Yeah, there was just everything, anything in jello. That would have been the perfect year for a food fight if anybody had had the nerve. You could flip that ... (still laughing) ...

Smeady: Hey, water chestnuts would be really good, like a slingshot ...

Sandy: I'm just thinking that getting the jello on a spoon you could ...

Smeady: Fling it like a catapult.

Sandy: Yeah, like a catapult. (general laughter)

Folklorist: But nobody did that.

Sandy: Nope. Maybe once or twice in the camp in its entire history, since 1940-whatever. But not regularly or often.

Smeady: There were sometimes water fights in the Dining Hall [while washing dishes was going on], but they were rare, too.

Folklorist: There ... I mean I've been looking at what other camps consider program, and ...

Sandy: Sometimes it's a food fight they consider program.

Folklorist: Yes, yes. It would not be the way things would work at Camp Koch.

Sandy: We were much more sophisticated. We had watermelon spitting contests instead of food fights ... (laughing) ... or whatever. And we had them outside, where clean-up was easier. We didn't leave our messes for others to clean up.

Smeady: Or, right, other sorts of spitting contests, or ... (laughing) Like how far you could spit your toothpaste, like, when you were brushing your teeth.

Sandy: There was the year we had olives, green olives, I do believe. No, maybe they were black olives. They had the pits, I will say that.

Smeady: Oh, yeah.

Sandy: And initially everybody wanted the olives and they ate the olives just to get the pits so that they could ...

Smeady: Use them as projectiles ...

[Folklorist note: According to informants campers sneaked the olive pits out of the Dining Hall in their pockets. There were no projectiles in the Dining Hall.]

Sandy: (laughs) Just about all kinds of things, but it got to the point that it was a contest at the table to see who could eat more [olives], to the point that kids were making themselves ill ... (laughs) and sometimes there had to

be restrictions on the number of times the hopper could return ... to the kitchen and get more olives.

Clay: Were these commodities, too?

Sandy: Yes, they were commodities. Every now and then you got, just, really bizarre food.

Smeady: I have another story.

Folklorist: I want to hear about firing the Girl Scout leader.

Sandy: We didn't really answer the Margaret Murray Montgomery question, did we? We just sort of wandered off into the wilderness.

Folklorist: But it was the right wilderness.

Smeady: Can we just talk about the counselor we talked about yesterday, what she did to the boating beach [inside the camp]?

[Indications of assent by nodding, waiting...]

Smeady: So that when the kids came down for boating (Sandy chuckles) that day (Clay chuckles) they saw the "For Sale" sign and so they said to her "What's going on?"

“We need to make some money,” she said. “So we’re selling the boating beach.”

When someone asked, she said, “I don’t know, but it’s what we gotta do to help the Council out.”

So the next day they put a SOLD sign on it.

“Really enjoy your boating today, guys, because we’ve sold the boating beach.”

Clay laughs: A cute short story.

Sandy: And THIS was the waterfront director?

Smeady: Yes, it was. It was pretty funny, I thought. Anyway, okay. Go ahead.

Folklorist: I was going to ask about firing one’s own Girl Scout leader [troop leader; this did not happen at camp].

Sandy: How graphic do you want that story to get? Oh, that one. Well, it was somewhat camp-related, though.

Folklorist: So your troop leader in the regular Girl Scout troop ...

Sandy: Okay.

Folklorist: In the town ...

Smeady: Yeah, this is the two of us again. Buddies. And we handle things.

Sandy: (nodding toward Smeady) She might have been fourteen.

Smeady: You were twelve.

Sandy: I was probably either 12 or 13.

Smeady: So, anyway. So we decided that our troop leader wasn't cutting the mustard, because she was autocratic, she, ah, bossed us around, she told us how to do things we knew well how to do, she made arbitrary rules, she was ... lethargic.

Sandy: But she didn't really like us very much.

Smeady: But the tipping point was, we were [troop] camping, at Breezy Corner [inside Camp Koch, but not in the summer camping season] and we were in our tent, and she wasn't in that tent with us – it wasn't any of her business ... and we were talking about great matters of the universe, religion, spirituality, space travel, time travel, astronomy (Sandy chuckles), and she had the gall to come to our tent.

Sandy: And tell us that we should shut up, that it was inappropriate to be talking about such topics, and we should shut up and go to sleep. We were already in our sleeping bags.

Smeady: We were offended.

Sandy: Um, yeah.

Smeady: And so the two of us decided that she had to go. So when we got back to the town, Sandy and I went to her house one evening, knocked on the door, and she came to the door, and I said, "We've decided we don't want you as our troop leader any more. You are fired."

Clay: I was not in on this. I didn't join that troop until later, when so many of us did. I was in another church-sponsored troop, but I didn't like it much. It didn't do much. I stayed in it to participate in the Council's Senior Planning Board. After Sandy, Smeady, Pepper, and others got their new troop going, the whole Senior Planning Board joined it, including me.

Folklorist: Did you say anything when you fired her?

Sandy: I'm pretty sure I did, but I don't remember. I think I said that we were going to find somebody else [to be our leader], someone who would be more to our liking. Maybe I said it that way.

Smeady: You were diplomatic that way.

Sandy: Or maybe just that we would find somebody else.

Smeady: And if you've ever seen an adult totally poleaxed...

Clay: (laughing)

End of Sandy, Smeady, and Clay, a transcript.

The aftermath of the missing-chairs prank -- Sandy reported that she and her accomplice-trickster, another counselor, sheepishly restored the chairs to the office, took down the balloons and streamers, and wiped up their muddy tracks, while wondering if their jobs were safe. They had also hung banners with some rude, but not obscene, comments. The Executive Director was customarily prissy and disapproving, and had never been known to have any sense of humor at all, but the camp director, whose office it was, was a kind, helpful type who had been known to play a prank or two herself.

The meeting took place, and as soon as the extremely dignified ED left the camp to return to Evansville, the tricksters learned that everything was okay with the camp director, who had never intended to do anything other than chuckle a bit and forgive them. They had to finish cleaning up the office, however.

The aftermath of the 13-year-old Girl Scouts – the above informants – firing their troop leader in the town was that, interestingly, the Girl Scout Council let it stand, its executive board citing principles of girl leadership. The existing troop went over to another troop, whose leader, a local college student, was also spending her summers as a counselor at Camp Koch. It might be said that with this coup d'état the camp culture conquered the troop culture in Evansville. The informants told me they felt a bit worried after firing Mrs. Logan, and they went straight from her house to their friend the college student, to beg her to take over the troop. The resulting merged troop attracted a large group of enthusiastic Girl Scouts from various parts of Evansville, in addition to those in the two original troops, rather depleting some other troops, and especially Mrs. Logan's troop. The new troop sent many of its members to international Girl Scouting events and to the national Round-up, a sign of excellence. That troop also made an album of camp songs, called *Songs We Sing*. The members' parents supported this as a fund raising project at the time.

Appendix 1: Round-up Reunion: A National Girl Scout Alumnae Event

Collected 11/13/2013 by phone

You ask about Roundup Reunions. There have been five of them in all. The Vermont Girl Scout Council, where I live, has hosted four of them. In 2009 we held the Reunion in Colorado. Roundup, a national event in Girl Scouting, was for ten days to two weeks, back in the years when they held it. For that first Roundup Reunion we met in Button Bay State Park here in Vermont, which became a state park after the Roundup event in 1962. The Idaho Roundup site also became a state park. Roundup Reunions last a week.

Where did the original idea come from? Sharon Baade, from Iowa, had been working as a professional Girl Scout in a Western New York State Girl Scout Council and had recently arrived here [in Vermont] to work as CEO in the Vermont Council. It was the year of the 85th anniversary of Girl Scouting, and she asked if our council ever connected with the people who came here to the Button Bay Roundup in 1962. We located some alumnae from our council, then went to National [GSUSA] to ask for help in reaching out to people. They did not give us any help, but with just the connections we put together ourselves we attracted 35 people to the first Roundup Reunion in 1997. We faced the difficult problem of locating people whose last names had changed, nearly all of them, from the time when they participated in Roundup as Girl Scouts.

The idea and the participation grew from that first Roundup Reunion. The 35 people who came were so enthusiastic that they took up the challenge to find more for another reunion event. Some women who attended brought husbands who had been strong supporters of their wives' involvement in Scouting; some brought their grown daughters. One, still a Girl Scout leader after reaching retirement age, brought teenage Girl Scouts from her troop.

For the event last year, also at Button Bay, 200 people came. Now we have a web site and a list of 1200 people interested in attending the next one. The second reunion drew 75 people, and the numbers kept doubling.

Now, of course, GSUSA has a registration movement going on to locate former Girl Scouts, which they call the Girl Scout alumnae movement. There's no proof, of course, that we got that movement started, but ...

What was so valuable about Girl Scouting that Roundup Reunion found such strong support? Well, there were varied reasons. The Girl Scouts emphasize courage, confidence, and character – GSUSA phrases it that way just now – and these values appealed to these women as girls and held them – have become a part of who they are.

By the third Roundup Reunion GSUSA was sending representatives. Then the Girl Scout alumnae movement began. Josie, the representative who came to Round-

up Reunion last fall, fell out of my canoe in Lake Champlain and still talks about her "baptism." At the last campfire she handed out alumni pins.

When people came back for Roundup Reunion they came for the songs; that was what they told us, over and over. The harmonies were important, and even if they sang the songs at home, by themselves, the harmony would be missing. They kept on saying this the entire time – the singing was the important part; the campfire was optional. The repertoire was fairly consistent. We collected lists of favorite songs from the participants at the recent Roundup Reunion, here at Button Bay. The favorites overall were: 1) "The Ash Grove;" 2) "Peace of the River;" 3) "Girl Scouts Together;" 4) "Walk, Shepherdess, Walk;" 5) "Swinging Along;" 6) "Music Alone Shall Live," tied with 7) "Barges."

How did Girl Scouts qualify to attend the actual Roundup, back in the decade or so when it happened once every three years? Most of them got their basic skills at Girl Scout established camp. Each Girl Scout Council sent girls to the Roundup in patrols of eight [members]. The number of patrols depended on the size of the Council. The girls had to go through an application and rigorous selection process, including interviews and camping weekends to show their camping skills and ability to work well with others. Then each patrol worked and planned together for six months preparing for Roundup.

Roundup in its day lasted no more than two weeks, but the actual experience might have been longer. Round-uppers traveled by councils in patrols of eight girls; the trains from the other coast and from the South could take three days or more to transport them to the location. For the Round-uppers the train and the sites they visited along the way were part of the experience. Just imagine a trainload of Girl Scouts, all in camp uniforms or dress uniforms, all singing nearly all the time! They came to Roundup Reunion still talking about people they had met on the train all those decades ago.

I was Camp Director of Camp Koch 1979-81. At that point, only about ten years after my last summer as a camper, participation had gone down to about 50 kids per session [about half what it had been when I was a camper there], and they were mostly younger kids. We tried to build up a program for older girls, so the younger kids had someone to look up to. [In the absence of Roundup there were no clear goals for older girls – see Kit’s comment in chapter 4 of this study.]

As for my other comments, you should add turtle races to your list of rituals at Camp Koch. And about Scouts’ Own – it’s true that for most Scouts’ Owns it’s the components people remember, not the entire thing. Sometimes it’s the places where we held one that stay with us. I remember all of a Scouts’ Own at [Camp Koch’s]

Perspiration Point, when Penny introduced us to James Weldon Johnson's poem about the Creation. He was an American black poet, and I liked his work very much.

Appendix Part 2: Magalena Hagalena Variants and Analysis

Google and YouTube provide the following:

Variant 1: Source: International Lyrics Playground: lyricsplayground.com May 2007

Oh, Magalina Hagalina Ooka Taka Oka Noka Toka was her name (clap clap). *Refrain repeats after every verse.*

She had two hairs on the top of her head. One was alive and the other was dead.

She had two eyebrows above her eyes. One told the truth and the other told lies.

She had two ears on the side (s) of her head. One was pizza and the other was bread.

She had two eyes in the middle of her head. One was purple and the other was red.

She had two nostrils in the middle of her nose. One was open and the other was closed.

She had two teeth in the middle of her mouth. One pointed north and the other pointed south.

She had two cheeks on the side of her face. One was a sword and the other was a mace.

She had two arms on the side of her body. One was green and the other was biscotti.

She had two hands at the ends of her arms. One was a cat and the other went to farms.

She had two buttons in the middle of her belly. One was jam and the other was jelly.

She had two legs at the bottom of her body. One used the toilet and the other used the potty.

She had two knees in the middle of her legs. One was bacon and the other was eggs.

She had two toenails on top of her toes. One was a tulip and the other was a rose.

Refrain sung twice functions as the last “verse.”

Variant 2: Lyrics from Yahoo Answers: Magalena Hagalena (Boy Scout camp song)

Yahoo.com/answers.yahoo.com/question/index?qid=20090525115326AAsbzgh

Refrain: Magalena Hagalena Uka Waka Toca Waka Oka Mocha Poka was her name.

Verses: She had two eyes in the middle of her head. One was green and the other was red.

She had a nose that reached to her toes. I wonder how she put on her hose.

She had two teeth in the middle of her mouth. One pointed north and the other pointed south.

She had two frogs in the back of her throat. One swam forward and the other back-stroked.

She had two hips like battle ships. One stayed a port while the other took trips.

She had two feet that looked like mats. Don't know why, forgot to ask about that.

A ten-ton truck hit Magalena. Poor old fellow had to get a new machine.

Variant 3: Radiowoof 2003: Child-audience Supplies the Rhyme.

YouTube rowses2003 magalena radiowoof Aug 20, 2010

A folksinger playing the banjo starts each verse, but waits for the off-camera kid-audience to supply the last rhyming word of each verse, which it obligingly does.

Variant 4: agreenelephant1: Variant of the "feet" verse.

Agreenelephant1, June 28, 2011, YouTube, also www.agreenelephant.etsy.com

She had two feet size 11 and a half. One took a shower and the other took a bath.

Variant 5: Children's stage performance: 2009 Follies

YouTube, eringerc, Dec. 19, 2009 Harmony 2009 Follies Magalena Hagalena

Magalena's appearance is as a giant girl, benevolent and distorted.

Variant 6: Animation

YouTube ruskie50, July 8, 2010, Talking Tom Likes to Sing Silly Songs

The song proceeds in a chirpy, high voice, at a very fast pace; the animator may have assumed that his audience already knew the song very well.

Variant 7: Slim Cessna's Auto Club

*YouTube Slim Cessna's Auto Club – Mag Hag Boom Boom, Allanilson, July 20, 2011: From the album **Cipher**.*

Other musical elements blend in, but Magalena's rhythm and some of the lyrics are discernible.

Variant 8: Frosty on Webcam

YouTube frostythesnowman99, webcam video Jan 22, 2011

This is a solo rendition by a winsome girl, perhaps 8 years old, who is performing into her webcam. Lyrics vary only slightly from the basic version of the song in this essay.

Variant 9: Grandma Mort: Refrain Very Different

YouTube Grandma Mort Singing Catalina Madalina by nawilso Sept 6, 2011

Refrain: Catalina Madalina Hoopin Stina (pronounced st-eye-na) Walla Dina (d-eye-na)

Oaka Poka Loka was her name.

Variant 10: Loves Rockers: Similar refrain to above.

YouTube Cadalina Madalina – Loves Rockers, May 11, 2009.

Throughout these variants Magalena's (Catalina's) tune and rhythm, a very strong rhythm, did not vary appreciably from the tune of the basic version as provided in this study. Informants for this study were unfamiliar with variants or additional verses. YouTube provides few variants of the refrain.

Scanning "Magalena Hagalena," as a verse composition in spoken words, using the following annotation: Here ' is for a strong beat, ~ for a weak beat. The first syllable of each metric foot in the first line of the song's refrain transitions smoothly, in performance, into the second syllable, so that what seems in written form to be a dactyl with an excess, or third, weak beat, sounds in performance like a common dactyl with the usual TUM-da-da pattern. Thus the refrain's first line consists of two slightly augmented dactyls as above, its second line of four trochees, i.e. TUM-da TUM-da, TUM-da, TUM-da, the third line of three trochees, and the fourth of two trochees. The

weak beat of the second trochee is silent in the refrain's last line, as is the spondee -- or two strong beats in succession -- that follows.

"Magalena's" refrain:

Magalena Hagalena	' ~ ~ ' ~ ~
-------------------	-------------

Ooka-tahka wahka-tahka	' ~ ' ~ ' ~ ' ~
------------------------	-----------------

Hoka-moka-poka	' ~ ' ~ ' ~
----------------	-------------

Was her name. (two silent strong beats)	' ~ ' (~ ' ')
---	-----------------

"Magalena Hagalena's" nonsense-syllabic first stanza repeats after every verse, and functions as a refrain, one that is strongly trochaic in feel, in spite of the first line's dactyls. "Magalena's" **nonsensical form** uses two devices: **nonsense syllables** and nothing else in the refrain, consisting of Magalena's first and last names, and a **commonsensical description**, head to foot, of a **nonsensical being** in the individual verses.

The refrain uses slightly augmented dactylic dimeter in the first line, trochaic tetrameter in the second line, trochaic trimeter in the third line, and, in the fourth line, a

form of incomplete trochaic dimeter, in which the second foot's weak beat and the two-beat spondee afterwards are silent. Some variants supply a hand-clapping accent (clap-clap) here. The first line of the last of the song's storytelling verses -- the ten-ton truck verse -- uses dramatic slowing in the first line, then resumes a brisk tempo in the second. In folk verse four iambs and/or trochees may alternate more or less freely in the same line or stanza, but this nonsense composition is much more consistent, and more complex, than that.

"Magalena's" four storytelling couplets -- some versions of "Magalena" have quite a few more verses than that -- are a slightly flawed iambic pentameter in their respective first lines -- ta-TUM ta-TUM ta-ta-TUM ta-TUM ta-TUM, and in their second lines dactylic tetrameter (four sets of TUM-ta-ta per line), with the next-to-last grouping missing a weak beat, and the last grouping missing three weak beats. Thus the second line of each storytelling couplet works out to TUM-ta-ta TUM-ta-ta TUM-ta (-ta) TUM (ta-ta) or '~~'~~'~(~~)'(~~), with the third dactyl displaying a silent weak beat and the fourth dactyl two silent weak beats. Each couplet moves into the refrain; each has similar metric patterning: '~~'~~'~(~~)'(~~) varied slightly as (~)'~~'~~'~'. Silent beats in this notation appear set off by parentheses. The simple five-note tune remains the same tune in all the above variants, easily recognizable compared to the melody this study's informants learned and sang at Camp Koch.

The first line of “Magalena’s” refrain and the second lines of each of the verses are somewhat flawed dactylic, merging into trochaic (TUM-ta-ta into TUM-ta). Only the first lines of the individual verses are iambic, with a basic ta-TUM ta-TUM pattern. This may have to do with the strong beat occurring on the first syllable of Magalena’s name, a name that serves as the first word of the refrain, nothing more subtle than that. Some variants begin the refrain with an introductory *oh*, which would set up iambs by starting with a weak beat, if the *oh* in performance comes out as a weak beat. The flawed dactyls could be a variation in the rhythm leading into the climactic last stanza, where the ultimate reversal of common sense, the ultimate nonsense, occurs.

The first scanning of the song “Magalena Hagalena” yielded trochees and iambs, often flawed ones, and that is normal for folk verse. Informants felt the three-beat rhythm of the refrain’s first line so strongly, and performed the song so emphatically in that mode, however, that a revised scanning to accommodate this performance characteristic became necessary. The musical rendering of this song displays 4/4 time in the key of E major. Older campers may sing it in a lower key, and younger ones in a higher, depending on the song leader, of course.

Appendix 3: Comparing “Magalena Hagalena” and Lewis Carroll’s “Jabberwocky”

Jabberwocky

Magalena Hagalena

Lewis Carroll (1872)

traditional North American camp song

documented 1940’s to 2011

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Magalena Hagalena

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

Ooka-tahka wahka-tahka

All mimsy were the borogoves,

Hoka-moka-poka

And the mome raths outgrabe.

Was her name. (two silent strong beats)

Scanning: ~ = weak beat, ' = strong beat

~'~'~'~'

'~'~'~'

~'~'~'~'

'~'~'~'~'

~'~'~'~'

'~'~'~'

~'~'~'

'~' (silent '')

“Magalena Hagalena” and “Jabberwocky” have rhythms specific to their performances. Rhythm remains fairly consistent in Lewis Carroll’s nonsense poem “Jabberwocky,” but experiences a moment of retardation in “Magalena’s” mournful/cheerful last verse. “Jabberwocky” has no melody and was not intended for chanting or singing. “Magalena,” a camp song, has a melody in a major key with a five-note range, but the limited range does not mean that it is a chant, not necessarily. Many popular songs, especially country or classic rock songs, not to mention children’s songs, have a similarly limited range. Singers and listeners may perceive “Magalena” as chant-like, however, because quite a few words and syllables – many with hard consonants (p, t, k) requiring rapid articulation – occur on the same note, one after the other, in rapid succession.

Lewis Carroll’s first stanza repeats as the last stanza; in that sense it might be a refrain. “Jabberwocky’s” semi-refrain is iambic tetrameter, a common folk meter, using four iambs per line (tetrameter), with the strong beat coming after the weak beat (ta-TUM, ta-TUM, etc.) with a variation in the shorter last line. “Magalena’s” refrain is irregularly regular, featuring dactyls – TUM-ta-ta a three-beat meter in which the first two syllables merge into one, using two feet per line (bimeter) in first line of the refrain, trochees, four of them – TUM-ta, TUM-ta -- in the refrain’s second line, and in the verses five iambs –

ta-TUM – in the first line and two trochees with an extra weak beat each, followed by a regular trochee and two strong beats – a spondee.

Both poems have approximately the same number of strong beats per line; some leniency applies to folk verse, where iambs and/or trochees may alternate more or less freely within the same line or stanza. Carroll's five storytelling stanzas are very consistent with the first and last stanzas – iambic tetrameter. This is the meter most often found in William Shakespeare's plays, although Shakespeare uses pentameter – five strong beats per line. "Magalena's" four storytelling stanzas – some variants have more stanzas than that – are roughly iambic pentameter (five sets of ta-TUM per line), similar to Shakespeare's iambic pentameter, with five strong beats per line, although sometimes the unaccented syllables between the accented ones include two such weak beats, not one. Each storytelling stanza moves into the refrain, and each has the same pattern: ~'~'~'~'~', broken in the "feet" stanza into the last line's '~'~'~'~'. It's interesting that "Magalena's" refrain is dactylic but the verses are iambic. This may have to do with the strong beat occurring on the first syllable of Magalena's first name, nothing more subtle than that. Some variants begin the refrain with an introductory "oh," which would set up a different rhythm by starting with a weak beat, if the "oh" in performance is a weak beat. Or it could be a way of introducing an interesting variation in the rhythm.

“Jabberwocky’s” storytelling stanzas use a number of nonsense neologisms that now belong to the English language and have come to appear in Webster’s – the verbs *galumph*, *chortle*, *whiffle*, and *burble* come to mind – their meaning related to some extent to their component word fragments – all being at the same time more or less onomatopoeic as well. *Burble* might be a combination of *gurgle* and *bubble*, for example, and *chortle* as a combination of *portly*, *chuckle*, and perhaps *fondle*. *Galumph* seems to be a clumsy way to *gallop*, perhaps in *triumph*, and *whiffing* to signify the way a sizzling flame – the Jabberwock’s eyes – would *whizz* + *whistle* through a wooded area. Other newly created words – *beamish*, *frumious*, *vorpal*, *manxome*, and *uffish* have not yet become part of everyday discourse, or any other discourse that would land them in Webster’s, but then, they are not so audio-evocative, either.

The formal components of “Jabberwocky” are, like the formal components of “Magalena,” clearly English. Both instances of nonsense art use prepositions, verbs, pronouns, and nouns exactly as English would them, and in the same word order. In other words are English-language nonsense; Spanish-language nonsense would sound quite different. Both approach their subject matter from a critical distance.

“Jabberwocky” is a send-up of hero legends and “Magalena” describes a huge, clumsy, ugly and distorted girl, but a cheerful and indomitable girl who goes her merry way unfazed when a very large truck runs right into her.

“Jabberwocky’s” and “Magalena’s” putative refrains:

Jabberwocky

Magalena Hagalena

Lewis Carroll (1872)

traditional North American camp song

documented 1940’s to 2011

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves

Magalena Hagalena

Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:

Ooka-tahka wahka-tahka

All mimsy were the borogoves,

Hoka-moka-poka

And the mome raths outgrabe.

Was her name. (two silent strong beats)

Scanning: ~ = weak beat, ' = strong beat

~'~'~'~'

'~'~'~'

~'~'~'~'

'~'~'~'~'

~'~'~'~'

'~'~'~'

~'~'~'

'~' (silent ~'')

Lewis Carroll's first stanza repeats as the last stanza; in that sense it might be a refrain. "Magalena Hagalena's" first stanza repeats after every verse, and definitely functions as a refrain. "Jabberwocky's" semi-refrain is iambic tetrameter, a common folk meter, using four iambs per line (tetrameter), with the strong beat coming after the weak beat (ta-TUM, ta-TUM, ta-TUM), although it has a variation in the shorter last line. "Magalena's" refrain is slightly flawed dactylic dimeter, a three-beat meter like an expanded trochee (TUM-ta-ta TUM-ta-ta), using two dactyls per line (dimeter) in the first two lines, with two strong beats present silently in the shorter last line.

Both poems use some tetrameter, four strong beats per line. In folk verse four iambs and/or trochees may alternate more or less freely in the same line or stanza, but these two nonsense poems are much more consistent than that. Carroll's five storytelling stanzas are very consistent with the first and last stanzas – iambic tetrameter. This is the meter most often found in William Shakespeare's plays, although Shakespeare uses five strong beats – pentameter.

Appendix 4: Kit's One-Match Fire: The Step-by-Step Instructions

How much tinder would one need for this fire building process?

“For a cooking fire you need just a handful of tinder, because you’re going to be right there tending it, building it up slowly. If it’s going to be a ceremonial fire, you have the entire fire laid in advance, and for that you need much more tinder, because you’re going to light it and step back and let the whole thing go. And if it’s a council fire like that you really need long tinder, so it can come up through your log cabin structure to lead the flame to where you want it to be. You can use vines if they’re dry, meaning the thing has to snap cleanly when you bend it, and not tear; if it tears, it’s still green.”

“But before we go too far with this description we need to clear the ground where the fire will be,” Kit said, interrupting her account. “That means, if we’re not using an established campfire location, which is far better for the woods, of course, we have to get rid of vegetation on the ground and make sure the fire won’t be right underneath overhanging vegetation, either. You need a ten foot diameter on the ground cleared, and upwards lots more room than that; under the sky is best. And of course we have tools – shovel and rake, at least – and a fire bucket full of water within reach. A fire bucket full of sand is okay, but not as good as water.”

“Shall we use an A-frame or a teepee?”

Do people adhere to just one school of thought in this matter?

“I switch back and forth, actually. Of course you can start with the A and build a teepee. If it’s a contest for who can build a fire to burn faster through this string stretched above it, then definitely a teepee. But it’s hardly a fire if that’s its only purpose. The A frame is easiest to lay.”

“Kindling needs to be up to about thumb diameter. It must snap cleanly, not tear, although once you’ve got the fire going you can burn kindling that is a little bit green. It’s not really easier to find kindling than tinder, but if you’re only looking on the ground, sure, it is easier. You should be able to break kindling by stepping on it. If it’s too thick for that it’s probably too thick to catch fire from the tinder. No shorter than a pencil, either, and not longer than forearm length, is best for kindling. If it’s longer than that you need to break it again. “

Cooking fires need a really large amount of tinder, then?

“Partly it depends on the shape of the tinder you find; it’s almost never in straight little twigs. I’ve been known to do it with less than a handful of tinder, even in the rain. If it’s raining you may not be able to find more than a handful that’s going to catch. And if it’s like that, you need to lay the fire more vertically, making the teepee a better choice most of the time.”

And how much kindling?

“That depends on how big the fuel is – the big pieces of wood – that you have. You have to add kindling if the fire goes down, not just fuel alone or you’ll smother the fire. It’s situational. Every fire is different. A cooking fire, if it’s bigger than the base of the pot you’re cooking in, is too big, unless you also need coals for a bean pot, for example. It depends on what you’re cooking.”

“Fuel is wrist-size in diameter or larger. It can be round or split and any length. You can put the end of the fuel in the fire and, as it burns up, you push the end farther in. It’s all situational.”

An A-frame fire – how does that differ?

“You use three pieces of kindling, thumb-sized or bigger, or I sometimes use fuel if it’s not too big. You are better off with the wind at your back. I don’t always do this but it helps. You make an upside-down vee with the point away from you. Pieces of kindling or fuel should overlap at the point, or be next to each other. I often like to overlap them because that way I get a little bit of an air passage underneath there. The third piece of the A frame goes across the vee, crosses the base of the upside-down vee, but on top of both legs. Place pieces of tinder so that it’s inside the triangle and resting, sort of leaning, on the crosspiece, going from the ground to the crosspiece, and sticking up beyond the crosspiece a little. You have to set the tinder piece by piece, not just

shove it in there, but sometimes you can do that successfully, it just depends on what the tinder is. You then place some kindling in or over the tinder, also leaning on the crosspiece and resting on the ground, but leave some light in there in between. This kindling can extend beyond the A-frame, depending on how big the A-frame is. It's good if the pieces of kindling criss-cross right above the bulk of the tinder."

It's time to light the fire now?

"Yes, we light it now. If your back is still to the wind you're in a good position to reach a match under the cross piece to light the tinder. Now you see the reason for building the fire with your back to the wind. The wind will provide more oxygen to the fire. The upslant of tinder and kindling already converts the A-frame to a teepee. As you add kindling to the fire you hold the piece you are adding by the bottom. Rest the bottom on the ground, with its top in the flames that should be shooting up by now. And as your kindling catches fire you can add fuel, boxing in the fire with a log cabin shape, up to the height of the flames, then roofing the box shape in by laying log-sized pieces on top; that part will catch fire first."

"If you prefer a teepee fire, go back to the bare ground and find a foot-long forked stick of kindling. That makes it easier. You stick that into the ground with the forked part up. Build a teepee, with the opening part toward you – this is where the Indian goes in – but lean the pieces of tinder and kindling into the fork. You put on

tinder, then kindling, then put your lighted match into the teepee, and up where tinder and kindling cross, not near the ground at all. You can just make a teepee fire bigger and bigger this same way, but in my experience it's not long before the teepee collapses. At that point you build a log cabin shaped fire with pieces of fuel, but it's best to stay with the teepee shape if you want to stick long logs onto the fire and then, as they burn down, shove the ends farther in."

"A cooking fire can be very small. In a fire pit I dug out with my boot heel I heated canned stew using nothing but twigs. It was a very small fire, but the stew tasted good. And it was hot."

"My favorite kind of fireplace for cooking is a form of trench fire. You taper the trench so that it becomes shallower as it comes to you, with your back to the wind. It concentrates the heat, focused on the pot, and controls the direction of the wind, and there's less smoke."

Appendix 5:

Troop Camping (Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts) and Unit-Based Camping (Girl Scouts)

Organizational, Not Gender-Based Distinctions: A Schematic

Note: The diagram that follows does not intend to cover all contingencies. Boy Scout encampments may vary from the troop camping model described here to some extent, but the troop camping model here is the standard they depart from. Girl Scout camps are known for the unit plan; American Camping Association handbooks state that Girl Scout established camps adhere to the unit model to the exclusion of all other models – that model defines Girl Scout post-WWII summer established camp. One notable exception was Round-up, a national gathering where there were units, but those units were divided into patrols, and the patrols pitched their two-person tents near each other and near other units.

UNIT PLAN

1) **Raison d'être/emphasis --**

Individual development,
achievement, in a like-minded
roughly age-based group.

TROOP CAMPING

Raison d'être/emphasis --

Group development in teamwork
under the direction of a familiar
authority figure, the volunteer
Scoutmaster or troop leader.

2) Center – the **unit, a remote**
age-based “village” of 12 – 24
campers, out of earshot of other
units. The same counselors are
there throughout to stay aware
of safety, welfare, and location
of each camper at all times.

Center – **Main Camp.** The activity
centers, i.e. dining hall, waterfront, are
nearby, as are all other campers’
sleeping quarters.

3) Groups: The camper finds her
way into a new group. Unit
counselors, a new influence,
New campers arrive
knowing one other camper,
in the same unit, or perhaps
no other camper; returnees may

Groups: **set groups,** group
roles, and pecking order prevail.
Familiar adult leaders set the tone.
Social groups among campers,
already exist from school,
church, neighborhood, etc.
as troops meet in school year.

see more familiar faces than that.

4) Dimension – **Breadth** – from unit

inward to main camp and back

outward via woodland paths;

fewer activities in main camp

days. Counselors foster organic

program based on campers’

decisions and skill levels. Sessions

may **start slowly*** as friendships

form, skills build. In-group

language usage – “fun” means

“challenge” and vice versa.

Dimension – **Depth**. Adults

arrange/monitor program

in central locales. **Efficiency**

in satisfying merit badge

requirements on-site. Some

hikes to outlying areas. Campers

interact with accustomed adult

leaders. In-group language

as at troop meetings

elsewhere, not specific to camp.

There is no social mobility.

5) Emotion – **cool**, unspoken, safe.

Emotion – **warm**, even hot.

Jitters about fitting in smoothed
by impersonality of buddy system
and **sameness** of newcomer status.
All campers arrive as newcomers.

Camp is **exciting** – a fieldtrip
with friends. Lower status
campers react coolly to playing
same old subordinate roles.

6) Natural world is **around campers**
when in the unit deep in the woods,
or on footpaths going to activities.

Natural world is “**out there,**”
or experienced in nature study
classes or on hikes and trails.

7) Leaders: Counselors, neither adult
nor child, use **example, charm,**
coaxing to lead (not push) campers,
monitor and preserve safety and
wellbeing. Not compelled to take

Leaders: Adult role models,
use **troop status to lead**
activities based on knowing
campers over a long period of
time. Authority of volunteer
leaders

part in activities, campers always do.

derives from central Scout
authorities

Counselors' authority is from the
camp director, who works for the
Girl Scout council.

responsible for funding and
administering the camp.

8) Counselors, on salary, attend
precamp training and ensure
camp's and camp director's rules
prevail. The CD works for the
the Girl Scout council. Counselors
occupy social middle ground
between adult and camper,
respected by campers, who call
them by **camp names**, names the

Scoutmasters are volunteers, not
subordinate to a camp director.
Paid staff, waterfront, etc.
serves the Scoutmasters as well as
the campers. Scoutmasters and
volunteers use **normal names**,
the same as in the outside world.

counselors choose in pre-camp,

if not before.

- 9) Regulations govern hygiene, physical safety, wellbeing, first aid, medicine, waterfront or out-of-camp activities, use of tools or equipment, leaving the camp site undamaged, controlling contraband or prohibited acts such as bullying or child abuse. Unit counselors bear responsibility and enforce rules, under the camp director's authority. **There is only one track. Difficult for staff to evade assigned duty.**
- The same rules as in the unit plan. Enforcement takes **two tracks**, one via volunteer adults, the other via paid camp staff. Clashes and disagreements have occurred but rarely. On the other hand, abuses by adult authority figures are obvious. **If one track bogs down in reporting troubling actions or attitudes, the other serves as a fail-safe.**

10) Scheduling the session:

More flexible. The camper's family chooses a session that does not interfere with family events or vacations.

Scheduling the session:

Less flexible. The troop works out a schedule that permits a greater number of troop members and adult volunteers to attend at the same time.

11) Camp funding – **more money**

needed for staff pay, management. More infrastructure -- running water, latrines, etc., needed for unit sites far from main camp. May require **more staff time** for repairs, or to monitor safe drinking water, etc.

Camp funding – **less money** needed for

staff pay; volunteer adults handle most day-to-day supervision of campers. Infrastructure is mostly in a central location, easier to maintain and cheaper to build, but **more disruptive** if repairs are needed.

in eight or more locations.

12) **The camp forms its own society,**
world, and values, influenced by
ideology, i.e. Girl Scout principles.

Troop's established worldview
prevails, absorbing the camp's
procedures, traditions into the
values of the troop, as interpreted by
the Scoutmaster or troop leader, and
the ideology of the sponsoring entity,
such as Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, etc.

Appendix 6. Categories of Campcrafts Practiced at Camp Koch 1958-1970

Categories of Skills Taught at Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch

Every unit, every session, started with
each skill category in its simplest form,
but the units with older, more practiced

campers moved through the basics rather quickly to skills that were new to them. First-time campers usually were in Trailblazer or Hilltop, unless they were more than a year older than the other girls. The Antique Buddies, overlaps with the Clan to some extent, has a member who started out at Camp Koch in Blue Wells, the primitive unit.*

1. Toolcraft, including care, safety, and of knife, bow saw, hatchet, and mallet. Ax would come last of all in that progression. Also needed for camp housekeeping, fire management, and shelter construction: rake, shovel and broom, among others;

2. Gathering firewood and wood for various other purposes (lashing, craft projects, etc.);

3. Campfire, cookfire building, using, extinguishing, and safety;

4. Knotcraft;

What is a good counselor?

1. She loves the wild areas in all kinds of weather; in her heart she lives there.

2. She likes kids, respects kids, and chooses to do things with kids.

3. She puts her caring and concern for others into action, doing whatever it takes to carry out her responsibilities.

4. She does not push: she leads.

Kit, July 2011

5. Lashing;

6. Nature Study;

7. Handicrafts i.e. weaving belts, doing making baskets, carving wood, etc;

8. Waterfront activities, including swimming, with lifesaving and water ballet for the most skilled; rowing and canoeing, with canoe trips as the most challenging, i.e. fun;

9. Orienteering, often done as an activity in a wide game

10. Hiking, including making and following trail signs;

11. Team work, mostly in patrols or tent-

mate groups, starting with assigned chores, i.e. kapers;

12. First aid and safety, in any and all activities, at all times of the day and night; this means using the buddy system, dressing appropriately for conditions, and other precautions, and having a first aid kit and a certified first aider on hand, always;

13. Meal planning and supplies management, including storage and portage options, calculating amounts of provisions, calculating menus for nutritional value, including treats, keeping the cooking equipment and other options well in mind, and making provisions for adverse weather;

14. Outdoor cooking, from hot dogs on a stick to reflector oven and pineapple upside-down cake baked in a Dutch oven; washing dishes;

15. Personal hygiene;

16. Flag etiquette, including procedures for raising, lowering, Pledge of Allegiance, folding, unfolding, and respectful storage;

What makes a good counselor excellent?

17. Living gently in the out of doors, including keeping and leaving a clean, undamaged trail, woodland, campsite or picnic area;

1. She radiates enthusiasm and charm.

18. Other badge work, such as stars, storytelling, drama, etc;

2. She draws ideas and plans from campers.

3. *She develops the campers as well as their ideas.*

Kit and Clay, July 2011

19. Pitching tents or constructing other shelter;

20. Carrying out all of the above in any kind of weather, and in a cheerful good humor and with other Girl Scouts;

21. Singing by memory, unaccompanied, a wide variety of fun, complex, sad, or storytelling songs, some in rounds or canons, some with harmony, some in foreign languages, some with nonsense syllables. The orally functioning repertory of experienced campers includes more than 200 songs.

*Material provided by Kit, Clay, Sandy, and Prophet, July 2, 2011 and prior.

Appendix 7: Chart of Gender Roles, Mid-20th Century

Gender Rules for Women, Men, Girls, and Boys: 1958-1970, according to informants:

Rules for Working Mothers

1. You have 3 jobs – employee,

housewife/mother, and supporter of

your husband's career. You also

juggle baby-sitters, keep household

books, and make children's clothes.

2. You average 4 hours' sleep a night.

3. In the remaining 10 hours a week

you maintain a façade of beauty and

charm, attend meetings, host a club

or church event, garden, and sing

to the baby.

4. You help elderly relatives and stay in

touch with your husband's parents and

your own.

Rules for Fathers

1. Your work supports the family.

You allow your wife to work. You

pay higher taxes because of this.

And you worry about it.

2. You are on duty at the boss's

beck and call. Your job requires

you to travel. Your wife handles

the home front.

3. You do your own home remodeling

with the help of buddies, a form of

socializing that also saves money.

4. You spend 20 hours a week playing

sports, watching TV, or spending time with

the kids. You also attend veterans' events, go

fishing with buddies, read the newspaper,

and attend meetings of several

organizations you belong to. You

take the children to church.

*Rules for Girls**

1. Defend your personal sphere.

2. Set up your mental defenses so as to

zone out during school or compete there

to gain parental approval. Beware

of unladylike competition with boys.

3. When you can manage it, escape!

Eluding parents is the key. It's

a fun thing you can hope for.

4. Locate a few good friends and stick

with them. Don't expect very much.

You have home chores to do.

5. Maintain a show of feminine sweetness

*Rules for Boys**

1. Be tough, excel in sports and math.

2. Be a leader or a good follower.

These areas are off limits: love of art,

color, clothing, fashion, design. Singing is

okay but not encouraged.

3. You cannot live up to expectations. Feign

compliance and remain elusive. This also

applies to girls.

4. Expect to carry on your father's trade or

occupation.

5. Obey your mother and protect her at the

*and beauty to keep the parental units and,
in the teenage years, boyfriends, content.*

*6. Take care of younger siblings. This
can get you out of worse chores.*

*7. Get away as much as possible to
Girl Scouts, the school band, school
events or clubs, and Girl Scout summer
camp. You really live only there.*

*same time. Forget who you really are and act
like brutal, manly role models.*

*6. Look out for your little sister. Look up to your older
sisters, no matter how wacky or weird they seem.*

*7. Keep up with drinking buddies, once you are a
teenager, and try to forget about all the parental
expectations you cannot possibly meet.*

Appendix 8: Kit's recommendations on how to induce campers to do things while giving them the impression it was their idea or choice to do those things all along (October 10, 2013):

"Mostly I led by example. If I picked up paper weeds (trash) visible beside the path campers would start picking them up, too. Those who pick up other people's paper weeds become reluctant to scatter their own. Paths around my unit were always among the cleanest in the camp, whatever camp I was working in. If I wanted to teach a song, I

might whistle its tune while we were hiking somewhere, then the next day, perhaps, sing a few verses of it when campers were around. As the third step I might ask nearby campers – while we were hiking or cooking outdoors – if they knew the song, and agree to teach it if they asked me to. Sometimes I would say, ‘Do you like that song? I can teach it to you if you would like.’ Or ‘I was thinking about teaching it to you if you like it.’ Of course we already had a singing unit. I mean that we would sing while we were doing stuff, sing while we were waiting for stuff, and I usually started that on change day – this was back when they came in buses, and the Unit Leader had to meet the buses, and we would get part of the way up the hill, and we would have to wait for the nurse, for the trading post, and while we were sitting there we would start singing. I would ask, ‘Hey, do you guys know this song? It goes like this. With larger projects I would say something like – ‘Here’s what we need to do to accomplish this – build a shower floor, cook our meal in a beanhole, etc. Who wants to help me do this? Who wants to help Dottie (the other counselor) do that other part?’ I think the campers liked being asked, liked having options, liked being told the purpose of the work, such as gathering wood so as to get a fire going so as to eat, such as helping lash a shower so that we could have our own shower in our own unit, and not be like the little campers, trekking over to a central shower somewhere else. It was a status thing to have our own shower, because we built it. They participated precisely because they had options, bought in to the purpose of the activity, and liked the adventure or prestige aspects.

Above all they had choices. And they knew they were doing it in part because we were special to ourselves, for the sake of all of us.”

Appendix 9: Continuation: Kit’s Narrative about the First Expedition to Fox Ridge.

“When they put a Jeep road in through there, between that summer and the next, it didn’t seem so far, and the spot on the ridge they chose was considerably farther from Main Camp, but then, we no longer needed to carry everything. I made a lot of mistakes that first trip, but I sure learned”.

“The first Fox Ridge location [the location of the 1960 expedition] – it wasn’t a straight shot to get there by any means; with that place we had to circle around, because we couldn’t get through the underbrush, and we kept switching the pack baskets and other burdens around – we even carried a full-sized shovel and binder’s twine for lashing, and a saw and hatchet. We had big canvas totes with food in them, water cans and sleeping bags and a change of clothes and supplies – personal stuff. We had ponchos and raincoats. Campers brought their own flashlights, with extra batteries. And we also brought kerosene lanterns and the kerosene to fuel them, matches, and toilet paper.”

“It was heavy going. Brush was thick. There were few complaints. This was an adventure. None of us had done anything like this before. Even Pepper, the most experienced camper, who was there second session, I think, had never done this before, and especially not the two leaders, not until second session. After this first trek we went to Fox Ridge every session.”

“This description may combine sessions, but all are that first summer, before the Jeep road went to that other place they now call Fox Ridge. Woodhaven camped there, too, of course, in the years that followed.”

“So, another look at our departure from Main Camp: After a Dining Hall lunch we picked up our pack-out items, returned to the unit, and set out, because we had to have our camp set up at Fox Ridge before dark. I can still see that gold-lacquered metal water can suspended on poles, one camper on each side, walking as smoothly as possible, because if there was too much motion, precious water spilled out. It weighed a ton.”

“Water rationing – this was necessary, of course. We did not wash dishes, just wiped them out with paper towels we could dispose of by burning before we left. Use them to start a fire? Are you kidding? That would never have occurred to us – tinder, that’s what starts a fire reliably. Each camper had plate and utensils assigned to her, and maybe a cup of water in the evening for washing and tooth-brushing. Both.”

“We arrived at this area that had a rocky overhang and another drop-off below that; I can remember that there may have been an old fence along there, but there was a kind of a clearing there, with a gentle slope – no flat area, even for sleeping. We couldn’t have walked down to the river. So we decided this was it, our camping spot. We cleared an area for the fire bowl, lashed a table between two trees to put our supplies on, and we left the ends sticking out, so that we could hang pack baskets there, off the ground. There were no predators larger than raccoons then, I think. We didn’t hang them far up, as people do in bear country. We cleared big sticks and stuff out of the clearing – the beginning of our woodpile. And the kids picked out spots to place their bedrolls in a designated area we called the bedroom. And of course we had our unit first aid kit. No one needed it, as I remember.”

“At about this point – fire bowl cleared, food stored, woodpile started – we did a division of labor. Before this everybody pitched in as they saw fit. Dottie, my assistant unit leader (AUL), took over getting rocks, setting up the fire circle, gathering wood for the fire, and getting ready to cook. I took the latrine detail; several campers and I went out to build our primitive latrine, our sanitary facilities.”

“Why didn’t we just squat in the bush ad lib? For sanitary reasons. There were fourteen of us, remember. Besides, I was fairly sure we would be returning to the place in later sessions, and it wouldn’t be sanitary. And, besides, it’s the way you do things. I

didn't want some little girl to get a tummy ache from not knowing where the toilet was, or from being afraid to go when she found the spot. With a comfortable designated latrine everyone used, I never heard such a complaint. We all used it – there was nothing to worry about – and constructing it was fun. We did not bring a tarp to screen it, just chose a spot slightly out of the main area, and at night there would be a kerosene lantern there and always there would be toilet paper there.”

“We tried to be very careful about walking up to the latrine without falling into the hole. And we set it up that way, with a steep edge defining the front of the hole, so the user could tell where not to step. If the hole had to extend beyond the seat in front or in back, it was always in back. The hole in front had to remain as it was, not crumble. That was very important. We carefully piled the dirt we had dug out to make the hole in a nearby spot, handy for closing the latrine when we returned to main camp. The dirt also served to ‘flush’ the latrine, and we had to have a lesson, a demonstration and discussion of how to use the latrine. Use as little TP as possible, and discard it in the hole, that was what I told them, and use dirt to cover any solid waste in the hole.”

“The latrine seat consisted of two poles, young trees we cut and trimmed as necessary, lashed in front of and in back of two trees. You balanced yourself as if on a bench, on the two poles. I don't remember seeing that in a book, but it works better that

way (rather than balancing on just one pole). Some put a pole across higher in back, as a back rest, but for us two parallel branches let us balance pretty well.”

“The location had to be close enough to the sleeping area for counselors and campers to see the lantern and find their way over to it at night.”

“The steps are as follows: 1) Choose the location and get the hole dug, 2) pile up the dirt from the hole and leave the shovel sticking in it (and yes, we carried a shovel out there, too), 3) lash the poles between the suitably located trees, 4) if we had a well-placed branch we’d trim it and use it as a TP holder, 5) hold a demonstration and discussion of proper use.”

“In all of the trips I made like that over the years we never had to dig a second hole, because the kids were so good about taking care of it.”

“Two days later, closing the site, one asks – ‘Does anybody need to use the latrine before we close it?’ Then we would cut down the seat and fill in the hole, pack the earth down in it, even. Then with the two logs that had been our seat we would make an X between those trees, my invention, to steer me away from digging there next session or next summer.”

10. Kahlil Gibran and the Worldview of Camp Koch Revisited

The following chart demonstrates correspondences between responses to the Kochie survey, the text of which is located in this study's appendix, and some relevant quotes from the lyric poetry of Kahlil Gibran, whose book *The Prophet* was the source of many contemplative readings at Scouts' Own and other ceremonies at camp.

Kahlil Gibran Paraphrases*	Kochie Survey Paraphrases
Favorite quotes from <i>The Prophet</i> * selected and paraphrased by Clay and Kit, October 12, 2012, at Kit's house.	Relevant Kochie Survey** questions and answers as supplied by the researcher and confirmed by Kit and Clay.

*Page numbers of *The Prophet* and question numbers from the Kochie Survey will follow in italics. Summaries and paraphrasing allow one to focus on the concepts rather than on the poetic language, like Biblical cadences, of the poet Kahlil Gibran. The focus on concepts may bring out harmonious and clashing perspectives. Survey questions are located in the appendix of this study by number.

Procedures and Findings: The Gibran-Kochie Survey Interpretation

The chart that follows does not pretend to cover all the ramifications of the concepts indicated. Its purpose is to search out similarities, if any, between selected quotes from *The Prophet* and the Camp Koch worldview as articulated in the Kochie Survey of 2010. The point of including this chart in a chapter about arts and crafts is to make sure its discussion is well grounded in what the arts and crafts were about, what they were for, and how the camp and its inhabitants used them.

The alumnae organization of Girl Scout Camp Henry F. Koch in Southern Indiana is called the Kochies, pronounced “Cookies.” 18 members completed a 50-question survey, in which for most items about two-thirds or more of them chose the same response as each other, without consultation.

The procedures for the matching exercise here began when Kit and Clay, two informants, chose a number of what they considered relevant quotes from *The Prophet*, a book that often served as a source for Scouts’ Own and other ceremonies at camp. To neutralize the influence of the poet’s art, they paraphrased the verses, in an attempt to replicate what those verses might have meant to them 40 or 50 years ago, perhaps when read aloud at a ceremony at camp. In fact they located and paraphrased a good many more verses than this exercise included. In consultation with them the researcher

selected responses from the Kochie survey with at least 2/3 unanimity. The indicated Kochie survey items may appear in abbreviated or paraphrased form.

Selections I and II are together because of the connection of the word *soul* with the camp's *sacred* and *separate* characteristics, in the first set. In the second set, where Gibran salutes *truth*, the Kochie survey quote singles out one aspect of truth, namely the ability to see in the dark, and in two stages, the first with a flashlight and the second without one. It portrays a form of getting used to the truth so as to improve one's perception of it.

Selections III and IV have to do with payment, not of one's camp fees, but of one's dues, the inevitable painful sides of certain experiences, paying in full, without trying to evade the cost. It's a choice of honor over deception. Some experiences, although exhilarating, also hurt -- strenuous athletic feats as well as hopes and dreams. Some experiences require living up to, and that takes courage. There may have been a distinct lack in the late 20th century of schools for courage, honor, and generosity of spirit, but Camp Koch was one of them.

Selections V and VI are about the benefit to the entire group of helping its weakest member, as well as the transcendent redemptive qualities of all work, which at camp includes such challenges as building a one-match fire, cooking a meal on that fire, or simply taking one's turn at more routine chores.

Selections VII and VIII are discussions of what the work, in the form of camp crafts, is all about: friendship, consensus, leadership, and pragmatics. It draws a straight line connecting the two areas Kit looked into in locating a reading for Scouts' Own – the friendship part is obvious, but the pragmatics are all there to facilitate the friends' spending as much time as possible in the wild, out there with a sky roof and wonders all around. In pragmatics one learns how to prioritize, how to lead others, and how to be a good team member. Everyone's purpose agrees – getting out there where there are wonders and adventures.

Selection IX departs a bit from the rest, because no Kochie survey item mentions certain strong emotions – adoration, hope, and despair --and how to deal with them. Kit and Clay say that hope was the hope of returning to camp, felt most fervently on the dreaded day of departure, and also the hope of living up to the camp's standards and the potentially higher standards camp veterans set for themselves at camp; adoration was a response to the natural world at camp (Kochie #39), the understanding that camp is sacred territory. Despair never lived at camp, or not any longer than five or ten minutes, anyhow, because after that pragmatics took over and the world righted itself again. The enchanting natural world was still there and was still enchanting; pragmatic tactics were still needed to spend as much time as possible there.

I

A geographical place can be
the soul's home ground (9).

#16 Camp is separate from
The everyday world,
and better. #39 Camp
contains sacred ground.

II

Truth is a rare and wonderful
gift; receive it with respect (10).

#30 At first I used a flashlight,
then learned to see in the
dark. Implication: knowledge
is power.

III

It's cowardly and vile to look for
the pleasant things of love and

#6 Camp learning isn't easily
available elsewhere. Here it's

avoid the rest. Stop trying to
subdivide love, or just get out.
(10).

paying one's dues and using
generosity of spirit.

IV

When you give happily and
spontaneously you are godly and
close to the divine. (22)

#6 see above. Giving and
receiving with grace, leaving
pettiness and resentment
behind, is difficult to learn,
but at camp there are role models.

V

There is, or should be, a brotherhood
and/or sisterhood of humankind;
helping the needy benefits all. (43)

#16 Solidarity and
achievement go hand in hand
at camp. #27 The best things

in life happen at camp.

VI

Life reveals its secrets to
those who support themselves
with work. It's a way of
loving life. Work done lovingly
is godly. (26)

#47 Camp crafts matter a
great deal. #18 No one
minds or shirks kapers;***
they are a basic part of life.
We do them cheerfully. #18
I became a camp counselor.

VII

People's houses are not enough
for them and cannot contain
them. The sky is more
important than a house. The

#16 Camp is separate from
the everyday world, and
better. #50 At camp other
people's presence did not

human spirit is a part of eternity;
nothing can measure or contain
it. (34)

interfere with a direct
experience of nature. #2
Singing brings people together
and joins them with the
natural world.

VIII

Friendship means sharing
everything, including thoughts,
dreams, and hopes. But don't
think about it too much, just
do it. (58)

#44 The pragmatic side of
camp includes everyone, #16
teaches priorities, and #7
involves everyone in decision-
making, planning, and carrying out
plans. #10 There is no bullying, no
shirking, #17 no showing off. #27 The
best of things happened there,

one of which was friendship,
celebrated daily in song.

IX

Adoration, hope, and despair
are all part of the same package.

(78)

The survey does not tackle
this directly. Kit and Clay
think hope was the hope of
returning to camp, and of living up to
the camp's standards and the goals
campers set for themselves while they
were there. #39 adoration was for the
natural world at camp, and despair
never lived at camp longer than five or
ten minutes. Pragmatism took over

after that.

Appendix 11: The Kochie Survey Items:

SA=strongly agree, A=agree, D=disagree, SD=strongly disagree

25 members of the Kochies (pronounced *cookies*) responded to the survey. The Kochies are members of a Camp Koch alumnae organization that meets once a year. Results are rounded off. Some respondents left some items blank.

- 1) Some big challenges in life happened at camp. (50% agreed.)
- 2) In our group at camp we knew, sang, and remembered more than 100 songs.
(50% agreed.)
- 3) It was possible at camp to feel alone with Nature even though other people were around. (70% agreed.)
- 4) At camp we considered the song "Barges" and the actual river barges to be a positive element. (80% agreed.)
- 5) Some of the best things that happened to me happened at camp. (50% agreed.)

- 6) Learning to build a one-match fire was important at camp. (90% agreed.)
- 7) I sang harmony and/or served as song leader in the Dining Hall. (2 respondents agreed.)
- 8) Even today I know what table fairies are, and I wouldn't harm one for anything. (40% agreed)
- 9) I can remember five different table graces we sang at camp. (20% agreed.)
- 10) I can remember the camp name of at least one counselor for each summer I spent at camp. (10% agreed.)
- 11) I acquired a camp name, used it, and cared about it. (20% agreed.)
- 12) I was a better person when I was at camp. (40% agreed.)
- 13) At camp challenges were fun. (40% agreed.)
- 14) Time goes faster and slower at camp than in the outside world. (80% agreed.)
- 15) Some places in camp felt like sacred ground. (70% agreed.)
- 16) I am still in contact at least once a year with three people I met at camp. (10% agreed.)

17) I got to know girls at camp I would have been unlikely to meet anywhere else.

(80% agreed.)

18) The buddy system at camp really worked. (75% agreed.)

19) I helped plan our activities at camp. (75% agreed.)

20) I disliked kapers but tried to be a good sport. (35% agreed)

21) I learned to swim, or learned to swim better, at camp. (50% agreed.)

22) Mosquitos, hot weather, and intensely dark nights really bothered me at camp.

(Nothing but outraged comments in the negative.)

23) Camp seemed to be separate from the everyday world, and better. (70% agreed)

24) First I learned to use a flashlight; later I learned to see in the dark. (90% agreed)

25) Most of the good singers and good swimmers at camp were show-offs. (One person agreed.)

26) Canoeing was my favorite activity at camp. (50% agreed.)

27) My unit leader had a negative attitude. (No one agreed.)

28) I became a camp counselor. (40% agreed.)

29) I still consider myself a Girl Scout. (80% agreed.)

- 30) I have visited Our Chalet (Switzerland) or Our Cabana (Mexico). (2 individuals agreed.)
- 31) At camp I learned to sing songs in a foreign language and songs with nonsense syllables. (90% agreed.)
- 32) When I returned from camp my parents thought my manners and attitude had improved. (50% agreed.)
- 33) At camp I learned how important first aid is. (90% agreed.)
- 34) I feel better able to survive an accident or natural disaster because of my summers at camp. (50% agreed.)
- 35) I missed my family a lot, but it was well worth it to be at camp. (Nearly all respondents denied missing their families, but agreed that camp was well worth being there).
- 36) My favorite unit at camp was _____. (Usually Woodhaven or Blue Wells).
- 37) My most difficult summer at camp was _____. (Most left this blank).
- 38) I have attended one or more camp reunion events after my 25th birthday. (Most agreed.)

39) My occupation or major direction in life is a direct result of my experiences at camp. (75% agreed)

40) Joking often turned into bullying at camp. (90% disagreed.)

41) Some counselors were great, but others were too pushy. (50% agreed. 20% commented that no one was pushy.)

42) I can remember the name of at least one camp director. (Usually not.)

43) The whole leadership thing among the campers caused a lot of hurt feelings.

(Many outraged responses denied hurt feelings, some accusing the researcher of negative bias.)

44) Some of the people at camp never really got with the program. (50% agreed, but did not include themselves among these people.)

45) Everything I learned at camp I could easily have learned somewhere else. (All disagreed, some vehemently.)

46) One of my Camp Koch heroes is _____. (75% entered a name here. Most frequent was that of the camp ranger.)

47) There were far too many rules at camp. (Not a single respondent agreed.)

48) Campers split into groups – others took sides – it was a problem. (90% outraged comments that this never happened.)

49) Campcrafts did not really seem to matter in our activities at camp. (One dissenter agreed with this.)

50) If I had the option of revisiting a particular place at camp, that place would be _____. (Most frequent response: Inspiration Point, followed by Blue Wells.)

Appendix 12: Values Schematic: 1961 Campers' Values and Badger's Values

Campers' Values

strength, courage, resourcefulness

confidence, solidarity, smiling

together, consensus

thoughtful/considerate of others

pragmatic, consistent, safe

Badger's Values

stasis, fear, passivity

timidity, blame avoidance,

solitary, alone

thoughtless/inconsiderate

arbitrary, contradictory, unsafe

knowledge	ignorance, disrespecting knowledge
skills/skill acquisition	unskilled, unwilling to learn
open to learning/new experiences	closed to learning/new experiences
effective	inactive, blame avoidance
traditions	ignorance/disrespect of traditions
diligence	just getting by
giving and earning recognition	lassitude/negligence
mutual support	disregard of others' accomplishments and one's own
upbeat, high standards, active	surly, uncouth, avoiding evaluation,
consensus rule	one person's rule
progress in steps/stages	sudden, unexpected dictates

camp authorities are benevolent

camp authorities are hostile

earning the Camp Ranger's respect

avoiding the Camp Ranger's
attention

working on something big, important

remaining inconspicuous

socializing with Woodhaven at Fox Ridge

avoiding Woodhaven

leaving a mark, physical or in photos

getting through the summer

empowerment of campers

subjugation of campers

role models at camp outside one's unit

keeping away from role models

singing together*

campers not bothering unit staff*

going cross-country

choosing the easiest way

freedom, ambition, exploration

regimentation, risk-avoidance

*according to Clay this is the most damning dichotomy of the set.

Appendix 13: Living Camp Values throughout Life: Creaky's Story

Creaky's career shows how much gender-based role models and expectations changed from the 1960s to the 1980s. Creaky is the camp name of one of Kit's campers,

during the early 1980s summer Kit was in charge of the CIT (Counselor-in-Training) unit at Camp Koch. That makes this a 1960s to 1980s comparison. Creaky compared high school marching band and Camp Koch in terms of a high school girl's identity. These were the two strongest non-parental influences in her life during her high school years. Her subsequent career displays many features of the Camp Koch worldview, as found in the Kochie survey (see this study's appendix). Creaky is not a member of the Kochies, however. Her statement:

"Marching Band and Camp Koch both formed my identity. Neither outweighs the other. I became a leader in camp and in band, and to do so I needed to become myself, become comfortable in my own skin. So I made three rules for myself: 1) Don't lie to yourself; 2) No regrets: make the best decision you can at the time, then move on. You have to **do** something versus **inaction**; 3) Balance your life. Life is about that. Work and play, family, spouse, and personal time, all are interconnected."

"In any career you have defining moments. At IBM I volunteered to organize and host an annual one-day conference. I'd been at IBM a couple of years, and I was 26 years old. Nobody else wanted to chair it, so I chaired it, working with older men who far outranked me. I set it up, did the planning. I opened it and introduced the main speakers. It was the biggest one-day conference we had ever had. I was too young and naïve to be nervous. It was a defining moment. 1991."

“I had started out working weekends at first, so I worked in various divisions of IBM carrying a tool bag. Now I’m national corporate staff, working from home here in Evansville. I feel I’ve arrived, comfortable in my own skin, and in my garden.”

“Another defining moment – in 2005 there was a major upgrade that one weekend, and I was the official operational person in charge, but my manager was also involved in this. I wasn’t there. Oh, it was okay, I wasn’t skipping work or anything; we had arranged in advance that my boss would cover the conference call. The techies had finished the update ahead of schedule, but they wouldn’t bring it online for my boss that day until they had spoken to me. Wow, what a tribute!”

“I’ve worked for IBM from home as a staffie since 1996. I missed being around people, so I got into real estate here locally.”

“I am known to be blunt, outspoken. I’ve always been an over-achiever. The way I look at it, once you make the commitment, you have to do it.”

Appendix 14: Song Leading Throughout Life, Part 1: Christmas Carols with and for 500 people

Clay: “With some people it seems that song leading is a lifetime calling, like the ministry. I heard yesterday on the radio – NPR, I think – that by far the greatest

involvement of Americans with any art form as participants – not passive enjoyment or appreciation – is by people who sing in choirs, choirs under the direction of song leaders or directors, including church choirs. I like the term ‘song leader’ better than ‘director.’ Leading someone is a much more complicated skill than directing someone.”

“With Kit, the job of song leader is definitely a calling. It showed up last night [2012] in the community center, as she and the twenty-some singers in her women’s barbershop chorus, unaccompanied, led a group of 500 or more people in singing Christmas carols, people in need of the free Christmas dinner they had gone to the community center to enjoy.”

“In a large audience accustomed to television it’s practically a miracle when people stop chatting among themselves, or at least tone it down enough for the group on stage to be heard, and even more so when they decide to sing along. They did both. Kit’s chorus knows about blending. After someone blows the pitch pipe each chorus member finds her own note. None of the singers is under the age of fifty. Many are widows finding their way in the world without their life’s companion; some are facing serious illnesses, and one or two are pushing ninety years of age. They all love to sing. That’s the main qualification for joining Kit’s chorus, that and showing up for practice.”

“By the time Kit turned to lead the audience in the sing-along, they were already quieter than such audiences would normally be. And they sang.”

“There are national women’s barbershop chorus organizations, and Kit has belonged to them. She studied directing in their schools, and talks about barbershop competitions she has seen and participated in. Kit started the group more than a decade ago. They perform at the same occasions, for the same groups, year after year, because they have become a part of Christmas or some other holiday occasion – Veterans’ Day and so on. Membership in the chorus is by showing up and getting involved, by participating. It’s the same system as at Camp Koch. Kit’s Colomonde Chorus accepts singers who are mostly enthusiastic, rather than skilled, but it also trains them and expects a lot of them, their utmost best, and often gets it.”

Clay 12/18/2012

Appendix 15: The Camp Director’s Response to the Missing Jello Prank. Kit’s Description:

“‘Let Us Sing Together.’ This was not a prank song, but the prank happened anyway. It takes me back to Camp Koch’s Dining Hall, the summer of 1959, when the camp dietician planned servings of jello in two meals out of three every day – orange jello with carrots, mixed cubes of jello, red jello with beets, green jello with celery. We used government commodity food, and this may have been a result. Staff members were beginning to make remarks. I even suggested one day that they could make some jello,

but not refrigerate it, and then serve it to us at breakfast instead of juice. Then we'd have jello all three meals a day, instead of two."

"And here's what happened: Some of us on staff had taken our night out from Camp Koch while it was in session, and were singing in the car, a common occurrence. More common than not. Someone told me that at least one of the camp cooks, upon hearing us sing that song – some of the words say – 'One and all a joyous song...' they heard instead 'one and all the jello is gone!' Whether or not the cooks' feelings were hurt, we never found out. But we laughed, there in the car, then started trying it out. Did the words really sound like it?"

"The next day at the end of one of the Dining Hall meals Selma the Camp Director made an announcement. It had come to her attention that Kit had a new set of words for this song. She told me to come up there and sing it, and called other people who were in the car with me on our time off, and we didn't have much choice. We had to sing it. Some of the others laughed, but I was embarrassed. Somehow I didn't see this as funny, the way some others did. It did not make me feel more at ease with that particular camp director."

Appendix 16: Song Leading Throughout Life: The Hobby Music Teacher

II. The Tale of the Hobby Music Teacher – Camp Koch Traditions and Values

At one point in Kit's career as a professional Girl Scout she left to spend time with her parents in South Carolina. After she arrived she located a multi-week substitute teaching job, but the school system needed a music teacher. Kit's teaching experience and credentials were in science, health, and physical education. She decided to apply anyway. She landed the five-month job to finish out the school year; it involved following two other teachers, both with advanced degrees in music, who had left in panic, writing off the school's inner-city kids as unmanageable and impossible, as well as totally untalented. Several substitute teachers had also departed hurriedly from what they had thought would be a good job.

Kit: "The superintendent told me he understood that this was not my field. In fact I had never taught music at all. He said, 'If you can sit in the room and keep them from destroying things, I will be more than satisfied.' "

"He thought the high school choir would be sort of okay, but the 8th grade classes hated music, and my job was to keep them occupied with something or other, and keep them out of trouble."

"I remember the first day of teaching high school music appreciation. They came in, sat down, and I took roll. I asked them if they were getting anything from this huge, thick music appreciation textbook they were using. It looked like a history book. I assigned topics and reports instead. Reports about people in the music world, and we

went into detail about forms of jazz, everything from Dixieland to rock 'n roll, and I taught them the characteristics of each kind of jazz and how to identify them by listening. We listened to a lot of great music, and then their exam was in listening. Reports covered people from John Philip Souza to Mozart."

"The grade school equivalent of this class had a big textbook, too, not quite as hefty, but about the same in that it was all about music but did not contain any actual music. So those classes followed a version of the same program as the high school music appreciation classes."

"In the music room where the high school choir met I found a file of choral music with several songs arranged by Shawnee Press, the publisher that printed arrangements for Fred Waring's chorus. The file included things like 'Scarborough Fair,' 'Bridge over Troubled Water,' and other songs popular at the time, songs the kids would have heard on the radio or on Fred Waring's TV show, recent things. One high school girl served as the choir's accompanist, and she was good. That was the high school choir."

"8th grade singing should be fun, was my theory. For those classes I started taking my guitar, and teaching them songs like 'Kum Ba Yah,' 'This Land Is Your Land,' other songs I liked and had used for ten summers as a camp counselor. I bought some Latin percussion instruments – maracas, bongos, claves, stuff like that. When the kids were good then we could close their books and we would sing. Singing became a

reward for these kids who supposedly hated music. If they were not cooperating with the singing I would say, 'Well, if you don't want to sing, get out your books.'"

"We were singing fun songs, I was playing guitar, and they got to play bongos and so on. And so things went on until the end of March, beginning of April. I found out it was accreditation time. A state accreditation team would visit the school for three days or so. I told Dr. Brown, the principal, I was nervous about observers being there, especially since I had no teaching license in music and had never taught it before. I wasn't a music major. He was so supportive. He said, 'Do what you always do.'"

"The first day one observer came to the high school choir class. On the second day there were four observers in the class, who told me, 'Our colleague wanted us to be here for this.' There were kids in that choir with gorgeous voices. They liked the songs we were singing. The accompanist was a great help."

"So eventually the report from the team came to the school. The school had passed, and in the observers' comments was something about the music teacher doing excellent work in her 'hobby job ...'"

As part of the graduation and year-end ceremonial Kit's grade school and high school choirs performed. It's clear from her account that everyone involved had gained from the experience. Kit: "By this time we all, except the pianist, had all of our songs memorized. ... When we finished our third song and I turned around to bow, the entire

auditorium was on its feet, cheering and applauding. I think some of my kids had grown six inches taller, experiencing that.”

Appendix 17: Camp Koch Flag Ceremonies Reconstructed by Memory: Kit and

Sandy. According to Kit and Sandy, speaking from memory rather than from written sources, the flag ceremony requires a flag bearer, a caller, and an even number of color guard members, often four. Color guard members wear a red waist sash; the flag bearer a red sash over the right shoulder. Campers take time and trouble with the knots used to secure the sashes. Darby stands next to the caller to serve as prompter if needed. Once the horseshoe is complete, a respectful silence reigns. As soon as the caller begins to speak, the assembled population comes to attention, standing up straight, arms at sides, looking straight ahead or at the flag.

Caller: Color Guard, attention!

Caller: Color Guard, advance!

The color guard, two by two, with the empty-handed flag bearer alone in the lead, enters the horseshoe walking solemnly.

Caller: Now we will say the Pledge of Allegiance. (The caller begins the Pledge of Allegiance, and all join in.)

Caller: Now we will sing “America the Beautiful” (or some other patriotic song.) The caller begins to sing, unaccompanied, and all join in.

All this time the honor guard and flag bearer have been standing at attention under the flagpole, looking at it, neither speaking nor singing.

Caller: Color Guard, salute! (The hand over the heart civilian salute – this might not have been pronounced aloud, but simply done without cue, before the flag bearer steps forward to unfasten the cord holding the flag.)

Caller: Color Guard, retire the colors!

The flag bearer advances to the flagpole, unwinds the cord, and starts the flag in descent. The flag descends slowly in the evening and rises quickly in the morning. As soon as the flag begins to descend, all the people come to attention and give the civilian salute. Members of the color guard do not salute when the others present do, at this time, but rather stand at attention.

As the flag descends, as soon as it is within reach, a designated member of the color guard steps forward to grasp the descending flag by one corner and guide it into the hands of the appropriate members of the color guard. The flag bearer unclips the flag, allowing the flag to go freely into the hands of the four color guard members behind her. The flag bearer, after securing the cord, then stands at attention facing the

flagpole. The four flag bearers fold the flag in a prescribed sequence of folds, ending with the flag in a triangular shape and the blue field showing. One of the four color guard members, holding the folded flag in both hands, walks up and places it in the hands of the flag bearer, who holds it in front of her about waist-high, with the flat side toward her body, pointing away from her. Then the color guard member who brought the flag to her returns to her position. The bearer is closest to the flagpole, in exactly the same position as when they marched in, except that the flag bearer now has the flag.

Caller: Color Guard, dismissed!

Members of the color guard sidestep to allow room for the flag bearer between them. The flag bearer does an about face, and marches through the color guard in its two rows. The two that are closest to the flagpole turn toward each other and march through the other two, who then follow them. They march or pace out of the horseshoe. After the flag is out of the horseshoe the caller announces: "Assembly dismissed!" and the horseshoe formation exits in single file respectfully and silently until all are beyond the edge of the Dining Hall, and then disperses freely, usually heading toward the screened doors of the Dining Hall.

Appendix Part 18: Dining Hall Procedures and Ceremonies

Before meals, or before flag ceremony, if the meal was breakfast or supper, arriving units gathered with a counselor on the steps on the east side of the Dining Hall and sang without song sheets, and from memory. Song sheets did not exist at camp. As each group arrived from waterfront activities or its unit it took up the song already being sung, and its counselor might take over as song leader at the foot of the steps, or perhaps not. The effect was a changing tapestry of song that seemed like one soundtrack, like a curtain of sound, created by the singers. Informants agree that time passes differently when you're singing, even if you're hungry from tramping down or climbing up steep cliff side paths, swimming in the dark green lake water, or participating in other camp activities. Breakfast was normally at 8:00 a.m., lunch at 12:30, and supper at 6:00 p.m. Flag ceremonies took place about twenty minutes before breakfast or supper.

Units began assembling on the Dining Hall steps as much as half an hour before the meal; walking down from the unit to the Dining Hall was a matter of twenty minutes; going back up to the unit afterwards could take half an hour or more, if the unit was Hilltop. The Dining Hall, overlooking the lake, and Breezy Corner, at a higher point between Hilltop and Trailblazer, were the only areas in camp that had any semblance of level ground at all. The Dining Hall steps, sculpted into the earthen slope, were covered with white gravel as a sort of paving, reinforced by railroad ties to keep the stair steps from becoming a ramp or slide.

Dining Hall traditional procedures, in addition to the practice of passing serving dishes from left to right around the table, grasping each serving dish with right hand, across the body, and serving oneself, then passing it on with the left hand – as if that were not complicated enough – included the following: salt and pepper had to stay together when passed to someone, or around the table; you passed serving dishes or glasses or the butter around the table, never across the table; and you had to take a serving of everything, and eat at least three Girl Scout bites of everything on your plate.

There was the ceremony of the first bite. Once seated, after the serving dishes have gone around the table, the diners wait to eat, watching the head of the table in a respectful way until she picks up a fork, looks meaningfully around the table, and then takes the first bite, after which everyone begins to eat. Intense heat and strenuous activity – these factors cause appetites to grow at camp; muscle strength and agility tend to grow as well.

Counselors or other camp staff – the Business Manager, for example -- nearly always serve as head and foot of the table. Eating is to a considerable extent a ceremonial activity for them. The head of the table has several additional tasks; 1) sending the hopper for more food, if the table runs out, 2) seeing to it that everyone at the table takes an appropriately sized helping, and actually eats an appropriate amount, neither gobbling, nor abstaining, 3) seeing to it that table conversation is a) about

appropriate topics, b) in a conversational tone, with no shouting, and c) includes everyone, even the smallest and shyest camper. She also 4) excuses campers for appropriate reasons, to go to the latrine, for example, and sees to it that they stay seated otherwise. Even at home in those days one did not just get up and leave the table during a meal without a word and wander around. Duties of the foot of the table include serving the drinks from the place where she sits. Campers pass the glasses down to her and back up, using the hand-over-hand method. When they arrive at the table campers find glasses of water already at their places. After they drink the water, they may send the glass to the foot for the lemon globs, Kool-Ade, or milk provided for that meal.

Singing in the Dining Hall after meals was a traditional activity over the decades, but procedures were subject to change, as are all rituals. There might be a designated or de facto all-camp song leader, or the unit counselors might take charge in turn, sometimes handing the duty off to a volunteer counselor or CIT from another unit on an ad hoc basis. When Sandy was Camp Director – long after the period of time in this study -- the unit providing hoppers also provided a song leader or leaders. Sometimes a cadre or individual known to excel at a particular song, or wishing to teach one, would take over.

Singing in the Dining Hall was infectious, but musical, rather than raucous; in some years following the years of this study, camp cooks and kitchen workers led certain favorite songs; one memorable summer an ensemble of kitchen workers won first prize at the Tell City, Indiana, summer festival called the Schweizerfest.

The average number of songs after meals might number three to five, fewer after breakfast and lunch, and sometimes more after supper. After the years this study focuses on, Dining Hall singing and other protocols acquired time limits, so that campers could spend more time in the wild, learning and using camp craft skills. Cooking out and eating over the campfire, in the unit's fire bowl or in some remote location such as Fox Ridge, or taking a nosebag lunch into town or on a hike to Loop's Cave, were common practices in all years. Sometimes when the heat grew too oppressive, the entire camp ate a picnic lunch in a cooler location, such as Ox Hollow, or designated units took the picnic onto the lake in rowboats, for the "boat lunch" campers wrote about in their camp memory books.

Appendix 19: Camp Koch's Bounty, Bodily, Social, Spiritual, Mystic

Category 1: The Human Body

Category 2: Self and Others

Increased strength;	True identity emerges;
Endurance, toughness;	Acceptance in a group;
Consciousness of personal limits;	Mutual support;
Balance, gait;	Active caring for self and others;
Perception of behavioral subtleties;	Helpfulness, decency, generosity;
Gross and fine motor skills;	Proficiency at self-maintenance tasks;
Gracefulness of motion;	Autonomy (cooks, cleans up, hygiene);
Enhanced senses;	Sense of direction (finds one's own way);
Awareness of discrete components in complexity;	Living life to the fullest, without stinting;
Increased lung capacity;	Singing with love, expertise, and enthusiasm;
Singing;	Pride in competence, self and group;
Metabolic function improvement;	Self-discipline, pragmatic approach;
Peaceful sleep, other healing;	Resolve, determination;

Enjoying the learning process;	Challenges met/ defied as a form of fun;
Mood swings eased;	Teamwork, sense of mission;
Violence/ fear avoided;	Violence and fear avoided;
Sense of peace, contentment;	Keeping faith with self and others;
Possible changes in menstrual cycle;	Radiating a can-do attitude;
Improved concentration, focus;	Communicating delight;
Increased awareness of rhythms;	Creativity in the arts and in life;
Discernment of sensory input;	More self-esteem; changes obvious;
Stands taller, feels competent.	

Category 3: The Reality Playground

Awe;

Unlocked from time and place;

Harder, sharper, bigger reality;

Category 4: Spiritual

Awe;

Peace;

Reverence;

Personification, the camp as a person;	Oneness with the natural world;
Power transfer to oneself;	Transformed, better self;
Vicarious experience on deep level;	Holiness of surroundings;
Another realm of being;	Sense of mission;
Sacred precinct apart from the world;	Inner peace;
Enhanced perception;	Allegiance to Girl Scout ideals;
Liberation of the five senses;	Identity as contributing team member;
Singing;	Singing;
Transforming;	Healing self and others;
Creating art;	Finding joy in learning with and from others;
Keeping faith;	Courage and daring to dare;
Exploring unknown realms;	Seeing the good in others;
Different cosmos and causality;	Acquiring power;
Delight, enchantment;	Love as something you do for others;
Living elsewhere, otherwhen;	Finding a refuge at the camp;

Love as the supreme power;	Mentoring and being mentored;
Five senses enhanced;	Locating meaning in the world and life;
Seeing and participating in visions;	Teamwork and devotion to team goals;
audio, kinetic, tangible, olfactory,	Becoming part of something larger and
gustatory experiences, exploring	more important than oneself.
past, present, future in an unfettered	
version of the cosmos.	

Appendix 20: Mystic Texts and Commentary

Damascus: 1230: Zakariyya Al-Qazwini	Northern Europe: 1230: Mechthild von Magdeburg
<i>Zakariyya (Zachariah), a man, was an Islamic judge medical doctor, and legal scholar in Damascus.</i>	<i>Mechthild, a Christian woman, lived in Northern Europe as a Beguine, an unmarried lay nun.</i>
The Prophet and the Angel Gabriel	Lady Love and Lady Queen
<i>The Angel Gabriel is called God's Right Hand,</i>	<i>The soul, here called Lady Queen, approaches</i>

the Holy Spirit, the trusted one, and the peacock

among the heavenly host of angels.

When God begins to speak words of revelation the

heavenly beings hear a loud clanking sound, like a

chain dragged over rocks. All are cast down and

stay that way until Gabriel arrives.

Heavenly beings (angels): What is that?

Gabriel: The Lord is proclaiming the truth.

Heavenly beings: The truth, the truth!

The Prophet: I would like to see you

as you really are.

Gabriel: You couldn't endure it.

The Prophet: Even so, let me see!

the goddess of love and bargains with her. Greeting

Lady Love with great deference, the soul says:

God greet you, Lady Love.

May God reward you, Lady Queen.

Lady Love, you are indeed perfect.

Lady Queen, that is why I am above

all things.

Lady Love, you struggled many a

year before you forced the exalted

Trinity to pour itself utterly into the

humble virginal womb of Mary.

Lady Queen, that action was to your

honor and benefit.

Lady Love, you have now come here

to me and have taken from me all

*So the two of them arranged to meet at an open place
on a moon-bright night. Gabriel came to him and the
Prophet looked and behold! Gabriel covered the entire
horizon. The Prophet fainted, and when he had
recovered, Gabriel had returned to his previous
shape.*

The Prophet: I would not have believed
that any of the Sublime God's creations
could be like that.

Gabriel: And if you glimpsed Izrafil
with God's Throne on his shoulders,
and his feet at the bottom of the utmost
depths, he would seem small compared

I ever gained on earth.

Lady Queen, you have made a
happy exchange.

Lady Love, you have taken from me
my childhood.

Lady Queen, in its place I have given
you heavenly freedom.

Lady Love, you have taken from me
all my youth.

Lady Queen, in its place I have given
you many a holy virtue.

Lady Love, you have taken from me
possessions, friends, and relatives.

Come now, Lady Queen, that is a
petty complaint.

with the Sublime God's grandeur, next
to whom Izrafil is as tiny as a sparrow.

[Kab Al-Ahbar: Gabriel is one of
the most prominent angels. He has
six wings, on each of which rest
one hundred wings. In back he
has two wings that he spreads
to rise and descend.]

Gabriel: I lifted Lot's village so
high with my two wings that
the Heavenly Host could hear
the rooster crowing. Then I
turned the village to set it
back down.

Lady Love, you have taken from me
the world, worldly honor, and riches.

Lady Queen, I shall make that up to
you in one hour with the Holy Spirit
on earth, just as you wish it.

Lady Love, you have mistreated me
so that my body suffers from a strange
weakness.

Lady Queen, in exchange I have given
you much sublime knowledge.

Lady Love, you have devoured my flesh
and my blood.

Lady Queen, you have thereby been
purified and drawn into God.

Lady Love, you are a robber; for this

as well shall you make reparation.

Lady Queen, then take me.

Lady Love, now you have repaid me

a hundred fold on earth.

Lady Queen, in addition you may

demand God and all His kingdom.

(Zakariyya Al-Qazwini, *Die Wunder des Himmels und der Erde [the Wonders of Heaven and Earth]*, edited and translated by Alma Giese, Stuttgart: Goldmann [1986] 1988, p.115, paraphrase and emphasis by Fredericka Schmadel

Mechthild von Magdeburg, *The Flowing Light of the Godhead*, Book 1, (ca. 1260) in Frank Tobin 1998, Mechthild von Magdeburg, *The Flowing Light of the Godhead* York: Paulist Press 1998, pp 39-40, trans. Frank Tobin and Margot Schmidt

Comparative Notes:

Values expressed: ***accuracy, awe***

challenge;

Direction – ***vertical*** – human up to

Values expressed: ***exchange, barter, challenge***

Direction – ***horizontal*** – since both speakers are

angel, angel down to human

queens of their own realms.

*The human **challenges:***

the same;

*The god-like being has the **last word:***

the same;

The exemplary human must find

the same;

a way to claim a place by the side

of the god-like being, requiring

audacity, daring, or a challenge:

The exemplary human will join

the same;

with the divine being in a process

that combines submission,

exaltation, bliss, and complete

merging:

Emotion – extreme, shocking

Emotion – controlled, cool-seeming

encounter with supernatural

but covertly full of sadness,

reality of unimaginable size

regret, blame, misery, and joy --

*and power -- results in **horror,***

reproach leads to union and joy;

fainting, wonder, and awe.

■ **Natural** world contains heavenly

beings, God, the Prophet, and a

scholar, Al-Ahbar, who describes

Gabriel.

■ **Supernatural** world – The two

manifestations of Gabriel show

the supernatural to be devastating,

overwhelming, as well as wondrous.

■ **Staging** – On **earth**, where the

Prophet is, but with access to

Heaven. Author uses

encyclopedic knowledge;

■ **Speakers** – a god-like being

and two **exemplary humans**,

the Prophet and a scholar,

representing different faces of

The world of the dialogue is a

meeting place for the queens,

nothing more.

It's an **internal** dialogue.

There is **no world** here, only the

negotiating of the queens -- real

emotions remain mostly under

the surface, with some reproaching and

blaming on both sides, reinforcing the

sense of parity;

Staging – Vague time, vague location,

as if in an **alternate reality or a dream**.

Author specializes in dream visions;

A god-like being and **an exemplary**

human, a secular ruler, a queen;

knowing in the human world.

■ *Target audience is supposed to*

react with wonder, awe, terror

due to human touches --

lifting the village, the rooster's

crow heard in Heaven, the

Prophet's limp defiance of Gabriel,

the scholar's attempt to "define"

Gabriel. Lifting the village expresses

God's plan to lift up human beings

to Himself. First, though, humans

need to "turn" or return to God in

submission, itself a trope for the

divine embrace (unio mystica).

Target audience is supposed to react

with wonder, awe, terror, due to

human touches – bargaining,

*blaming, and **eroticism, a stand-in for***

overwhelming religious fervor that is

***inexpressible.** A trope of the culture:*

the Song of Songs (Song of Solomon)

phrased metaphorically to express

divine love via erotic symbolism and allegory.

The 13th Century Sufi Poet-Mystic: IBN 'ARABI

Wonder,	My creed is love:
a garden among the flames!	Wherever its caravan turns along the way
My heart can take on	that is my belief,
any form	my faith.
a meadow for gazelles,	
a cloister for monks,	
For the idols, sacred ground,	
Ka'ba for the circling pilgrim,	
the tables of the Torah,	
the scrolls of the Qur'an.	

Ibn 'Arabi (Muhyi ad-Din Ibn (al)-'Arabi, 1165 – 1240, Damascus)

(translated by Reynold Nicholson, 1911, for his edition of *Tarjuman*; Nicholson claimed the poem expressed Sufi doctrine that all paths lead to the One God.)

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Curriculum Vitae: Fredericka A. Schmadel

Educator, Folklorist, Diplomat

3111 Lincoln Avenue
Evansville, IN 47714

Wlancucie@aol.com
schmadel@indiana.edu or
202.257.7620

Ph.D. 2014 in folklore and ethnomusicology, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana. Topics include folk narrative, myth, and the folklore of women, as demonstrated in summer camp culture: dissertation title: **Goddess in the Greenwood: The Girls of Camp Koch.**

Awards:

- 1) **2011: EKM national student prize in the folklore of women, from the American Folklore Society;**
- 2) **2010: Indiana University Folklore Department's Nontraditional Graduate Student Award;**
- 3) **1999: Superior Honor Award** of the **United States Department of State:** for designing and staging 18 multi-day crisis management simulation training exercises for U.S. diplomats and other colleagues in Japan, Poland, and Venezuela. In addition, **six other awards** during a 23-year diplomatic career, including a group award for supporting the historic 1986 Reagan-Gorbachev Presummit in Reykjavik, Iceland;
- 4) **1975-76: Fulbright Scholarship**, Ludwig-Maximilians-Universitaet, Munich, Germany 1975-76, to research folktale elements in the *Song of the Nibelungen*, a 13th century Middle High German epic centering on rivalry between women.

Educator: 11 years and more, as follows:

2013-2014: Associate Instructor, Indiana University, of two topics courses of my own design, in spring semester, for the Department of International Studies;

2009-2011: Lecturer, adjunct, undergraduate humanities survey courses, University of Southern Indiana;

2005-2006: Tutor for SAT and ACT test preparation, Huntington Learning Centers;

1986-88: Instructor for immigration and citizenship law, assigned to the United States Department of State, Foreign Service Institute, Washington, D.C.;

1977-1985: Lecturer, full-time, contract, German language and culture, University of Southern Indiana;

1971-1975: Teacher, tenured, of secondary school German and French, also debate coach. Life teaching license, secondary, state of Indiana. German fluency 4+/4+ on State Department scale. Spanish 3+/4.

United States Diplomat: 23 years in American Embassies or missions in Venezuela, Mexico, Iceland, Poland, and Japan. Also Public Affairs Officer, European Bureau, and instructor for immigration and citizenship law, U.S. Department of State, Washington, D.C.; intelligence analyst, Human Smuggling and Trafficking Center. Led multicultural teams that processed over ten million American passport and visa applications, investigated fraud, mediated cases of international parental child abduction, and helped hundreds of American citizens in illness, death, or other emergencies abroad.

Private Practice, Volunteerism, and Public Service: 2006-2013: Bilingual court mediator, State of Indiana and qualified medical interpreter Spanish-English; volunteer adviser about international events, Girl Scouts of Southwestern Indiana.

University education other than Fulbright year and recent Ph.D. studies: A.B. honors, Germanic languages and literatures, Indiana University 1968; A.M. German languages and literatures, Indiana University 1969. Ph.D. candidate, medieval studies, Washington University in St. Louis 1983.

14 Publications 2007-2013:

2011: edited revisions: Hasan El Shamy, *Beyond Oedipus: The Brother-Sister Syndrome in Arab Culture*;

2010: Indiana University *Scholarworks*, "Being and Seeming in Plato's *Republic* and a Tale of the *1001 Nights*."

2009-2013: Twelve book reviews: Trickster Press, *Folklore Forum*, *Journal of Folklore Research Reviews*;

Eight conference presentations: "The Kobolds, the Pranksters, and the Helpful Giant: Some Aspects of Camp Culture at a Southern Indiana Girl Scout Camp," at the International Society for Contemporary Legend Research, meeting in Lexington, Kentucky, **May 2013; also --**

- "Myth and Monotheism in Texts by 13th Century Arab and Christian Mystics," The Newberry Graduate Student Conference, Chicago, January 2012;
- "A Medieval Oedipus: Gregorius, the Good Sinner," Indiana University Medieval Studies Conference, 2011;
- "Mediating Max Luethi: Early Genre Deliberations Translated," Indiana University-Ohio State University Graduate Student Conference, 2011;
- "Sister Catherine: A Street Nun's Free-Spirited Confession," American Folklore Society National Meeting, Nashville, TN, 2010;
- "Translating the Universe of a Poem: Goethe and Neruda," American Folklore Society National Meeting, Boise, ID, 2009;
- "Six Publics of Hugo Chavez: Personal Narratives," Hoosier Folklore Society Annual Meeting, Terre Haute, 2008;
- "Being and Seeming in Plato's *Republic* and a Tale of the *Arabian Nights*," IU-OSU Graduate Student Folklore Conference, 2008.